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GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT

By G. S. Viereck and Paul Eldridge :

MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS

The Autobiography of the Wandering Jew



Joyce Kilmer Vereess

THE AUTHOR

Dicker & Mass.

[*Frontispiece*]

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT

by

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

DUCKWORTH

3 Henrietta Street, London

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TO WHAT TUNE DANCETH THE IMMENSE?

“WHAT,” inquired a customs official, “is your profession?”

“Lion-hunting,” I answered. “Lion-hunting in Europe.” He looked at me with an incredulous smile.

“You’re right,” I said. “I’m spoofing you. I am a huntsman only in the sense in which the apostles were fishermen. They were fishers of men. I am a hunter of souls.”

Celebrities and crowned heads interest me but little unless, to pilfer a phrase of Wilde’s, they stand in a symbolic relation to their age. This book is, in a sense, a kaleidoscope of human intelligence, a mirror of mankind, in the first quarter of the twentieth century. It records the pulse-beat of the age.

I experienced great difficulty in selecting a title for this book. *Lion Hunting in Europe* was a little too frivolous. *Men and Supermen* smacked too much of Shaw. *Great Contemporaries* seemed too trivial. I finally chose *Glimpses of the Great*.

When I discussed my difficulties in naming the baby with Shaw, he laughed and said: “Why don’t you call your book ‘Talkies’? You present a picture of your contemporaries and you make them talk.”

Like my own hero, Cartaphilus, the Wandering Jew, whose autobiography I told in *My First Two Thousand Years*, a fantastic novel written in collaboration with my brilliant friend, Paul Eldridge, I am compelled by an immense curiosity, to seek out my most eminent contemporaries. I am not satisfied until I have wrested their philosophy of life from their lips, until I have acquired from them something I need to complete my own universe.

This volume is the first, I trust, of several interpretations of our time.

By birth a Protestant, by temperament a pagan, by persuasion a pantheist, I look upon all life as an expression of the World Spirit of which we all, however feeble and remote, are a part. The sum of all intelligence is God. I see a God in the making. He is neither perfect nor omnipotent, but for ever in process of evolution.

To me the men to whom I have talked and whose thoughts I record are flashes of the great World Brain. Some are incandescent in their intensity; in others the divine flame burns more dimly. Their colours are more varied than the spectrum. I am the spectroscope that reveals the stuff of which they are made, or, translating colour into sound, I am the trumpet through which they convey their message.

Is there a message?

*O Immanence, That reasonest not
In putting forth all things begot,
Thou build'st Thy house in space—for what?*

*O Loveless, Hateless!—past the sense
Of kindly eyed benevolence,
To what tune danceth this Immense?*

Thus the Semichorus of the Years in Hardy's *Dynasts* apostrophizes the Infinite.

Is there a tune to which the World Spirit dances? This is the question which every Œdipus puts to every Sphinx. Is there between the ebb and flow of thought a movement, however slow, however vague, in any given direction?

I think there is.

In every age the tide of thought, despite mutinous eddies and backwash, flows in certain specific directions.

In the end all may be as it was in the beginning. Nevertheless every epoch has its own rhythm. Every age has a tune, full of broken metres and dissonances, to which the Immense is dancing.

The glimpses of great contemporaries collected in this book are only an echo of the complicated rhythm which dominates the Post-War World.

The meaning of an age cannot be reduced to a single formula, unless, like Einstein, we invent a new mathematics. There are, necessarily, inconsistencies in the composite message of many human entities. It is shot through with contradictions inherent in human psychology, confused by accidents of space and time, and clouded by mists of emotion.

The individual harbours in his bosom simultaneously both love and hate. Love and hate are not hostile brothers. They are different aspects of the same ambivalent impulse.

Every human action admits of diverse interpretations. The x in the equation of human conduct may stand for a variety of motives. It is always possible to substitute one for the other without destroying the balance of the equation.

The human brain is so constituted that it cannot harbour uninterruptedly, even for a second, an isolated strain of thought. There are always three or four different strains which engage our mind, even in moments of the most intense cerebration. This constitutes the polyphony of human thought.

What we conceive to be our self is only one of many factors in a compound fraction. The unconscious is a mansion harbouring myriads of ancestors as well as innumerable complexes imposed upon us from without. Every personality is schizophrenic. The sum of several distinct personalities cannot be expressed in a single formula. Nevertheless, we can deduce from the totality of their thoughts some of the major tendencies of our age.

The twentieth century is as revolutionary as the century of Voltaire and Rousseau, but it proceeds more orderly, with a clearer perception of the limits of the human mind and of the cosmos.

Even as the Great War has altered many frontiers, so the spirit of our age tends to expand the borders of the soul. Old orthodoxies and fundamentalisms are doomed. The twentieth century refuses to accept the absolute. It regards no truth as final. Advancing in many directions, man levels conventions and attempts to reconcile the irreconcilable. He strives to recover human dignity from the wreck of ancient faiths and taboos.

Substituting Creative Evolution for the mechanical creed of

the nineteenth century, Bernard Shaw, a major prophet of the new spirit, reconciles mysticism and rationalism. Boldly confronting the Sphinx of human conduct, Freud pushes far beyond the barriers of the conscious into the underworld of the soul. He teaches man to understand, without despising, himself.

The monarch who, to many, seems the symbol of the age that antedated the war, one-time secular head of the Protestant Church in Prussia, revolts against the old theology, and against the inhuman syllogisms of pedantic philosophers. Discarding the literal interpretations of the gospels, William II turns to the luminous personality of Jesus as the source of his faith. Still espousing rule by divine right, he insists that every labour, however humble, is divinely inspired.

Clemenceau, after ruling France and dominating the world at Versailles, preferred philosophy to power. Though accused of putting out the lights of heaven, he believed that the human mind can at least pierce the veil behind which the World Spirit hides itself. Mussolini reveals himself not as the narrow-minded dictator, but as a constructive statesman with far-sighted vision, striving to free mankind from the shackles of capitalism as well as of labour.

Two Marshals of France, Foch and Joffre, glorify peace rather than war. Both men, breaking through the bonds of national egotism, speak in glowing terms of their erstwhile antagonists. Ludendorff, the brain of German strategy in the World War, surrenders, however reluctantly, his grudges against the French and the English, and transfers his hatred from these nations to supra-nationalism. Supra-nationalism is the Satan in Ludendorff's cosmos.

Hindenburg, leaving behind him like a chrysalis the gigantic wooden image of himself as a soldier, emerges as a statesman at eighty. The Crown Prince Wilhelm of Prussia and the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria adjust themselves mentally to the German Republic. Both place the welfare of their country above dynastic interests.

The brother-in-law of the late Czar Nicholas, Grand Duke Alexander of Russia, preaches a gospel of love which, while not embracing Bolshevism, refuses to combat the Soviets

except with spiritual weapons. Henri Barbusse, the fearless author of *Under Fire*, after volunteering as a soldier in the World War, ardently embraces the creed of Lenin and Trotsky. Ramsay MacDonald, standing midway between Bolshevism and Capitalism, invests the rationalism of British Labour with his own mystic faith.

Briand tries to forget that he is a Frenchman and attempts to think as a Pan-European. Wilhelm Marx, Hindenburg's rival candidate for the presidency, extols world-mindedness, which looks upon each nation as a link in a chain. Schacht, the financial saviour of Germany, preaches the gospel of world co-operation. Queen Elisabeth of Belgium, over-stepping the conventions which hedge about royalty, devotes herself to race hygiene. Steinach extends the boundaries of youth and breaks down the barrier between the sexes. Voronoff hews out the path that leads from the super-sheep to the super-man. Magnus Hirschfeld, trying to find a scientific basis of love, proclaims the theory of relativity in the sphere of sex.

Schrenck-Notzing pushes beyond psychology into the region of para-psychology and para-physics. Moll, while gazing sceptically at spooks, nevertheless devotes a lifetime to the study of occult phenomena. Israel Zangwill destroys the myth of race by announcing that the Jews do not exist. Emil Ludwig, not content with the present, illuminates history with the torch of the new psychology. Frank Harris dreams of a new creation inspired not by pain but by pleasure.

Arthur Schnitzler bravely attempts to reconstruct the sorry scheme of things entire. Keyserling extracts new wisdom from esoteric philosophies. Hauptmann reconciles Buddha and Jesus. Henry Ford, master of matter, rejecting materialism, delves into metaphysics. Einstein penetrates the fourth dimension.

My list is not all-embracing. It is a cross-section, not an encyclopedia. Other cross-sections will follow. The present is sufficiently diversified for my purpose. Poets, soldiers, rulers, critics, scientists, philosophers, merchant princes and financiers, men and supermen, pass before us.

Each says his little piece. Some interviews are more important historically than philosophically, but no leader of men

can escape the new spirit which is part and parcel of our age. *There is, in every one of these self-interpretations, a new note that would not have been sounded before the cataclysm of the World War.*

From Shaw to Ford, from Ford to Einstein, modern intelligence spurns the pedantic rationalism of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Einstein and Ford, like Shaw, seek the Unknown God.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO BERNARD SHAW

I have had many talks with George Bernard Shaw since 1911. My conversations with him almost suffice for a book. It has become a habit with me to visit Mr. Shaw once a year. Nevertheless, every meeting with him is an exciting adventure.

If Creative Evolution should select him and me to be the first human beings to live for three hundred years, I may look forward to over two hundred and twenty-eight more meetings with Mr. Shaw. The prospect makes so long a life seem worth living!

The ensuing pages attempt to compress into a few thousand words the essence of Shaw's philosophy.

"Don't say," Shaw remarked to me, "that I authorize the publication of this interview. I don't. If you get me into hot water I can always say: 'You know Viereck—he is a poet, endowed to a marvellous degree with the creative imagination.'

"However, you may say: 'Bernard Shaw has read every word. It reflects his philosophy of life; it illuminates his last testament to mankind.'

"You may also add (if you wish): 'I am terribly ashamed of the article in its present shape. But it's more Shaw than mine!'"

THIS much I know, looking at life after seventy: men without religion are moral cowards, and mostly physical cowards too when they are sober.

"Civilization cannot survive without religion. It matters not what name we bestow upon our divinity—Life Force, World Spirit, Elan Vital, Creative Evolution—without religion life becomes a meaningless concatenation of accidents. I can conceive of salvation without a god, but I cannot conceive of it without a religion."

It was Bernard Shaw who spoke. I was seated between Mr. Shaw and his wife in his library in the historic house on Adelphi

Terrace, a stone's throw from Barrie's house and within a minute's walk from the apartment he occupies now. The black fog that had been lifted from London during the coal strike, revealing to its astonished inhabitants unexpected glimpses of loveliness, enveloped the city once more.

The room, the moment Shaw had entered, seemed more like an intellectual power house than like a library. His presence pervaded the chamber like the hum of a dynamo. The noises of London died in the distance. Nothing seemed real, except the voice of George Bernard Shaw.

"The twentieth century," Mr. Shaw continued, dynamic, yet serene, "thinks itself a scientific century. God help it, because it sets up brazen images of Lister and fills its newspapers with a ludicrous string of lies about him. But it is right in thinking that it needs a scientific religion, though it does not know science from patent-medicine advertisements.

"Creative Evolution is such a religion. It is my religion. It is the religion of the twentieth century."

It was some time after Shaw's seventieth birthday. Snow was in his hair, in his beard, and in those bushy eyebrows. But his eyes did not lack fire. His voice was vibrant as of old.

I remembered my first visit to No. 10 Adelphi Terrace, nearly two decades ago. Shaw then, as now, occupied two floors in the building. An ingenious arrangement, wrought in brass, safeguarded him from too offensive admirers.

The building had not changed, although during the war it was almost destroyed by German bombs. Shaw's hair was a little whiter than it seemed on my previous visit; his face a little more crisscrossed with lines; but his carriage was youthful and his smile was that of a boy.

Mrs. Shaw, too, seems to have escaped the years with impunity.

There was a time when Shaw talked with the gay irresponsibility of a faun. Even in the most serious moments, one heard or fancied the tinkle of an invisible cap and bells. But the cap and bells were assumed—maybe to hide a crown of sorrows! Maybe they were a contrivance to lure the crowds to the altar of Creative Evolution!

Shaw still has his old sense of humour ; but the jester disappears in the prophet. Towering above all his literary contemporaries, Shaw no longer needs to pretend not to take himself seriously. He can also, if he chooses, afford to be humble.

A few years after the Great War, Shaw looked weary and disappointed. The misery of the world seemed to rest on his shoulders. The giant had not escaped war shock. His eyes had seen things that he could never forget. He was kindly, but disillusioned.

Shaw's kindness is a strange foil to his wit. Wit and kindness are qualities rarely found in one being. In Shaw both are amazingly developed. His kindness is even more fundamental than his wit. Wit is the armour, the protective shell, wherein he hides his heart.

But he could not hide his sadness. It seemed as if the divine fire had consumed itself, although the candle still flickered.

Then, like a last burst of flame, came *Back to Methuselah*. But after *Back to Methuselah* came another supreme achievement, *Saint Joan*. And after *Saint Joan*, *The Apple Cart*.

Like the laughter of the gods, the divine spark in Shaw seems to be inextinguishable.

It seemed that Bernard Shaw had actually grown younger. Was he himself an example of the doctrine of Creative Evolution expounded for five successive evenings in *Back to Methuselah*? Will Bernard Shaw be the first man to live three hundred years, the age he predicts for man? Or is he merely the prophet of the new era of longevity?

Perhaps, I asked myself, Mr. Shaw has consulted Steinach or Voronoff? It is difficult to conceive of any life more worth prolonging.

"Are you interested in the attempts of Steinach and Voronoff to ward off old age?" I asked, putting forward a feeler. "You propose to restore man's life to the age of the patriarchs. To me, even three hundred years seem hardly sufficient. Theoretically, it should be possible to prolong life almost indefinitely."

"Human life will lengthen itself when the time comes," Shaw replied. "As for myself, I can imagine nothing more dreadful than an eternity of Bernard Shaw. It is like wearing

the same hat for ever. If I were your Ahasuerus I could think of nothing else except my tragic fate."

"Steinach," I interjected, "does not promise longevity. He merely extends the period of human efficiency within the accepted limits. Would you, in those circumstances, refuse to be Steinached?"

Shaw smiled a very Shavian smile.

"I don't want to be rejuvenated," he replied. "I want, if anything, to be senilized.

"Doctors at various times have wanted to give me stimulants. I always told them: 'Don't! Give me sedatives.' I need no artificial stimulation at threescore and ten. Ask me again, if you must, in thirty or forty years."

"Do you feel that you can accomplish your mission in thirty or forty years?"

"Life is ever changing. It is never complete. However, my chief task is done."

"You mean your plays."

"No, my prefaces."

"Certainly no man has been more successful in stimulating the thoughts of mankind——"

"I am not merely a gadfly that stirs men to think. My work, viewed as a whole, is constructive. I have laid a brick or two of the groundwork for a new gospel."

"You have preached many gospels. What is your special message?"

"Every play, every preface I wrote conveys a message. I am the messenger of the new age. If you piece the various messages together, you will find an astonishing unity of endeavour—often, I admit, disguised and embroidered."

"Which of your books propound the Shaw doctrine most effectively?"

"The preface to *Androcles and the Lion*—the preface, mind, not the play—is my testament on Christianity. But my *magnum opus* in that line is my preface to *Back to Methuselah* on the religion of Creative Evolution. All my prefaces are important, especially the preface to *Major Barbara*. The preface to *Major Barbara* is my testament on poverty. The preface to *Getting Married* is my testament on marriage.

"The preface to *Cæsar and Cleopatra* is my testament on genius. *Heartbreak House* is my testament on the war. My social gospel is contained in my book *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism and Capitalism*."

"Posterity," I ventured, "will disagree with you, Mr. Shaw. It will consider your plays more important than your most elaborate essays. You will be remembered by your plays."

"The plays may be remembered when the prefaces are forgotten; but the prefaces are none the less important for the moment. All my prefaces are treatises of considerable length.

"It is a classical tradition in English literature to publish plays with prefaces that have nothing to do with them.

"But you really must read my work if you wish to write about me without making a hopeless mess of it. You will never get any real quality into articles written in the dark."

"In the brief survey of your plays you have not even mentioned *Saint Joan*."

"*Saint Joan*," Shaw replied, smiling tolerantly, "was easy to write. Most other writers made Joan an operatic heroine—a grand-opera stunt. What she really was did not interest them. Schiller made Joan of Arc a German heroine of romance. Mark Twain made her a Virginian young lady in long skirts, surrounded by Babbitts."

"You are the only writer dealing with Joan of Arc who has dared to introduce Bluebeard Gilles de Rais. What a fantastic figure! A Marshal of France, a sorcerer, and a dandy, practising murder as a fine art!"

"Gilles," Shaw remarked, "was the richest man in France. If you destroy the social balance by making a man monstrously rich, you destroy that man's mental balance also. All rich men who are rich men and nothing else are madmen. That is one of my reasons for being a Socialist and advocating equality of income."

"Would you say that power is dangerous, even if the person who wields it is civilized?"

"Nero," Shaw observed, "was a civilized person, endowed with remarkable talents. But the possession of supreme power made him crazy. If he had not gone crazy he would have made a name for himself as a violinist.

“Many of Joan’s speeches are taken from the records of her trial and rehabilitation, which are the only documents we have about her. Everything written about her since has added nothing but the writers’ inventions, conscious or unconscious.”

“Do you mean to say that Joan really made the statements you attribute to her in the play?”

“Yes, several of them; and she would have said the others if the occasion had arisen.”

Mr. Shaw walked up and down the room.

He stood still for a moment under the fireplace bearing the Scotch legend:

*Thay haf said. What say Thay?
Let Thame say.*

I did not ask him if this was his motto. I had asked the question on several previous occasions. Shaw is compelled to expend half of his time explaining to visitors that the inscription was there when he took the apartment. He considers the morality of the inscription very questionable.

The saying in question, by the way, is a favourite motto of William II, who wrote it out for me under a photograph of himself. When I mentioned the Master of Doorn, Shaw drew out of the bookcase a copy of his play, *The Inca of Perusalem*.

“In this skit,” he said, “I present my compliments to the Kaiser. It was written before his fall. It was intended as a lampoon; but I think the Allerhoechst should forgive me for the sake of the concluding speech I put into his mouth—one of the finest in my plays. If that speech really fits him, then I understood him better than most contemporaries, including his own countrymen.”

“What,” I asked, “is your greatest play, in your estimation?”

“How can I tell? For some reason or other, I rather like *Heartbreak House*. My most significant play is *Back to Methuselah*.”

“Some years ago you admitted a special liking for my own favourite, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*,” I remarked. “I believe I shared this predilection with Mrs. Shaw.”

I smiled at Mrs. Shaw. But she, ever alert and discreet, remained silent.

Shaw shrugged his shoulders.

"All this giving examination marks and prizes to my works is repugnant to me," he said. "The only one I concern myself about is the one I am actually at work on. When it is finished it is finished, and I go on to the next."

"Mr. Shaw," I remarked, "we have touched upon many topics. But we have not mentioned the greatest of all subjects—love. What, Mr. Shaw, is your testament on love?"

"Love," Shaw replied, somewhat contemptuously, "lacks personal interest. Love is the most impersonal of all passions. It is a vital experience in actual fact; but on paper it is redeemed from intolerable boresomeness only as a subject of biological science. Even Shakespeare could not make love interesting. Everybody yawns at *Romeo and Juliet* when Mercutio and the Nurse leave the stage.

"All the great love stories, like *Francesca da Rimini*, are equally tiresome. Every man is the same sort of idiot when he is in love."

I confessed that I was working with Paul Eldridge on a novel dealing with the life story of the Wandering Jew.

"This," I explained, "gives us the opportunity to write the history of love."

"It is not worth writing," Shaw advised. "Eliminate the erotic element entirely from your novel."

He yawned, slightly bored by the thought of two thousand years of love!

"How, by the way," he asked, "do you dispose of your hero?"

"His fate remains in doubt," I replied.

"Why don't you kill him by meeting that impressive intellectual vacuum, the late Mr. Bryan?"

After this blast at the chief protagonist of Fundamentalism in the United States, I reverted to the subject that bores Shaw so inexpressibly—love. I was unlucky enough to imply that he is an ascetic.

"I have never been an ascetic," he exclaimed vehemently. "I should be described as a voluptuary if people only knew what is really enjoyable. I have never refused any pleasure except the alleged pleasure of destroying myself. Everybody

who does not live in a prostitute's bed on a diet of cocaine snow is called an ascetic nowadays. And don't forget that an author of my sort must keep in training, like an athlete. How else could he wrestle with God, as Jacob did with the angel ?

"The biological function of love is not a romantic one. Motherhood is a socially vital profession and should be endowed publicly."

"Are you satisfied with the Russian experiment ?"

"It is, as you yourself indicate, still an experiment. Besides, it has not been tried. A highly developed social structure, with a first-rate organized civil service, is the first requisite for practical Communism ; and the Russians simply have not got either. It will take them many years to achieve it.

"Meanwhile, their intentions are good. We have much more of the necessary political and industrial machinery, and indeed much more Communism ; but then, our intentions are bad. We rob the poor because we have the machinery ; and the Russians have failed, so far, to abolish poverty, for want of it."

"Do you think marriage will develop along the revolutionary lines evolved by the Russians ?"

"The Russians have not evolved any revolutionary lines, as far as I know. They have tightened up the Russian marriage law so as to force persons who live together to marry one another, even if they have to divorce their wives and husbands to make that possible. Instead of our tolerated polygamy white-washed with sacramental monogamy, they have instituted dissoluble monogamy, but monogamy at all costs. Whether it really works I do not know.

"The relations of the sexes," Mr. Shaw insisted, "can never be really wholesome until woman achieves complete economic emancipation.

"Not merely the woman, but the man, must be emancipated from economic toils. Successful households are based on mutual liking and congeniality ; but successful families in the eugenic sense may be the fruit of purely sexual and hideously unhappy unions.

"The sentimental fiction-mongers connive with the preachers to falsify the facts. The marriage ceremony effects no sudden change in the biology of two human beings.

“ A happy marriage may last fifty years ; a sex infatuation cannot be depended on to last fifty minutes. But the infatuation may produce a first-rate baby.

“ Until we free the marriage relation from economic entanglements and from sentimental hocus-pocus, the revolting custom of husband-hunting cannot be eradicated. Suffrage, while giving political freedom to woman, does not break her economic chains.

“ Until we sublimate the marriage relation, the difference between marriage and Mrs. Warren’s profession remains the difference between union labour and scab labour.”

“ Do you advocate monogamy ? ”

“ Monogamy,” the grey poet-prophet continued, “ is imposed by the economy of nature, which more or less equalizes the birth-rate of the two sexes. If a war upset it, you would have polygamy without question in ten minutes. The Mormons were the most narrowly strait-laced monogamic moralists on earth ; but when they had either to multiply rapidly or be wiped out by their persecutors in Missouri, they were almost instantaneously converted to polygamy, in spite of their horror when their prophet first broached it to them.”

“ What is your attitude toward the dissolution of marriage ? Do you favour easy divorces ? ”

“ I do not know what you mean by easy. Brioux has pointed out that it is sometimes harder to escape from an illicit alliance than from a legal marriage. But if you mean legally easy, I think divorces should be granted for the asking, without any further reason.

“ The present legal reasons are ridiculous. Bad temper is a better ground for divorce than adultery. Even so tough a Conservative as Gladstone said that adultery was the worst reason for a divorce. As a matter of fact, it never operates when it is the sole reason.

“ I cannot conceive of anything more hideous than to compel two human beings to live together against their wills. If a woman can reject a suitor because she does not love him, why should she be forced to live with a man whom she no longer loves ? ”

“ The children present a difficulty, don’t they ? ”

“They do now,” Shaw replied promptly. “But what about the death of one or both parents? Incidentally, the state sends men and women to jail without providing for their children! Yet they make shift somehow. But the ultimate solution of the problem is to make all children chargeable to the community.”

“That is hardly possible this side of Utopia,” I ventured.

“Why not?”

“There would not be enough wealth to go around, if you established a common pool. The world is too poor——”

Shaw smiled with good-natured tolerance.

“There is,” I insisted, “always the problem of poverty.”

Shaw’s smile broadened.

“What,” I asked, “would you do with poverty?”

“Prohibit it.” Shaw’s answer rang out like a shot.

“How?”

“In a variety of ways. If necessary, by putting to death every person earning less than three thousand dollars a year or asking for more. The suggestion is not new. I made it years ago. Poverty is a malignant and infectious disease; and idleness is the root form of the crime of theft.

“The most encouraging thing about American civilization is the universal desire for money. Unfortunately, as the accepted capitalistic method of acquiring it is to steal it, the United States is the poorest instead of the richest country in the world, except in paper dollars.”

“Are you,” I questioned, “sure your socialist calculations will not miscarry?”

“It is possible,” Shaw replied, “that the human animal may prove unable to solve the problems created by its aggregation. The World War and its aftermath justify the fear that man may be destroyed by the achievements of his own civilization.”

“Then the Life Force can be defeated?”

“Not in the least. The Life Force snaps its fingers at such a trifle as scrapping a little experiment like mankind. What is to prevent its evolving another species? It is by no means unlikely that we may be remembered by future palæontologists only as one of its least successful experiments. That is, if we are remembered at all.”

I changed the subject hastily to vegetarianism.

“Even King Nebuchadnezzar did not relish a diet of grass,” I said. “Since that time——”

“Because,” Shaw interrupted, “he could not chew the cud. I do not eat grass; and to the modern propaganda of salads and fruit I can only say that they do not agree with me—though I can digest anything—and produce in me the symptoms they are supposed to cure. But do not suppose that the world’s edible stock consists solely of corpses and green stuff. If this is your belief, you are stupendously ignorant of the subject and had better not attempt to write about it.”

“Your vegetables,” I remarked, “are like Grant’s whisky. Who would not be a vegetarian if he could write like you!”

Bernard Shaw almost lost his temper.

“I tell you,” he said, “I don’t eat more vegetables than you do. And I don’t expect to live longer.”

“Death,” I objected, somewhat platitudinously, “is the common fate.”

“On the contrary,” Shaw remarked, “it is an acquired habit, forced on us by natural selection. We die because we know we must make room. The moment we know we must live longer, we shall live longer.”

“By willing?”

“No. If willing could do it, we should all be Struldbrugs. Couéism is of no use. Every fool would live for ever if he could. It is a question of subconscious knowledge of necessity. When that comes, the thing will happen.

“Creative Evolution is religion; but, I repeat, it is also science, as every religion must become if it is to survive nowadays.

“Acquired characteristics are transmitted in tiny increments to one’s progeny. The idiots who deny that acquired characteristics are transmitted forget that if there is such a thing as evolution all characteristics are acquired. If a man learns to ride a bicycle his son will not be a born rider, but he will find his bicycle balance a little—perhaps only a very little—more easily than his progenitor. Still, a little.

“The children of people with automobiles, like city cats, are born automobile-wise, although they are not born mechanics. Raphael, though descended from eight generations of painters,

was not born with a brush in his hand. He was, nevertheless, a born painter !

“ Raphael had to learn his art ! But it requires no effort of the imagination to assume that nature, which already compels the embryo to recapitulate the entire history of the race in the period of gestation, may some day crowd a few million years more into nine months ! Some day Raphael will be born a ready-made painter !

“ Evolution is a mystical process. Darwinism, a mechanical doctrine, destroyed religion, but gave us nothing in its place. It gave an air of science to moral and political opportunism and to struggle-for-life militarism. It engulfed Europe yesterday in the World War.

“ Germany was not specially to blame for the great conflict. Compared to Weismann, the Kaiser was as innocent as a lamb. Even Poincaré was comparatively guiltless. The cause of Europe’s miseries was its lack of religion.

“ Even before Darwin, the old religion had lost its hold. Shakespeare had no religion. He believed in nothing. For that reason, he never took the trouble to write an original play. He had no message.

“ The realization of this lack may be the motive that impelled Prospero to lay down his wand. The greatest of poets condemned himself to silence because, in the last analysis, he had nothing to say !

“ Goethe, on the other hand, possessed a religious mind. Goethe’s religious spirit enabled him to complete *Faust* in his old age.”

“ Do you reject Darwin entirely, like your friend Bryan ? ” I asked.

“ By no means. Natural Selection must have played an immense part in adapting life to our planet ; but it is Creative Evolution that adapts the planet to our continual aspiration to greater knowledge and greater power.

“ Newton would not have discovered his law of gravitation if he had not been possessed by this divine curiosity. Nor would Einstein have slaved for less money than Mr. Rockefeller’s valet to carry Newton’s torch a stage farther, if he were nothing but a drifter in the wind of Natural Selection.

“But you need not come to me for the religion of the spirit. Ask the Christian Platonists. Ask Dean Inge. Ask any Quaker who knows his job.”

Dusk had fallen. Outside the lights of the city shone through the mist like a thousand will-o'-the-wisps. In the darkening room gleamed the eyes of Bernard Shaw the evangelist. The whiteness of his beard and of his hair fashioned a fantastic aureole for his head.

SIGMUND FREUD CONFRONTS THE SPHINX

Sigmund Freud has played an important part in the intellectual life of the world so long that, like Bernard Shaw, he has almost ceased to be a person. He is a cultural force to which we can assign a definite historical place in the evolution of civilization.

"I have been compared to Columbus, Darwin, Kepler, and I have been denounced as a paralytic," Freud himself remarks in a survey of the history of psycho-analysis. There are those, even to-day, who look upon him as a scientific adventurer. The future will hail him as the Columbus of the Subconscious.

Columbus, seeking merely a new passage to Cathay, discovered a continent. Freud, attempting to find a new method of mental therapeutics, discovered the submerged continent of man's mind.

Freud brings home to us the specific forces within ourselves which bind us to our own infantile past and to the past of the race. In the light of psycho-analysis we can understand for the first time the riddle of human nature.

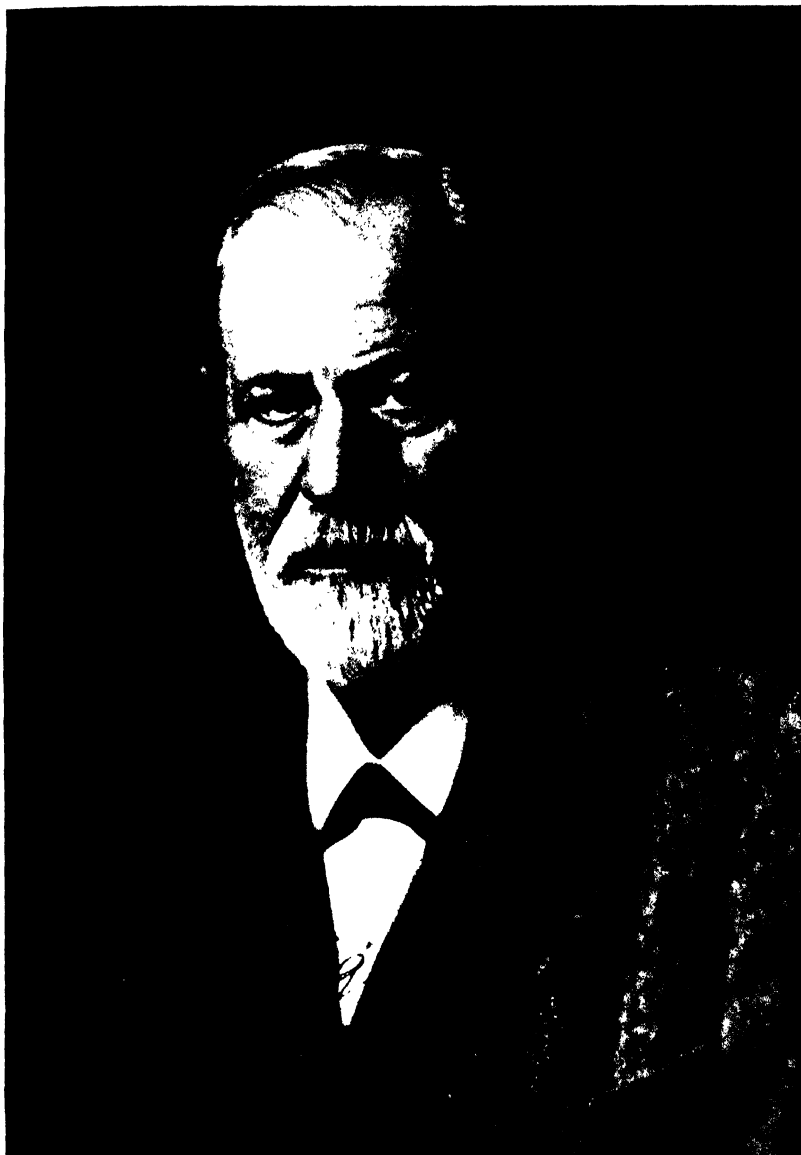
I have had the privilege of being Freud's guest on several occasions. Each time he revealed to me new glimpses of his fascinating personality.

SEVENTY years have taught me to accept life with cheerful humility."

The speaker was Professor Sigmund Freud, the great Austrian explorer of the nether world of the soul. Like the tragic Greek hero, Œdipus, whose name is so intimately connected with the principal tenets of psycho-analysis, Freud boldly confronted the Sphinx.

Like Œdipus, he solved her riddle. At least no mortal has come nearer to explaining the secret of human conduct than Freud.

Freud is to psychology what Galileo was to astronomy. He is the Columbus of the subconscious. He opens new vistas, he



SIGMUND FREUD

[Max Halberstadt.]

[Facing p. 28

sounds new depths. He changed the relationship of everything in life to every other thing, by deciphering the hidden meaning of the records inscribed on the tablets of the unconscious.

The scene where our conversation took place was Freud's summer home on the Semmering, a mountain in the Austrian Alps, where fashionable Vienna loves to forgather.

I had last seen the father of psycho-analysis in his unpretentious home in the Austrian capital. The few years intervening between my last visit and the present had multiplied the wrinkles of his forehead. They had intensified his scholastic pallor. His face was drawn, as in pain. His mind was alert, his spirit unbroken, his courtesy impeccable as of old, but a slight impediment in his speech alarmed me.

It seems that a malignant affection of the upper jaw had necessitated an operation. Since that time, Freud wears a mechanical contrivance to facilitate speech. In itself this is no worse than the wearing of glasses. The presence of the metal device embarrasses Freud more than his visitors. It is hardly noticeable after one speaks to him a while. On his good days, it cannot be detected at all. But to Freud himself it is cause of constant annoyance.

"I detest my mechanical jaw, because the struggle with the mechanism consumes so much precious strength. Yet I prefer a mechanical jaw to no jaw at all. I still prefer existence to extinction.

"Perhaps the gods are kind to us," the father of psycho-analysis went on to say, "by making life more disagreeable as we grow older. In the end, death seems less intolerable than the manifold burdens we carry."

Freud refuses to admit that destiny bears him any special malice.

"Why," he quietly said, "should I expect any special favour? Age, with its manifest discomforts, comes to all. It strikes one man here, and one there. Its blow always lands in a vital spot. The final victory always belongs to the Conqueror Worm.

*Out—out are the lights—out all !
And over each quivering form
The curtain, a funereal pall,
Comes down, with the rush of a storm,*

*And the angels, all pallid and wan,
Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy 'Man,'
And its hero the Conqueror Worm.*

"I do not rebel against the universal order. After all," the master prober of the human brain continued, "I have lived over seventy years. I had enough to eat. I enjoyed many things—the comradeship of my wife, my children, the sunsets. I watched the plants grow in the springtime. Now and then the grasp of a friendly hand was mine. One or twice I met a human being who almost understood me. What more can I ask?"

"You have had," I said, "fame. Your work affects the literature of every land. Man looks at life and himself with different eyes because of you. And recently on your seventieth birthday the world united to honour you—with the exception of your own university!"

"If the University of Vienna had recognized me, they would have only embarrassed me. There is no reason why they should embrace either me or my doctrine because I am seventy. I attach no unreasonable importance to decimals.

"Fame comes to us only after we are dead, and, frankly, what comes afterwards does not concern me. I have no aspiration to posthumous glory. My modesty is no virtue."

"Does it not mean something to you that your name will live?"

"Nothing whatsoever, even if it should live, which is by no means certain. I am far more interested in the fate of my children. I hope that their life will not be so hard. I cannot make their life much easier. The war practically wiped out my modest fortune, the savings of a lifetime. However, fortunately, age is not too heavy a burden. I can carry on! My work still gives me pleasure."

We were walking up and down a little pathway in the steep garden of the house. Freud tenderly caressed a blossoming bush with his sensitive hands.

"I am far more interested in this blossom," he said, "than in anything that may happen to me after I am dead."

"Then you are, after all, a profound pessimist?"

"I am not. I permit no philosophic reflection to spoil my enjoyment of the simple things of life."

"Do you believe in the persistence of personality after death in any form whatsoever?"

"I give no thought to the matter. Everything that lives perishes. Why should I survive?"

"Would you like to come back in some form, to be re-integrated from the dust? Have you, in other words, no wish for immortality?"

"Frankly, no. If one recognizes the selfish motives which underlie all human conduct, one has not the slightest desire to return. Life, moving in a circle, would still be the same.

"Moreover, even if the eternal recurrence of things, to use Nietzsche's phrase, were to reinvest us with our fleshly habiliments, of what avail would this be without memory? There would be no link between past and future.

"So far as I am concerned, I am perfectly content to know that the eternal nuisance of living will be finally done with. Our life is necessarily a series of compromises, a never-ending struggle between the ego and his environment. The wish to prolong life unduly, strikes me as absurd."

"Do you disapprove of the attempts of your colleague Steinach to lengthen the cycle of human existence?"

"Steinach makes no attempt to lengthen life. He merely combats old age. By tapping the reservoir of strength within our own bodies, he helps the tissue to resist disease. The Steinach operation sometimes arrests untoward biological accidents, like cancer, in their early stages. It makes life more liveable. It does not make it worth living.

"There is no reason why we should wish to live longer. But there is every reason why we should wish to live with the smallest amount of discomfort possible.

"I am tolerably happy, because I am grateful for the absence of pain, and for life's little pleasures, for my children and for my flowers!"

"Bernard Shaw claims that our years are too few. He thinks that man can lengthen the span of human life, if he so desires, by bringing his will power to play upon the forces of evolution. Mankind, he thinks, can recover the longevity of the patriarchs."

"It is possible," Freud replied, "that death itself may not be a biological necessity. Perhaps we die because we want to die.

"Even as hate and love for the same person dwell in our bosom at the same time, so all life combines with the desire to maintain itself, an ambivalent desire for its own annihilation.

"Just as a stretched rubber band has the tendency to assume its original shape, so all living matter, consciously or unconsciously, craves to regain the complete and absolute inertia of inorganic existence. The death-wish and life-wish dwell side by side, within us.

"Death is the mate of Love. Together they rule the world. This is the message of my book, 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle.'

"In the beginning, psycho-analysis assumed that Love was all important. To-day we know that Death is equally important.

"Biologically, every living being, no matter how intensely life burns within him, longs for Nirvana, longs for the cessation of 'the fever called living,' longs for Abraham's bosom. The desire may be disguised by various circumlocutions. Nevertheless, the ultimate object of life is its own extinction!"

"This," I exclaimed, "is the philosophy of self-destruction. It justifies self-slaughter. It should lead logically to the world suicide envisaged by Eduard von Hartmann."

"Mankind does not choose suicide, because the law of its being abhors the direct route to its goal. Life must complete its cycle of existence. In every normal being, the life-wish is strong enough to counterbalance the death-wish, albeit in the end the death-wish proves stronger.

"We may entertain the fanciful suggestion that death comes to us by our own volition. It is possible that we could vanquish Death, except for his ally in our bosom.

"In that sense," Freud added with a smile, "we may be justified in saying that all death is suicide in disguise."

It grew chilly in the garden.

We continued our conversation in the study.

I saw a pile of manuscripts on the desk in Freud's own neat handwriting.

"What are you working on?" I asked.

"I am writing a defence of lay-analysis, psycho-analysis as

practised by laymen. The doctors want to make analysis except by licensed physicians illegal. History, the old plagiarizer, repeats herself after every discovery. The doctors fight every new truth in the beginning. Afterwards they try to monopolize it."

"Have you had much support from the laity?"

"Some of my best pupils are laymen."

"Do you practise much yourself?"

"Certainly. At this very moment, I am working on a difficult case, disentangling the psychic conflicts of an interesting new patient.

"My daughter, too, is a psycho-analyst, as you see. . . ."

At this juncture, Miss Anna Freud appeared followed by her patient, a lad of eleven, unmistakably Anglo-Saxon in feature. The child seemed perfectly happy, completely oblivious of a conflict or tangle in his personality.

"Do you ever," I asked Professor Freud, "analyse yourself?"

"Certainly. The psycho-analyst must constantly analyse himself. By analysing ourselves, we are better able to analyse others.

"The psycho-analyst is like the scapegoat of the Hebrews. Others load their sins upon him. He must exercise his art to the utmost to extricate himself from the burden cast upon him."

"It always seems to me," I remarked, "that psycho-analysis necessarily induces in all those who practise it the spirit of Christian charity. There is nothing in human life that psycho-analysis cannot make us understand. '*Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*'—'To understand all, is to forgive all.'"

"On the contrary," thundered Freud, his features assuming the fierce severity of a Hebrew prophet. "To understand all, is not to forgive all. Psycho-analysis teaches us not only what we may endure, it also teaches us what we must avoid. It tells us what must be exterminated. Tolerance of evil is by no means a corollary of knowledge."

I suddenly understood why Freud had quarrelled so bitterly with those of his followers who had deserted him, why he cannot forgive their departure from the straight path of orthodox psycho-analysis. His sense of righteousness is the heritage

of his ancestors. It is a heritage of which he is proud, as he is proud of his race.

"My language," he explained to me, "is German. My culture, my attainments are German. I considered myself a German intellectually, until I noticed the growth of anti-Semitic prejudice in Germany and in German Austria. Since that time, I consider myself no longer a German. I prefer to call myself a Jew."

I was somewhat disappointed by this remark.

It seemed to me that Freud's spirit should dwell on heights, beyond any prejudice of race, that he should be untouched by any personal rancour. Yet his very indignation, his honest wrath, made him more endearingly human.

Achilles would be intolerable, if it were not for his heel!

"I am glad," I remarked, "Herr Professor, that you, too, have your complexes, that you, too, betray your mortality."

"Our complexes," Freud replied, "are the source of our weakness; they are also often the source of our strength."

"I wonder," I remarked, "what my complexes are!"

"A serious analysis," Freud replied, "takes at least a year. It may even take two or three years. You are devoting many years of your life to lion-hunting. You have sought, year after year, the outstanding figures of your generation, invariably men older than yourself. There was Roosevelt, the Kaiser, Hindenburg, Briand, Foch, Joffre, George Brandes, Gerhart Hauptmann, and George Bernard Shaw. . . ."

"It is part of my work."

"But it is also your preference. The great man is a symbol. Your search is the search of your heart. You are seeking the great man to take the place of the father. It is part of your father complex."

I vehemently denied Freud's assertion. Nevertheless, on reflection, it seems to me that there may be a truth, unsuspected by myself, in his casual suggestion. It may be the same impulse that took me to him.

"In your *Wandering Jew*," he added, "you extend this search into the past. You are always the Seeker of Men."

"I wish," I remarked after a while, "I could stay here long enough to glimpse my own heart through your eyes. Perhaps,

like the Medusa, I would die from fright if I saw my own image! However, I fear I am too well versed in psycho-analysis. I would constantly anticipate, or try to anticipate, your intentions."

"Intelligence in a patient," Freud replied, "is no handicap. On the contrary, it sometimes facilitates one's task."

In that respect the master of psycho-analysis differs from many of his adherents, who resent any self-assertion of the patient under their probe.

Most psycho-analysts employ Freud's method of "free association." They encourage the patient to say everything that comes into his mind, no matter how stupid, how obscene, how inopportune, or irrelevant it may seem. Following clues seemingly unimportant, they can trace the psychic dragons that haunt him to their lair. They dislike the desire of the patient for active co-operation; for they fear that once the direction of their inquiry becomes clear to him, his wishes and resistances unconsciously striving to preserve their secrets, may throw the psychic huntsman off the trail. Freud, too, recognizes this danger.

"I sometimes wonder," I questioned, "if we should not be happier if we knew less of the processes that shape our thoughts and emotions? Psycho-analysis robs life of its last enchantments, when it traces every feeling to its original cluster of complexes. We are not made more joyful by discovering that we all harbour in our hearts the savage, the criminal and the beast."

"What is your objection to the beasts?" Freud replied. "I prefer the society of animals infinitely to human society."

"Why?"

"Because they are so much simpler. They do not suffer from a divided personality, from the disintegration of the ego, that arises from man's attempt to adapt himself to standards of civilization too high for his intellectual and psychic mechanism.

"The savage, like the beast, is cruel, but he lacks the meanness of the civilized man. Meanness is man's revenge upon society for the restraints it imposes. This vengefulness animates the professional reformer and the busybody. The savage may chop off your head, he may eat you, he may torture you, but

he will spare you the continuous little pinpricks which make life in a civilized community at times almost intolerable.

“Man’s most disagreeable habits and idiosyncrasies, his deceit, his cowardice, his lack of reverence, are engendered by his incomplete adjustment to a complicated civilization. It is the result of the conflict between our instincts and our culture.

“How much more pleasant are the simple, straightforward, intense emotions of a dog, wagging his tail or barking his displeasure! The emotions of the dog,” Freud thoughtfully added, “remind one of the heroes of antiquity. Perhaps that is the reason why we unconsciously bestow upon our canines the names of ancient heroes such as Achilles and Hector.”

“My own dog,” I interjected, “is called ‘Ajax.’”

Freud smiled.

“I am glad,” I added, “that he cannot read. It would certainly make him a less desirable member of the household if he could yelp his opinion on psychic traumas and Œdipus complexes!

“Even you, Professor, find existence too complex. Yet, it seems to me that you yourself are partly responsible for the complexities of modern civilization. Before you invented psycho-analysis we did not know that our personality is dominated by a belligerent host of highly objectionable complexes. Psycho-analysis has made life a complicated puzzle.”

“By no means,” Freud replied. “Psycho-analysis simplifies life. We achieve a new synthesis after analysis. Psycho-analysis reassembles the maze of stray impulses, and tries to wind them around the spool to which they belong. Or, to change the metaphor, it supplies the thread that leads a man out of the labyrinth of his own unconscious.”

“On the surface, it seems, nevertheless, as if human life was never more complex. And every day some new idea, put forward by you or by your disciples, makes the problem of human conduct more puzzling and more contradictory.”

“Psycho-analysis, at least, never shuts the door on a new truth.”

“Some of your pupils, more orthodox than you, cling to every pronouncement that has ever emanated from you.”

"Life changes. Psycho-analysis also changes," Freud observed. "We are only at the beginning of a new science."

"It seems to me that the scientific structure you have erected is very elaborate. Its fixtures—the theory of 'replacement,' of 'infantile sexuality,' and of 'dream symbols,' etc.—seem to be fairly permanent."

"Nevertheless, I repeat, we are only at the beginning. I am only a beginner. I was successful in digging up buried monuments from the substrata of the mind. But where I have discovered a few temples, others may discover a continent."

"You still place most emphasis on sex?"

"I reply with the words of the great poet, Walt Whitman: 'Yet all were lacking, if sex were lacking.' However, I have already explained to you that I place to-day almost equal emphasis upon that which lies 'beyond' pleasure—death, the negation of life. This desire explains why some men love pain—as a step to annihilation! It explains why all men seek rest, why poets thank—

*Whatever gods there be,
That no life lives for ever,
That dead men rise up never,
And even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."*

"Shaw, like you, does not wish to live for ever, but," I remarked, "unlike you, he regards sex as uninteresting."

"Shaw," Freud replied smiling, "does not understand sex. He has not the remotest conception of love. There is no real love affair in any of his plays. He makes a jest of Cæsar's love affair—perhaps the greatest passion in history. Deliberately, not to say maliciously, he divests Cleopatra of all grandeur, and degrades her into an insignificant flapper.

"The reason for Shaw's strange attitude toward love, and for his denial of the primal mover of all human affairs, which robs his plays of universal appeal in spite of his enormous intellectual equipment, is inherent in his psychology. In one of his prefaces, Shaw himself emphasizes the ascetic strain in his temperament.

"I may have made many mistakes, but I am quite sure that I made no mistake when I emphasized the predominance of the sex instinct. Because the sex instinct is so strong, it clashes most frequently with the conventions and safeguards of civilization. Mankind, in self-defence, seeks to deny its supreme importance.

"If you scratch the Russian, the proverb says, the Tartar appears underneath. Analyse any human emotion, no matter how far it may be removed from the sphere of sex, and you are sure to discover somewhere the primal impulse, to which life itself owes its perpetuation."

"You certainly have succeeded in impressing this point of view upon all modern writers. Psycho-analysis has given new intensities to literature."

"It also has received much from literature and philosophy. Nietzsche was one of the first psycho-analysts. It is amazing to what extent his intuition foreshadows our discoveries. No one has recognized more profoundly the dual motives of human conduct, and the insistence of the pleasure principle upon unending sway. His Zarathustra says :

*Woe
Crieth : Go !
But Pleasure craves eternity,
Craves quenchless, deep eternity.*

"Psycho-analysis may be less widely discussed in Austria and Germany than in the United States, but its influence in literature is nevertheless immense.

"Thomas Mann and Hugo von Hofmansthal owe much to us. Schnitzler parallels, to a large extent, my own development. He expresses poetically much that I attempt to convey scientifically. But then, Dr. Schnitzler is not only a poet, but also a scientist."

"You," I replied, "are not only a scientist, but also a poet. American literature," I went on to say, "is steeped in psycho-analysis. Rupert Hughes, Harvey O'Higgins, and others make themselves your interpreters. It is hardly possible to open a new novel without finding some reference to psycho-

analysis. Among dramatists Eugene O'Neill and Sydney Howard are profoundly indebted to you. *The Silver Cord*, for instance, is merely a dramatization of the Œdipus complex."

"I know," Freud replied. "I appreciate the compliment, but I am afraid of my own popularity in the United States. American interest in psycho-analysis does not go very deep. Extensive popularization leads to superficial acceptance without serious research. People merely repeat the phrases they learn in the theatre, or in the press. They imagine they understand psycho-analysis, because they can parrot its patter! I prefer the more intense study of psycho-analysis in European centres.

"America was the first country to recognize me officially. Clark University conferred an honorary degree upon me when I was still ostracized in Europe. Nevertheless, America has made few original contributions to the study of psycho-analysis.

"Americans are clever generalizers, they are rarely creative thinkers. Moreover, the medical trust in the United States, as well as in Austria, attempts to pre-empt the field. To leave psycho-analysis solely in the hands of doctors would be fatal to its development. A medical education is as often a handicap as an advantage to the psycho-analyst. It is a handicap if certain accepted scientific conventions become too deeply encrusted in the mind of the student."

Freud must tell the truth at all cost! He cannot force himself to flatter America, where he has most admirers. He cannot even at three score and ten bring himself to make a peace offering to the medical profession, which accepts him only grudgingly even now.

In spite of his uncompromising integrity, Freud is the soul of urbanity. He listens patiently to every suggestion, never attempting to overawe his interviewer. Rare is the guest who leaves his presence without some gift, some token of hospitality!

Darkness had fallen.

It was time for me to take the train back to the city that once housed the imperial splendour of the Hapsburgs.

Freud, accompanied by his wife and his daughter, climbed the steps leading from his mountain retreat to the street, to

see me off. He looked grey and sad to me as he waved his farewell.

“Don’t make me appear a pessimist,” he remarked, after the final handshake. “I do not despise the world. To express contempt for the world is only another method of wooing it, to gain an audience and applause !

“No, I am not a pessimist, not while I have my children, my wife, and my flowers !

“Flowers,” he added smilingly, “fortunately have neither character nor complexities. I love my flowers. And I am not unhappy—at least not more unhappy than others.”

The whistle of my train shrieked through the night. Swiftly the car bore me away to the station. Slowly the slightly bent figure and the grey head of Sigmund Freud disappeared in the distance.

Like *Œdipus*, Freud has looked too deep into the eyes of the Sphinx. The monster propounds her riddle to every wayfarer. The wanderer who does not know the answer she cruelly seizes and dashes against the rocks. Yet she may be kinder to those whom she destroys than to those who guess her secret.



EMPEROR WILLIAM II

[Ulrich Schwartz]

[Facing p. 43]

THE RELIGION OF WILLIAM II

For twenty-five years William II preserved the peace of the world. For thirty years he ruled a great empire. For more than ten years an exile, he watched the Post-War spasm of civilization from his Dutch St. Helena.

I have had the privilege of being the house guest of the Emperor on many occasions. To me His Majesty gave the first interview authorized by him in Doorn. The Emperor's wife, Her Majesty the Empress Hermine, entrusted to me the task of preparing her memoirs for publication.

I have written volumes to interpret the soul of the Kaiser, who remains even in exile the most interesting monarch in Europe. The heir of Charlemagne, the grandson of Queen Victoria, William II has known more glory and perhaps more sorrow than any other ruler of our time.

My study, authorized by the Emperor himself, conveys the philosophy which he has evolved in the attempt to adjust himself to his fate. Though formerly secular head of the Protestant Church in Prussia and deeply religious by temperament and training, William II is not a fundamentalist. In some respects his views are surprisingly unorthodox.

“TWO things sustain me in my exile,” Emperor William remarked to me : “ my sense of duty and my sense of humour.”

We were walking in the drizzling rain through the village of Doorn on the last day of my week as His Majesty's guest. The Kaiser's two dachshunds followed their master, trudging faithfully through puddles of water.

Every now and then some little Dutch boy in wooden shoes, or a workman on a bicycle, passed us with a respectful greeting.

Each time the Emperor interrupted the flow of his thoughts to respond to the salutation.

His hair and his beard bepearled with raindrops, the Master of Doorn walked on without paying the slightest attention to the inclemency of the weather. His eyes sparkled.

The Emperor had passed a strenuous day, which, however, had left no mark of fatigue. After taking a long walk in the morning, he had chopped and sawed wood for two hours.

At breakfast his valet had announced to the gentlemen seated around the chamberlain's breakfast table, including myself, that His Majesty expected us at the shed where he saws wood. He said that his imperial master would be pleased if I joined, adding that it was not necessary for me to handle a saw.

However, when we got to the place in the woods, a few minutes' walk from the castle, there were four large saws, each requiring two men to handle it. The Kaiser's partner was a Dutch labourer, my partner was Captain van Houten, the chief of the guard of honour selected by the Dutch government for the protection of the exiled Emperor.

After two hours of unremitting work, we gathered round a table in the woods for some tea.

After refreshing himself, the Kaiser listened to reports of the day's events, gleaned by his aide, von Ilsemann, from the newspapers. He took the clippings from the papers with him to his workroom, in accordance with his custom, to add such comment as he deemed appropriate for the evening's discussion in the smoking-room, where he and his little court for-gather after dinner.

At luncheon the Kaiser presented me, as a special mark of his consideration, with a photograph of himself which he had coloured for me. Even as a young man the Kaiser took an interest in painting, not because he aspired to the laurels of Raphael, but in order to acquire the technique of the art. It pleases him to exercise this technique and his sense of colour at Doorn.

After lunch he had rested, then devoted several hours to writing. In spite of all these activities, he now strode vigorously with me through the rain. From time to time, when he wanted to impress a point upon me with particular forcefulness,



[Professor Schwanz.]

EMPEROR RESTING AFTER WORK

At the extreme left Captain van Houten, chief of the Guard of Honour of the Emperor in Holland; G. S. Viereck; Von Hsemann, the Emperor's aide de camp, who married Count Bentinck's daughter; Emperor Wilhelm; Harro, the dog of the Empress; Lt.-Col. von Dommies, one of the gentlemen acting as aides to the Emperor.

[Facing p. 42]

he stood still, and looked straight into my face. Then it seemed as if blue flames were leaping from his eyes into mine.

Though bereft of his throne, William II is still every inch an emperor.

“What,” I ventured to ask, “is Your Majesty’s philosophy of life?”

“Philosophy?” the Kaiser replied. “I have no philosophy. Plato wanted to exclude the poets from his ideal state. I would exclude the philosophers who strangle the human soul with their inhuman syllogisms.

“I am nearly seventy. Looking backward from the pinnacle of my years and my experience, I am glad to say that I have no philosophy except my religion.

“The story of the Arab, which I love to introduce into my sermons at Doorn, interprets my attitude toward life. The dusky young Mohammedan was carving away at a wooden staff on a hot morning. Asked why he was working so hard, he unhesitatingly replied: ‘The angel Gabriel did me the honour to command me to complete this job.’

“Too modest to ascribe the command to Allah himself, he invoked the chief of the angels. In spite of this modesty he was convinced that his duty, however menial, was God-imposed. He realized the sanctity of all labour.

“The master and the valet, the maid peeling potatoes in the pantry, and the queen on her throne, are equally instruments of the Almighty. Every task is divinely appointed.

“We can do nothing except by the grace of God. We must try our best. We must dig in our souls to unearth every talent buried within us, that when eventide comes God may be satisfied with our work. For the rest we must place our trust in the Lord. This is what life means to me.”

“What if our day ends in failure?” I remarked. “Germany professed to trust in God. Yet Germany lost the war. Why did she lose it?”

“Because,” the Emperor replied, knitting his eyebrows thoughtfully, “we did not obey God in all things; because we hesitated to bear the worst; because we refused in the end to face all risks in preserving faith! The man of little faith is almost worse than the man with no faith at all.

“ The German people performed miracles of endurance, but, at the last, they failed. The supreme miracle can be accomplished only by faith.

“ We should have fought to the *very* last carrot, the *very* last man, the *very* last round of munitions.

“ When, in the winter of 1914, I visited Hindenburg, then commanding on the Eastern Front, I asked him, ‘ What can you accomplish ? ’

“ Hindenburg replied :

“ ‘ If the battle is man against man, we shall win. We can win one against two. We can even win one against three. One against four is a little harder. One against five is difficult. If the odds are six to one against us—well, I’ll try my best and, with the Lord’s help, beat them ! ’

“ That is faith !

“ Actually, the odds against us, toward the end, were twenty to one. We could still have prevailed, with complete faith in God. We should have trusted in God, not in human logic, and certainly not in the alluring proposals of our enemies and their Fourteen Points !

“ One of my ablest generals, Otto von Bülow, held East Prussia against overwhelming Russian numbers. ‘ How long,’ he was asked, ‘ can you hold this position ? ’ ‘ As long,’ he replied, ‘ as His Majesty the Emperor commands.’

“ That was the true German spirit. Faith could have saved us. *Little* faith, I repeat, is worse than unbelief, because it is ungrateful !

“ The unbeliever, like Saulus, later Paulus, on the road to Damascus, may be saved by a miracle. The man of little faith, the captious, the critical believer, may not see the heavens opening at all.

“ We must do our best and we must trust in God. The man of little faith can do neither.”

“ Has Your Majesty always held these views ? ”

“ Always. I grew up with the word of God. My father used to read the Bible to us children, just as I read the Bible every morning to my entire household. I have always judged every act of mine, weighing whether it was in accordance with the word of God. I never knowingly closed my ears

to my conscience. The voice of conscience is the voice of God."

"If God's precepts inspired Your Majesty all these years, why should He visit punishment upon you by depriving you of your throne?"

"I look upon my fate as a trial imposed upon me by God. Adversity proves our mettle. I did not curse God and die, as Job was tempted to do. I accepted my fate humbly. Instead of ruling a nation, I plant my rhododendrons, conscious that here, too, I act in accordance with the divine command.

"I tried to rule my empire for the greater glory of God. For the greater glory of God I try to make Doorn more beautiful.

"God wanted me to rule thirty years as an emperor. Then He discarded me, and allowed me to be dethroned, perhaps to try whether my faith would be shaken. It is not! His will be done!

"It may please God to call me back! It may please Him to let me end my days in exile. If so, I shall find work to do. There are other tasks, no less important to me than the throne, for which leisure was denied me when I ruled my people."

"Does Your Majesty never regret the splendour of the past?"

"God pressed a crown of thorns upon the forehead of His only Son! What right have I, a mortal and a sinner, to expect always a crown of roses, or an imperial crown? I am conscious of no wrong-doing. Whether I did the work imposed upon me by God well or not, He alone can decide. At present God needs me for other works, as He needs every one for his appointed task.

"I have learned to look at my country from the outside. I learned much that I did not know before, for which I am grateful to God.

"Perhaps God wants me to teach the world the truth about the origin of the war, a study to which I dedicate many hours by day and by night.

"Perhaps He needs me to help bring back His simple faith. Perhaps His gospel comes with better grace from an exile in an alien land than from a mighty monarch in his palace.

"The world occupies our thoughts too much on the throne.

In Doorn I am often alone with my thoughts and with my God."

"What is the essence of Your Majesty's gospel?"

"I proclaim the triumph of the Inner Impulse over Materialism. I hold that every word that proceeds out of the mouth of God is more important than princes and power."

"Your Majesty is exchanging the throne for the pulpit?"

"I make no pretence to theological laurels. Where the clergy fail, God sometimes speaks through the mouth of a layman."

"I was temporal head of the Protestant Church in Prussia. However, it is not from this source that I derive my authority. My mission is derived solely from an inner feeling of doing God's work."

"Dwelling here in Doorn, I may be doing a greater service to humanity than if I were still German Emperor. My remarks are as seeds in the wind: if one falls into fertile soil, on either side of the ocean, and bears fruit, I am satisfied."

"Is there any special dogma which Your Majesty desires to propound?"

"No," the Kaiser replied, looking earnestly into my eyes. We were standing under a tall oak tree; the rain continued to drip softly.

"The Lord," the Master of Doorn slowly but emphatically enunciated, "left no dogma. His living personality is the revelation, not the written record. The *written* record may lead us astray. The *acts* and *words* of Jesus alone are an infallible guide."

"To me, God is real, both in His love and His anger. We are too often inclined to think of the Almighty merely as a benevolent 'old father.' We Germans speak of Him as '*der liebe Gott*' [the dear God]."

"We forget that He may also punish. He holds us to the strictest accountability."

"Then Your Majesty believes absolutely in the freedom of the will? For without free will there can be no responsibility."

"Without free will," the Kaiser remarked, striding forward once more in the rain, "there can be no religion. We are personalities. Our will is free, in spite of behaviourists and other materialistic philosophers."

“Man is free, at least, to decide between good and evil. Without such a choice, Christianity would be meaningless. Jesus was the greatest personality. Without free will His work would be in vain.

“Without free will there is no personality, but only a conglomeration of warring cells and warring complexes, strung together by accident.

“I am fully convinced that free will and the knowledge of good and evil exist, in spite of the sophistries of moral dialecticians. It may be impossible to prove this to the complete satisfaction of the modern metaphysician, just as it is impossible to prove that one and one necessarily make two.

“Free will is a prop upon which not merely religion, but society and civilization rest.

“My teacher, Hinzpeter, was a Calvinist. He never attempted to influence me with his creed. I, to repeat, am not interested in dogmas, Calvinistic or otherwise.

“I remember a legend that illustrates my own attitude toward religions.

“In the anteroom of heaven sat a group of new arrivals. They were Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, and Lutherans. Each group kept clannishly to itself. Each in turn sang a song in praise of its own special God in the hope of gaining the confidence of Saint Peter. But Saint Peter turned his deaf ear toward them.

“Night fell. The suns that swing in the heavens like great lamps disappeared. In the darkness and in the chill the various groups huddled closer and closer together.

“Finally, to dispel their fear of the night, they discovered a tune in which they all could join. It was a glorious song. The burden of that song was this :

“ ‘ We all believe in one God.’ ”

“Suddenly, when all were singing lustily, Saint Peter turned his good ear toward them. Smilingly he drew the key from his ring, and flung open the door of heaven. Joyously they marched into heaven, hand in hand. The gate to heaven is not a narrow one. It is large enough to receive all believers.

“There should be no warring between the different creeds in heaven or on earth.”

“Is Your Majesty happy?” The question, when it had escaped my mouth, seemed almost too personal.

“God,” the Emperor replied, “has given me much happiness. He has singularly blessed me twice in one lifetime with the beautiful affection of a lovely and wonderful woman. He gave me Augusta Victoria and Hermine. Their love healed my wounds. It strengthens my faith in divine justice and love.

“Few men have fallen from greater heights than I. Yet, I repeat, I have no quarrel with Heaven. Whether I remain in the narrow confines of a Dutch village, or whether the larger world calls me again anywhere, I shall obediently accept whatever task the Lord has in store for me.

“I shall try so to conduct myself that my life may convey a fortifying lesson to others—how the unflinching faith of a Christian gentleman can rob misfortune of its sting.

“I am deeply interested in the ethnological studies of Professor Frobenius, who is now planning to commemorate his remarkable discoveries in a museum. I am not afraid of an idea, even if the idea seems fantastic. I abhor pedantry in science as well as in religion.

“Naturally, I am human. I have the failings common to all humanity, and it is and was easier for a man with magnetic personality to engage my attention than for a dull and colourless pedant to do so.

“Personal magnetism is an incalculable asset. I remember once I was present at a festive occasion at the University of Berlin. President Butler of Columbia sat with me on the platform, while some other foreign professors droned in dull and tiresome voices their congratulatory speeches.

“They were followed by an Italian. The Italian, the moment he opened his mouth, shouting, ‘*Professore, Studenti, Com-militoni!*’ in a loud, vibrant voice, had his audience with him. The entire student body greeted him with a veritable tempest of applause!

“I looked at President Butler and President Butler looked at me. Neither of us could help laughing, but we, too, were under the spell of the vivacious personality of the Italian.

“It is not merely the message that counts, but also the manner

Doorn 26. V. 27.

My dear Mr. □

I have received your kind letter of the 14th of May from Paris on the 20th. Also the article about my religious views which I have revised and corrected. I have eliminated all political questions as well as the remarks about tablemagic and the doting rod as not appropriate to the theme propounded in the Article about Religion as I see it and practice it. The political material has been eliminated as too actual and too cursory. Pol-

the means for the Article must be named. I am sorry your fear of sea-sickness kept you and Mrs. □ from flying here, we would have greeted you with pleasure and you would have been able to admire your lovely bed of azaleas which is in full bloom now, notwithstanding raw and cold march weather.

The die in London is cast, Britain has decided to grapple with Bolshevism and to destroy it, a worlds war may be the consequence! It will be most interesting to observe the development of events.

Ever yours

William
Fh

EMPEROR WILLIAM'S LETTER OF AUTHORISATION

in which it is delivered. This, too, is a physical, rather than occult, phenomenon."

"Has Your Majesty no occult leanings?"

"No!"

"I am told that Your Majesty frequently consults the devotional calendar issued by the Herrenhut Brothers."

"Yes, indeed. Their year-book is a collection of verses from the Old and the New Testaments. The brothers place three hundred and sixty-five verses in a vessel. A child draws one verse for each day of the year.

"The first calendar of the Herrenhut community was published in 1737. They were always under the particular protection of the kings of Prussia. The motto for my birthday is drawn with special ceremonies.

"I find the book immensely helpful, but I ascribe to it no mystical powers, except the power that reveals itself in all manifestations of God."

"Is Your Majesty not inclined to be somewhat too stern in your attitude toward life?"

"You have been in Doorn long enough to realize that I serve God with a joyous heart. My solemn moods do not destroy my sense of humour. In fact, I love to laugh. Laughter, too, is healing. Laughter, too, comes from God."

Then, still walking in the rain, the Kaiser told me some stories that amused him when he was on the throne and still enliven his exile. He has the hearty laughter of a child.

"Your Majesty is subject to colds," I remarked, suppressing my own incipient sneeze, as the rain continued to pour.

"I am not made of sugar," the Kaiser remarked, "and I won't dissolve in the rain.

"A man without a sense of humour is a man without humanity," he added.

We were at the end of our walk, having returned to the park of House Doorn, which the Kaiser opened with his private key. The dachshunds waddled after us, melancholy and wet.

I ventured one more question:

"What pleasure does life hold for Your Majesty?"

"Life," the Emperor replied, "still holds many pleasures for me. I enjoy a good story. I enjoy my work in the garden. I

enjoy observing the blunders of so-called statesmen. I enjoy a good meal. I enjoy the study of archæology. Above all, I am happy in the love of my wife.

“These things, and the sense that I am doing my duty, make for contentment. I only miss the opportunity to work on a large scale for the redemption of my people and of the world!

“My own misfortunes touch me less deeply than the sufferings of my country. Except for the anguish of my heart when I think of Germany, I am happy, at peace with myself, and at peace with God.”



[*Daily Mirror.*]

GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

[*Facing p. 51*]

THE TIGER LOOKS AT THE POST-WAR WORLD

Here is a picture of the great man who saved France and almost ruined Europe.

Clemenceau fascinated me. I had expected to find him a philosopher, but I was surprised to discover him a German scholar and an admirer of Goethe !

In many ways Clemenceau was the most impressive personality I met in the Post-War World. Living or dead the Tiger compelled respect. His intellect had not lost its keenness in the twilight of his days, even if not to be bothered seemed to him the acme of human felicity.

Some inhibition, maybe a touch of Puckish malice, induced the Tiger never to authorize interviews.

“ **A** PARLIAMENT of peace changes nothing ! ” exclaimed Clemenceau with quiet fury. “ International leagues do not obliterate international rivalries. ”

Upon his head the man who dictated the Peace Treaty of Versailles, overruling both Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson, wore somewhat coquettishly the famous Greek cap, classically “ flapped, ” with which he is always depicted.

Clemenceau’s stature was slight. In spite of the almost ferocious energy that one still suspected in his frame, he did not at first look like a tiger. In his lighter manner he seemed Puck at the age of a hundred ; in his more serious moods, when the cap sat awry, there were touches and traits of King Lear.

“ More than ten years ago, ” I remarked, “ America entered the war. What is your view of the present state of the world in general and of France in particular ? ”

Imps seemed to leap from Clemenceau’s eyes.

“ Conditions will be satisfactory as long as the present balance of power on the continent of Europe remains. If that balance

be upset by any revival of German imperialism, Europe will have another general war."

"Will it be possible for diplomacy or philosophy to abolish war?"

"No."

"What is the supreme lesson of the war for you, for France, for the world?"

"History repeats itself. Man should prevent history from repeating itself. Peace is made by the biggest battalions! Peace is the creation of the strongest power! Our 'statesmen' have secured, with much expenditure of words, the admission of Germany into the so-called League of Nations. There her pledges will have the same value as those by which she guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium, only in the end to violate it openly without even seeking the ordinary resource of lying pretexts."

"But," I remarked, "you disarmed Germany at Versailles. The German Republic is defenceless, an island surrounded by a sea of arms."

"If my advice had been followed," he snarled, "there would be *permanent* peace."

Precisely as it was said of Gladstone that he was the grand old man, it might be said of Clemenceau that he was the sardonic patriarch. The oddness and bluntness of his manner suggested that satirical Dean Swift who gave *Gulliver's Travels* to the nursery and to the university.

The beginning of our interview was not auspicious.

When I called on him in his simple house in Paris at 9.30, the appointed hour, his manservant conducted me into the library. The Tiger entered quietly, almost stealthily, with catlike tread.

"What is it? What's the matter?" were his first words. It was more a growl than a salutation.

I explained my mission.

"I am very happy to see you, but I will not be interviewed."

"M. Clemenceau," I interrupted, "you yourself made the condition that I should obtain the consent of your publishers. 'If they were willing'—such was the message I received from you—'you would talk to me at length on your

philosophy of life.' I procured the consent by cable. I am here at your invitation——"

"You must forgive me," the Tiger replied somewhat petulantly, "but I cannot depart from my principle."

I subsequently learned that it was Clemenceau's favourite trick to embarrass his interviewers. He made startling statements, which he subsequently repudiated. The convenience with which the Tiger forgot an occasion was probably one of the reasons responsible for the nervous strain at Versailles and the breakdown of President Wilson.

"M. Clemenceau," I replied, "this interview has been arranged by a mutual friend." I mentioned the name of the friend.

"Why isn't he here?" Clemenceau snapped back. "The other day he brought me one of your countrymen, who afterwards misquoted every word I said."

"To be misquoted," I remarked, "is the destiny of great men. They are always misquoted. That's no misfortune. Some of the best things attributed to great men were probably never said at all—at least, not by them. The world's imagination invents the appropriate word if the hero's own imagination fails him."

The Tiger seemed unimpressed. But he considered it necessary to explain his aloofness from human contact.

"I hate no one. I love no one. I harbour no ill will toward the world. Maybe"—there was a dry chuckle in Clemenceau's voice as he pronounced these words—"no good will, either.

"I have retired completely. At my age one is entitled to do only the things that amuse one. My stay in Paris is almost ended. I shall shortly return to the Vendée, where I am happy."

"Will you write your memoirs?"

"No!" He shouted the word.

"Are you happy when you are not working?"

"Happiness! What is happiness? I take pleasure in simple things. It delights me to be in life and out of it at the same time."

We were getting along famously.

I took out a questionnaire which I had prepared for my intellectual dalliance with the Tiger. He scanned my questions.

"I should love to answer them, not only for your sake, but for my own. It would be a pleasing intellectual exercise. But principle is principle. One must stand for something. There is nothing in life except principle. No, I cannot answer them."

I made one more attempt to change his determination.

"I do not want an ordinary interview. I have no use for conventional journalism. I am not a journalist, I am a poet."

Clemenceau rose.

"I congratulate you."

He made a deep bow, with the grave dignity of a raven.

"As for myself," he added, "I am a positivist, not a poet."

Once more the ice was broken.

"Will you," I asked, "inscribe your book for me?" The two huge paper-bound volumes of *Au Soir de la Pensée* (In the Evening of my Thought) were bulging out of my brief-case.

"With pleasure," he said, somewhat mollified, and he began to write in a hand betraying no tremor of age. I think he used an ancient goose quill.

I looked around the room. It was evidently his workroom. There were reproductions of Greek scenes, a statue or two, and books in all languages. Clemenceau's English diction was perfect, but his inflection betrayed the Latin.

"I read a little in your book before I wrote to you," I remarked, "but it is a hard nut to crack."

"At least," Clemenceau answered, "I don't use the endless words of the German philosophers."

He continued to write.

"Are you German?" he asked.

"Aha!" I said to myself. "Now the Tiger is about to spring."

"I am an American of German descent. I was born in Munich. My mother is from San Francisco. My father was born in Berlin."

Clemenceau looked up.

"The Germans are a great people," he said. "I admire their achievements in art, in literature, in organization. Who wouldn't? Yes, they are great; but—I cannot forget Belgium."

I took the bull by the horns, explaining the German attitude. Perhaps no one in recent years had dared to speak with such frankness to the Tiger.

"The Germans hold that Belgium had forfeited her neutrality before the war. They were convinced that France and England would march through Belgium first, if they didn't."

"But why," he insisted, "did she make a treaty? Bethmann-Hollweg himself admitted that Germany committed a wrong."

I urged military necessity. Clemenceau listened patiently.

"When a nation's existence hangs in the balance," I added, "safety is more important than treaties."

"Ah," Clemenceau replied, suddenly veering around, "I too do not believe in treaties. But then, why have them?"

"The Kaiser," I ventured to interrupt, "told me that Bethmann-Hollweg's speech apologizing for the invasion of Belgium was made without his authorization. The Chancellor was misled by the desire to play up to liberal sentiment. Bethmann-Hollweg should have insisted that Belgium compelled the invasion by joining the iron ring forged by King Edward to smother the Germans."

"The Kaiser?" Clemenceau asked. "You know him?"

"Yes," I replied. "I have been his guest on several occasions."

"I cannot forgive him," Clemenceau remarked.

"You mean you consider him responsible for the war?"

"I was not referring to that. I mean I never forgave him for going away. He should not have gone away."

"The Kaiser," I said, "explained to me with his own mouth his fateful decision of November 11, 1918. He said to himself: 'If I stay, there will be a continuation of the war at the front, and civic strife at home. If I go, there will be an honourable peace, based on the Fourteen Points, and peace at home!' He determined to sacrifice himself to save his people."

"That sounds plausible. Nevertheless, I do not believe it of William the Second. He is too pompous. He was hated by every one. He had no friends in Europe."

"For that you must blame, in part, King Edward."

"Why," Clemenceau suddenly remarked, firing his question

like a machine gun, "did he survive his empire? Why does he live?"

"Napoleon did not commit suicide," I replied. "Suicide would have been regarded as a confession of guilt. He lives to combat the legend of Germany's guilt."

"On the guilt question," Clemenceau retorted with a snarl, "don't you think our mind is made up? I know who started the war, if any one knows."

He lapsed into silence.

"M. Clemenceau," I remarked, "did you say at the time when you made the Peace Treaty of Versailles: 'There are twenty million Germans too many'?"

"I never said such a thing. I am old enough to tell the truth. It is one of the privileges of age. Nothing I say can harm me any more."

"I am glad," I remarked, "that you did not make that statement. It seemed to me a cruel and callous thing to say at a time when German children were dying like flies as a result of the inhuman starvation blockade, continued for a year after the Armistice."

Clemenceau smiled grimly. Once more he was the Tiger rather than Puck.

"Which is more dangerous, the vague idealism of men like Woodrow Wilson or the opportunism of men like Lloyd George?"

"All depends upon the man. A nebulous idealism fostered by a positive genius is better than a positive opportunism in the mood of Hamlet. We should study the circumstances in which each was placed before deciding anything. History is filled with characters who essayed to play a part for which their temperaments unfitted them. There is a time for all things. Hence there may be a time to be an idealist as well as a time to be an opportunist."

"Is it true that you said you had a pretty tough job trying to make peace, sitting between one man who thought he was Napoleon Bonaparte and another who imagined he was the Messiah?"

"I did say it," Clemenceau replied, grinning amusedly to himself.

“And did you say that Wilson was too much for you, because he issued fourteen commandments, whereas our Lord contented himself with ten?”

Again the pleased smile. Clemenceau loved his *bons mots*. Again the Tiger was submerged in Puck. Suddenly Clemenceau's mind reverted to Germany.

“I really did not make the remark about the Germans,” he reiterated. “German literature was a great formative influence in my life.”

“Did you know,” I interjected, “that Mussolini not only reads Nietzsche, but that he wrote an essay on Klopstock, a poet so dull that not one in a million Germans has the patience to wade through his works?”

“Klopstock?” Clemenceau repeated. “I have not read ‘Klopstock.’ But I translated every line of Goethe's *Faust*.”

“In verse?” I questioned.

“Yes.”

“Did you publish your translation?”

“No. I”—he emphasized the personal pronoun grimly—“make no claim to being a poet. I am a materialist.”

“When did you translate *Faust*?”

“As a young man, in America, with my teacher, an old lady who taught me German. I could not do it to-day. I have forgotten my German.”

“Did you forget it at Versailles?”

No answer. I did not pursue the subject.

“Do you consider,” I asked, “Goethe's *Faust* the greatest of all poems?”

“It is one of the greatest.”

“Who is the greatest poet?”

“Shakespeare is the greatest of all poets. He overwhelms me. He is overtowering. But I certainly honour Johann Wolfgang.”

He stressed the last syllable of Wolfgang with the peculiar singsong of the French.

“Shakespeare,” Clemenceau continued, “was not only a great poet, but a great personality. He embraced the world.”

“What a pity,” I remarked, “that we know so little about his life.”

“What do you mean?”

“Everything seems to be veiled in mystery. We don't know the identity of the Dark Lady and the Fair Lad of the *Sonnets*. We know nothing of Shakespeare's love affairs.”

“Why should we?” Clemenceau replied, with a delightful Gallic smile. “We are too busy with our own.” Then, more seriously, he added: “It is the work that matters, not the man.”

The supreme human achievement, to Clemenceau at eighty-seven, was neither statesmanship nor literature, but philosophy. Clemenceau had given much thought to the problem of life and death.

“Can you,” I asked, “summarize in a phrase what is the ultimate happiness?”

“The ultimate happiness,” and here Clemenceau chuckled, “is not to be bothered.”

“And what,” I asked, “is the supreme human achievement?”

“To be a philosopher.”

Clemenceau takes his place with philosophers. One of the masters of French politics, he also is one of the masters of French thought. Clemenceau is the incarnation of philosophy in its sceptical mood. He looked the part!

Take the bust of Socrates, imagine the beard swept away, substitute a cap for the flowing hair, and the result is Clemenceau. The illustration is apt; for the philosophy of Clemenceau, like that of Socrates, is a confession that he knows nothing, or rather that he knows that he knows nothing.

His hands habitually grip one another in his lap or on his desk as he leans forward. There is scrutiny and there is suspicion in that lined face. The neck is sinewy but firm. The ears are prominent but fine. The brows are shaggy but well arched. The lips are for ever describing angles—moving, unfolding, shutting, as if he means to make a sensation with a sentence, but thinks better of it. The nose is fit for such a grim countenance. I can see him now.

The chin is strong, well outlined, prone to an upward movement when he is delivering himself of an opinion in determined, even ringing tones. It is the same voice with which he upset ministries in the Chamber of Deputies, the voice in which he crushed all opposition with his epigrams.

He emphasizes a word now and then with a flourish of his hand—a long, thin, bony hand, opening and closing to reveal fine fluted fingers.

His movements are so quick, his ironical courtesy is so charming, his vivacity so overwhelming that I could not resist the question :

“How do you keep yourself so young? Are you interested in the attempts of Steinach and Voronoff to prolong human life?”

Clemenceau snarled something that may have been either approval or disapproval.

Perhaps my question was unfair, for it was rumoured that another operation performed many years ago, which unintentionally produced the Steinach effect, accounted for his astonishing vitality.

The Tiger knows the value of silence. In this case silence prevailed.

“Is not life too short to be worth living?” I asked.

“It depends upon how you define life,” Clemenceau growled. “In the light of my own experience I have not found life too short to be worth living. It might easily be too long to be worth living. Life is no longer worth living when one has exhausted its possibilities.”

“Do you believe that modern science will be able to prolong life appreciably?”

“Yes.”

“To what do you ascribe your own extraordinary youthfulness?”

“I write, I read, I take exercise, I eat simply. That is the secret of youth,” he remarked. “Moderation, exercise, work are my daily companions.”

“Do you believe with Bernard Shaw that man will live three hundred years eventually?”

“That,” Clemenceau replied, shaking his head impatiently, “involves a prediction about the future of humanity; and all predictions about the future of humanity are liable to be falsified by the introduction of the element of the unforeseen. Granting that the element of the unforeseen does not upset the inference, it may be said that a time can be envisaged when the life of man

will be prolonged very much beyond what we now think possible."

"Do you think that life can teach us more in three hundred years than in eighty?"

"That depends upon the intelligence of the individual. Life might teach some individuals nothing in a thousand years."

"Do you believe in the evolution of the superman, or do you believe that humanity will eventually be supplanted by another species: ants, sea animals, et cetera?"

"Man will never be supplanted by anything inferior to himself. And there is nothing earthly that is higher than the human being. Assuming that life on our planet in its highest manifestations will always be that of human beings, and since human beings seem progressive, it follows that our race must go on indefinitely unless a catastrophe of cosmic proportions should obliterate it.

"Man will get beyond his present stage of evolution. Compared with primitive man, is not the human being of to-day a superman?"

"As a psychologist and a philosopher," I ventured, "what is your attitude towards psycho-analysis?"

Clemenceau looked at me without comprehension.

"What do you think of Freud?"

He repeated the name, which, however, seemed to mean nothing to him.

"Who is he?" the Tiger roared. "Has he written a book?"

I renewed my questioning along more familiar channels.

"Who is the greatest philosopher?"

"Plato."

The reply was instantaneous.

"The greatest statesman?"

"Cæsar."

"The greatest soldier?"

"Napoleon."

"Who is your favourite author?"

"My favourite author to-day may not be my favourite author to-morrow."

Clemenceau likes to be amused. Authorship is one of his amusements.

By temperament a man of books, destiny made him a man of action. He longed for the solitude of his study at a time when he had to guide the destinies of a nation. His manner was that of a man who confronts his intellectual inferiors. He always had the courage of his opinions. He never hesitated or feared to throw them into the teeth of a disedified world.

He is one of the men, perhaps the very one, to whom Briand pointed when he proclaimed in that immortal speech of his: "You have put out the lights of heaven!" For Clemenceau told the world that those lights do not shine.

"Is it possible to pierce the veil behind which the World Spirit hides itself?" I asked.

"However deaf, however mute it seems, the world," Clemenceau replied, "permits a piercing of its mysteries. This is what I try to explain in my book."

I looked at the two volumes.

"It certainly is inspiring to think that it is possible to write such a book at eighty-seven. Will you," I added, "mark for me some passages which you yourself regard as the most illuminating?"

"Why don't you read the book yourself?"

Glaring at me ferociously, Clemenceau seized a paper knife and pointed to several passages in his book. They reveal how Clemenceau, denying both God and Devil, optimism and pessimism, reconciled himself to the universe.

I sat dumbfounded before this unsuspected Clemenceau, this new Clemenceau rising rosily and freshly out of the old Clemenceau.

The bell rang, announcing another guest.

I had spent an hour with Clemenceau.

Did he know that he had given me more than an interview? Had he deliberately bared his heart to me? Or had he been playing with me as a tiger-cat with a mouse?

SEVEN GLIMPSES OF MUSSOLINI

The ensuing sketches reveal seven different aspects of the constructive statesmanship of Mussolini.

Like his great predecessor, the Cæsar of the Twentieth Century is a philosopher as well as a statesman.

My interpretations of his philosophy of government are published with Mussolini's approval.

I

“ITALY must have breathing space. We want no war. But we cannot live without air!”

Mussolini, a dark, sombre figure, spoke these words with a quiet determination. He was pale. It was not the pallor of disease. It was the pallor of the man who burns the candle at both ends, but who has vast reservoirs of vitality.

Mussolini, past forty, looks like Napoleon at thirty. Napoleon, owing to his ill health and his extraordinary habits of living, was prematurely old.

“Your Excellency,” I said, “Aristide Briand said to me that the war has not come to an end. It is still going on financially. The world, in his opinion, needs a financial peace conference. Do you agree with M. Briand?”

“How long,” Mussolini replied, “do they want to wait for financial peace? Italy does not propose to wait. Italy is putting her house in order herself without conferences. It is better to raise oneself by one's own boot straps than to wait for the aid of others.

“I don't believe in conferences. I believe in work. Italy is at work. I believe for nations, as well as for individuals, in salvation by work.”

“England,” I remarked, “wants to work, but is handicapped by her labour.”

“We,” Mussolini replied, “have no labour troubles. If we



Al Signor Senge Sylvestre Vireck
Roma 1 agosto 1926 Mussolini

BENITO MUSSOLINI

[L. avissa.]

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find that it is necessary to add another hour of work to the day we issue an order, and our people obey. They obey, because they know we are not playing the game of capitalism or labour. We are thinking solely of Italy.

“England has lost billions in money and many more billions in markets by her strikes. We have had no strike for a good many years. Fascism succeeds because it is not the tool of either capitalism or of labour. We preach a new view of capital and a new view of labour. We proclaim the essential unity of their interests. Neither can flourish, neither is permitted to flourish at the expense of the other.

“We keep a close eye on labour unions, but we scrutinize no less rigidly the course of the capitalist. The difference between the Socialists and the Fascists is this: The Socialists believe in the struggle of the classes while we believe in co-operation of the classes.”

“Fascism,” I ventured somewhat impudently, “Fascism, according to Henri Barbusse, whom I met in Paris, is the last convulsion of capitalism.”

Mussolini pooh-poohed this suggestion. The very name of Barbusse, as he repeated it, seemed almost an insult.

“Fascism,” he insisted, “does not bow down before mammon. The finest intelligence and the highest courage are associated with the greatest contempt for the power of money. For he who despises the power of money can employ it more wisely than he who is overawed by the power of money. Both mammon and labour are the servants, not the masters, of Fascism. Fascism itself is the first servant of the state. Our doctrine is this: The state must be strong.”

“According to our idea a government depends on the consent of the governed. Is not,” I remarked, “the rule of Fascism based mainly on force?”

A smile crept over the pallid features of Mussolini. Sparks seemed to fly from his eyes.

“Force! They say I rule by force. But there is no government that does not rule by force.

“The orders of the courts are obeyed because the person to whom they are directed knows that the force of the community will be used to crush him if he does not obey.

“ But force must be applied with justice. It must be applied for the benefit of the community at large. It must be just to the mass of the people, even if it works injustice to a few.

“ A man at the head of a government has responsibilities that are actually and positively terrifying. There are moments when I feel these responsibilities as if they were all so many dead weights resting like a mountain on my shoulders.

“ I could not bear these responsibilities, if I did not know that I am acting for all the people. I am the ruler of Italy, by grace of no party, but by the will of the people. Don't you think Fascism is giving Italy a good government ? ”

Then, as if replying to his own question, he added : “ Italy is too poor to indulge in bad government.

“ Countries that have iron, copper, gold, oil and raw materials in abundance at home,” Mussolini continued, “ may allow themselves the luxury of extravagance and maladministration. Countries which are without such natural resources as coal and minerals generally, countries with worn-out soil and many earthquakes, must walk in economics and in politics a straight and narrow path. Countries, in short, are like human beings. When they are rich, much will be forgiven them. When they are poor, they must take the consequences.

“ There are,” the Duce added epigrammatically, “ three ways open to a Fascist who would win supreme glory and imperishable renown. He must either write a poem greater than the masterpiece of Dante or discover a new continent or show us Italians how to settle our debt to the Anglo-Saxons.

“ Until we discover such a genius we must watch our step. We can waste no time in empty parliamentary gabble. We cannot afford to fritter away our national strength in futile disputes. We must wrest from a soil too small for our teeming wealth in men every ounce of nourishment. In spite of the most scientific efforts, Italy cannot feed all her people. We must expand or explode.

“ I do not mean that Italy will pounce upon any of her neighbours. Growth is a matter of evolution. We must have patience like the patience of England—the patience of centuries. I realize that an empire is not a thing to be improvised in a hurry. England got Gibraltar after the peace of Utrecht. She

got Malta after Waterloo. She got Cyprus in 1878. Two centuries have come and gone since England won the key positions of her empire of to-day."

"A greater Italy," I interjected, "as Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria remarked to me, will grow of her own accord."

"She will," Mussolini replied, "if we keep in mind the English adage that God helps him who helps himself. Italy will expand by the slow logic of history. However, we must never lose sight of her necessities. We must, wherever possible, expedite the natural tendencies of growth, a growth that I trust will be peaceful."

"Rupprecht, like most Germans," I added, "regrets the recent misunderstandings between Germany and Italy. He thinks that the Italians are making the mistake of confusing modern Germany with the old German Empire or with Austria-Hungary. Unlike these predecessors, the new Germany desires no Italian soil. Italy, he thinks, misjudges the new Germany."

"It may be," Mussolini replied with a touch of sarcasm, "that Italy misjudges the new Germany. Is it not also possible that the new Germany misjudges the new Italy?"

"The only serious difference between Italy and Germany," I observed, "is the treatment of the German minorities in South Tyrol."

"Germany and Italy," Mussolini declared emphatically, "can understand each other. Berlin and Rome can agree. But Innsbruck"—he uttered the word like a hiss—"Innsbruck hates Italy."

Mussolini's dislike of Innsbruck is said to be due to some youthful experience when he was treated with scant courtesy by the Austrians in Tyrol. Innsbruck is the capital of Tyrol.

"I was myself in Innsbruck," I replied, realizing that I was touching upon a sore spot. "Innsbruck naturally sympathizes with her kinsmen, who are now subjects of Italy. In many instances, brother is separated from brother. Parents and children are cruelly disunited. They cannot even visit each other, because passports are practically unobtainable. The population of South Tyrol is deprived of its mother tongue. Would it not be better to make South Tyrol a link between a

Greater Italy and a Greater Germany rather than a perpetual bone of contention ? ”

“ How ? ”

The question came like a cannon shot.

“ By making both German and Italian compulsory in the public schools, by teaching the Tyroleans Italian, without depriving them of German.”

Mussolini glowered upon me.

“ The people of Tyrol,” he said slowly and deliberately, “ are Italian subjects. Their first duty is to learn Italian. They can learn German in private schools. Later, perhaps, German may be reintroduced even in the public schools, but this is only possible after the present turmoil and agitation subside.”

“ If Germany accepts a greater Italy,” I remarked, “ would you be willing to recognize a greater Germany, including Austria ? The German chancellor, to whom I have talked, considers this consummation inevitable. It is, to use your own phrase, the logic of history. Strange to say, the sentiment for taking Austria into the German federation is by no means unanimous in Germany. In Austria, I believe, it is shared by 90 per cent. of the population.”

Both statements seemed to surprise Mussolini.

“ The inclusion of Austria in the German federation,” he remarked somewhat explosively, “ is a problem of far more importance to Germany than to Italy. It may in time occur, but, as I have pointed out, the growth of empires is a slow process.”

“ Do you believe that Austria can continue to exist alone ? ” I asked.

“ Conditions in Austria have steadily improved,” Mussolini replied. “ Nevertheless, there are many who hold the opinion that in a century most small states will disappear. In international politics, as well as in international industry, there is no room for small units. The overhead is too heavy, the risk is too great.”

“ Do you think the other allied powers will permit a Greater Italy or a Greater Germany to come into being ? ”

“ The policy of the allied and associated powers since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles has been unstable, contra-

dictory and incoherent. It will be presumably more unstable, more contradictory, more incoherent in the future.

"I can make no prophecy as to others. Italy will achieve her destiny. Italy will achieve her destiny because she is neither too proud to work nor too proud to fight. The pen is mighty, but in this age of typewriters, I think the sword is more adapted for the cutting of certain knots. However, a man who knows how to fight is never quarrelsome. Italy wants growth, but she also wants—peace."

"Is Fascism an end in itself?"

"No," Mussolini thundered. "There is one thing that is greater than Fascism—Rome! ROME—The very name goes through me like a trumpet. The secret of success of Fascism is its ability to make the word Fascist synonymous with the word Italian.

"In any well governed land there can be but one capital, and when that capital happens to be Rome, we Fascists have the right to be proud to hold sway.

"Often," Mussolini continued, "I have pondered over the mystery of Rome—the mystery of her duration."

The room was aglow with the mystical fire that shone in Mussolini's eyes.

"Mommsen, a great historian and a German who in his heart of hearts saw nothing to admire in the history of Rome, used to say that the Italians were the parasites of Roman history.

"Nevertheless, it is certain—if we are not to enter upon a detailed analysis of the blood fusions and racial amalgams—that the Italians alone among all the nations of the world can now rightly claim to be the descendants of Rome.

"This is a legitimate source of pride, but it need not be a contemplative pride. It is necessary to be worthy of such an ancestry and such an origin. It will never do to live upon such a genealogy. Nor should we be ever looking to the past.

"We dare not permit ourselves to think that we are great because once we were great. No, no. We shall be great only when our past is a stepping stone to a future even greater. We shall be worthy of the Italian name only when our past, instead of being a dead memorial, shall prove an impulse and a stimulus to a new and more magnificent life.

“Now this newer and more magnificent life, what can it be but a series of solutions of all the problems before us—the housing problem, the labour problem, the woman problem, the child problem?”

“It is absurd to say that ancient institutions cannot become Fascist. Not only can they—they must!”

“The Rome of the Cæsars is revived through Fascismo. I am thrilled to the marrow by the fact that I am privileged to say with the words of Saint Paul: ‘*Civis Romanus sum*’—‘I am a Roman citizen.’”

Dreamily the dark eyes of the dictator strayed through the window. In his mind’s eye, he saw the seven hills of Rome. “The seven hills of Rome,” exclaimed the man who for the time being embodies the genius of his people, “are more sacred to me than any heights except those of Golgotha.”

II

“Do you think,” I asked Mussolini, “that the skies for mankind are brightening, that the war that slew ten million men was not entirely in vain?”

Mussolini’s lips curled. The rest of his face remained cold and impassive, as if it were chiselled from marble.

“It seems to me,” he remarked, “that the twentieth century people are destined to live in a gloomy period of history, in an age clouded by tragedy. It is our duty to accept that fact like men.”

“Your Excellency,” I replied, “is a pessimist. Briand——”

“Intelligent pessimism,” the Duce replied, “is much better than unintelligent optimism.”

“Do you really believe,” he added with considerable acerbity, “that the war which devastated Europe, if not the world, between those terrible years of 1914 and 1918, is to be the last of which history will bear record? I am glad to say many do not share this fine and splendid but dangerous faith that everything is to go well with the world in the future.”

“War is like a hurricane. It may burst upon us suddenly. The statement may lack novelty, but it does not lack timeliness.”

"It is sometimes claimed," I interjected, "that excessive armament is in itself a cause of war. Your Excellency, too, is sometimes blamed for increasing the war power of Italy on land and on sea as well as in the sky."

"There is nothing sinister about preparation for war," the Premier replied. "There is something very sinister about certain phases of pacifism. In a sense, every assertion of the will to live in a nation or in an individual is a preparation for war."

"The electrification of a railway is a preparation for war. An increase in the means of communication of a country is a preparation for war. A ship that takes the sea for the first time adds to the resources of a nation for war. The teaching of a nation's history is a preparation for war."

"But all these preparations for war are insufficient if a people plunge into the sensualism of a peace that is hedonistic and selfish and self-satisfied, leaving them soft in body, weak in mind, shrinking from physical exertion no less than from mental effort. Preparation for war involves too many ideas that are economic, social, cultural, to be denounced wholesale by pacifists who talk about war as if they knew what it was and knew how to avoid it. It is a duty to avoid war whenever possible, but it takes the highest genius as well as the highest character to do that."

"Every people that is fit to live must prepare itself to defend its existence. The spirit is more important in that respect than the mechanical means. You cannot disarm a people unless you destroy its manhood. The war misled some into the belief that machines are more important than men."

"Society, government, social systems, exist not for the production of material things as an end. The end is the production of men and women in the highest state of efficiency and well being."

"Machines can be standardized and turned out upon a pattern one after another in a series. Man cannot be turned out like that. The effort is sometimes made. It fails. Then there is the factor of time."

"A machine can be made in a year. Frederick the Great calculated it took eighteen years to turn out a man for his army in the lowest grades. And it takes more than eighteen years

to turn out the right kind of man. Woe to a world that sets out to produce men and ends only in producing machines!"

"But does not Fascism tend to reduce life to the uniformity of a machine? Does it not exact machine-like obedience from men?" I asked.

Mussolini smiled indulgently. "Fascism is opposed to excessive individualism," he said. "It is not opposed to individualism. On the contrary, we believe in variety, differentiation, the essential inequality of man.

"We believe in the right of the individual to lead his own life, so long as his interests do not conflict with those of the state."

"Is it possible to find a formula to reconcile Fascism and personal liberty?" I asked.

"The conception of liberty is not absolute because there is no conception that can be absolute," the Premier said. "Liberty changes its form as time changes the face of civilization. What is liberty in time of peace is not liberty in time of war. There is a liberty in good times when all things can be gained easily, but this is not the same liberty enjoyed in hard times.

"Liberty is even at times a struggle between the individual and the state that seeks to centralize and the individual who seeks to remain unhampered by authority.

"The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries experimented with democracy. In the twentieth century democracy should reach its maturity. It must find out what it wants. In Italy Fascism is the self-realization of democracy. The twentieth will be the century of Fascism."

"Will Fascism lighten the gloom you predict for the immediate future of our world? Will it make the fate of the average man less hard?"

"It will," Mussolini replied. "Moreover, the statement that times are hard may only indicate an increase in the scale of our wants. There may be greater prosperity than ever before in the world's history neutralized by the rise in the standard of living.

"The standard of living may be the unsuspected cause of hard times. To maintain the twentieth century family standard of living, it may be necessary for husband and wife both to

labour. In the morning he may leave the home early to go to the factory. She may leave the home just as early to go to the office.

“Some people complain this state of things is taking the poetry out of life. Never! There is simply a new kind of poetry. Every age has its own school of poetry. The poetry of the middle ages made the marriage tie a matter of staying at home. The new poetry puts life upon another plane.

“Life in the twentieth century may be hard, but it will not be lacking in romance.”

III

“You believe women will have to bear a larger share of the world’s economic burdens?”

“Undoubtedly.”

“If such is the case, how can you or any one deny woman complete equality with man?”

“I am not afraid of increasing the political influence of woman. Some alarmists fear the increase in the political power of woman will lead the world to a catastrophe. That I deny.

“In considering the woman question we must ask ourselves: In what century do we live? In our own. We must settle the woman question, then, in the fashion of our century and not in the fashion of a century long past.

“I see little to gain from discussions of whether woman is man’s inferior or man’s superior. That is because woman is so different.

“I should say of woman that she does not display man’s capacity for what is called synthesis, that she is not a great creative artist. On the other hand, intuition always seemed to me a quality finer and better than intelligence.

“Any horse can display intelligence but only a woman has intuition. But that very intuition makes her distrustful of politics and politicians. It is to me doubtful if more than half the women in the world ever will exercise their right to vote even if all the women in the world win the right of suffrage.”

“Whether,” I remarked, “woman avails herself of the privilege of the vote is her affair. But I fail to see how any

democracy, and you claim that Fascism is democratic, can deny complete equality to both sexes."

"*The question of votes for women,*" the Dictator replied, "is not a question of democracy or aristocracy. You ask me for proof? I believe one of the most democratic countries in the world—a land more democratic than the democrats—is Switzerland. Yet Switzerland has not given votes to women.

"I suppose no one would deny that Spain is a land rigidly Catholic, proudly aristocratic, wedded to the traditional form of the family. Yet Spain has granted woman suffrage and there has ensued no general destruction of society there.

"I have no objection to woman suffrage, but I do not think it is of the utmost importance. Woman suffrage will not change the face of the world, if only because woman, while different from man, is not after all so very different from us. More important than suffrage for either sex is self-discipline, the ability to live and to die for an ideal. The course of history, of the human race in the twentieth century, will not depend upon how men and women vote. It will depend upon what they do."

"What," I asked Mussolini, "is the contribution of Fascism to civilization?"

"Fascism," the Dictator of Italy replied with flashing eyes, "leads mankind out of the blind alleys. It reconciles capital and labour in a new synthesis. Capital and labour had grown too strong for the state. Parliamentary government proved itself a helpless nurse, unable to control those unruly young giants, until Fascism stepped in.

"Society was sinking into a bog of rhetoric. Fascism compels the age to surrender the nursery tales of liberalism. For futile strife and self-seeking Fascism substitutes—discipline. The world is indebted to Fascism for the new discipline.

"To-day Fascism is a party, a militia, a corporation, a society. That is not enough. Fascism must become something more. Fascism must be a way to live, a manner of existence.

"What is that mode of life? Courage, first of all. Love of adventure, dislike of mere talk about peace when there is no peace, readiness to do and to dare, contempt for all sitting down and taking things easy—these make up Fascism.

"What Fascism really has done is to vindicate the executive

power. Your constitution, with its checks and balance, reserves the co-ordinate powers of the Executive. In many European countries, including Italy, the Executive had become the plaything of parliamentary factions. The head of the State stands for all, not for a party. To that extent, I agree with the Kaiser.

“The Executive in any system of administration should not be left impotent. The Executive, as its name implies, exists to do things, to get things done, to translate a programme or a policy into an accomplished fact. What is more contemptible than an Executive power impotent to do, incapable of action?”

“The restoration of the Executive to its rightful place in the Government was the head and front of our platform. The Executive power is the agent of the national existence and the proof of the power of the national will. The Executive always is faced with problems that it must solve.

“Now this Executive power, the symbol of the national sovereignty, cannot be ground down under the heel of any other department of the Government. The Executive must set the wheels of Government in motion and oil them with systematic vigilance.

“Never can the Executive power in a State be brought down to the level of a set of puppets worked by men behind the scenes who only pull the wires.

“That is the doctrine of Fascism and that doctrine Fascism has made an accomplished fact.”

IV

“It seems to me,” I remarked, “that Fascism is as revolutionary in its way as Bolshevism.”

“Right you are,” Mussolini fired back at me. “Italy had the choice between Bolshevism and Fascism. It chose Fascism. Of course, Fascism brings innovations. Woe to the revolution that doesn’t. Those who have been entrusted by destiny with the conduct of a revolution may be likened to those generals who have had command of an army in war. Revolution and war are two words that, in a sense, go together.”

Mussolini arose from his desk. Walking up and down the room, he added, pronouncing each syllable with slow

deliberation: "Fascism is based on reality. Bolshevism is based on theory. What do we Fascists want? We want to be definite and real. We want to come out of the cloud of discussion and of theory and stand upon the solid rock of Fascism.

"We must always realize the necessity of converting our theories into fact at last. Otherwise we shall go through life as helplessly as do those generals who command their armies on paper. We all got to know that kind of strategy of men who can sit at a table and conduct an army by putting pins in a map.

"These generals favoured us with their pin prickings while we soldiers were eating our rations in the trenches. When we told these strategists of the pin prick that the time had come to leave the map on the wall and take the field they considered the hardships of such a course, they thought over the peril of defeat, they looked at the grim reality of the trench and they held back.

"That is how men are tested. The weak can not transform theory into fact, they can not translate an idea into a reality. The strong are those who do as well as dream.

"When two elements are contending and prove in conflict that they are irreconcilable, the only way out is by force.

"To me violence is fundamentally normal. But the forces of violence must be wielded by those competent to guide their energies. Violence is more moral than compromises. The fact that violence is justifiable on the basis of its lofty motive renders it indispensable that those who use violence be guided by lofty morality—never by interested calculations of personal satisfaction. Violence should be avoided in all dealings with the innocent and with the upright, with the merely ignorant or the merely fanatical."

"What of the crimes of violence attributed to the Fascisti?"

"No forward step in political evolution is possible without sacrifices and victims. It also involves certain errors. Such errors, if they have been committed, do not reflect on the fundamental principles of Fascism. An occasional act of cruelty can not be avoided in even the holiest crusade. The Fascisti are called black-shirted, but, believe me, they are not black-hearted. The black shirt can not be worn legitimately by any one who has not a white heart."

"There are," I said, "rumours of dissension in your own ranks. Is that the penalty you pay for practically displacing all other parties?"

"There are no dissensions. We believe in discipline. We apply this discipline not only to others, but to ourselves. Never was the party of the Fascisti more granite-like in its solidarity or more harmonious in its single-mindedness than it is to-day, and to-day it is a unit."

"Is it not," I asked, thinking of the six would-be assassins who had attempted the life of Mussolini, "dangerous to concentrate too much power in one man? If the one man falls, the entire structure crumbles."

"Every great movement," replied the Duce, "must have its representative man. He must endure all the shocks of the movement and assume all its risks. He must be burned in its fires and he must be consumed with its passions."

"The banner of the Fascist revolution is still aloft in my hands, and I will hold it high against all comers, even at the price of my life and the shedding of my blood."

"But I am not Fascism. I am merely its mouthpiece. The whole is greater than any of its parts. Fascism is greater than Mussolini. My work will outlive me."

V

"Health," remarked Benito Mussolini, "is for those who know how to get it. But once one has got it one must know how to keep it."

"Fascism," he explained to me, as I faced him in the palace where he makes his office, "is a muscular creed. We believe in discipline. No discipline is possible without complete intellectual, moral and muscular co-ordination."

"I have suspected at times that the achievements of ancient civilizations, especially those of ancient Greece and ancient Rome, rested, far more than historians suspect, upon their belief in a sound mind in a sound body. The ancients did not, as we so often do, separate the idea of the sound mind from the sound body."

"I myself," he explained, unconsciously stressing the powerful muscles under his well-fitting frock coat, "exercise regularly. I never permit even business of state to cheat me out of my exercise. I ride, I fly, I motor, I hunt, I swim, and I climb mountains. Mountain climbing combines almost every form of physical exercise. It makes demands upon every muscle. I advise mountain climbing to those who can risk its perils—not for everybody.

"But I advise athletics in one form or another for everybody. Have you looked around in Rome?" the dictator asked me, his eyes flashing with pride. "You no longer see hunched backs. We have strengthened the backs of our boys. Their eyes and hearts are strong. Fascism has taught the youth of Italy the value of physical culture. We are teaching them how to breathe, how to hold themselves, and how to take care of their bodies. Have you noticed the change in our children?"

"Athletics," Mussolini continued, without waiting for my answer, "teach presence of mind, swiftness of decision, promptness of action. Physical training is as much a training of the character as of the muscle.

"Even the most intellectual training that can be devised and imparted by the greatest sage is a form of gymnastics. The gymnastics may be mental, but their values reside in the capacity they yield of making a series of co-ordinated movements.

"I am grateful to say that the masses of the Fascisti have to be so active on their feet and with their arms that they are not corpulent. They retain their slimness. They are muscular. They have fine biceps. The Fascisti are still fit to incarnate the youth of Italy and they are indebted for that fortunate fact to the exercise they take."

Mussolini is giving "lungs to Italy," to use the phrase of his followers, by compelling the workers to exchange the city slums for the suburbs. He has issued important regulations enforcing physical education in the public school. But the school, in his opinion, is only a beginning. The individual himself must continue to grow in physical prowess as well as in mental powers after his graduation.

"The Fascist government," he reiterated, "gives all possible encouragement to sporting clubs associated for gymnastic exer-

cises in connection with the schools. No detail of physical education is neglected. Young students in the schools have its importance impressed upon them. Every effort is made to give parents the idea that physical education is not a waste of the child's time. Indeed, the physical education of the child may protect it from peril in its maturity."

"Does your excellency," I asked, "insist upon physical culture for women as well as for men?"

"I do indeed," Mussolini replied. "My own opinion is that physical education for women should make them more graceful, more agile. I do not see that women gain anything by any type of physical culture that makes them less beautiful, less charming."

Mussolini believes in muscle. He also believes in intellect, but only if it serves the world in some fashion. Both may well be combined.

The greatest philosophers, he declares, have been physical culturists. This coincides with the view of those who look upon Christ as the greatest physical culturist. They point out that the founder of Christianity walked constantly, that he practised drugless healing, and that he fasted forty days in the wilderness.

"If," Mussolini insists, "those persons who deem themselves the intellectual aristocracy of a community would set the example, the rest would follow it so far as physical education is concerned.

"Indeed, if we look carefully into the personalities who from time immemorial have cultivated their physical frames through the medium of gymnastics we shall find that the greatest philosophers, the greatest thinkers, the supreme teachers, were physical culturists. There is nothing in the fact that a man is intellectual in his tastes to prejudice him against physical culture. The lives of the world's philosophers from the days of Socrates to our own will prove this."

VI

"Give what you have to give with love, if it be possible, give it with force if necessary, but love must guide the force as the sun shines behind a cloud."

“That,” Mussolini insists, “is the recipe upon which rests the success of Fascismo. It is also the secret of education.”

The man whose first word is discipline necessarily exalts training.

“The winning of many battles is not exactly the same as winning a war, but nobody ever won a war by losing battles. The war is won by the general, but it is the soldier who wins the battle. If you study war, you find that while a war is won through the capacity of the commander, the battle is lost by the incapacity of the soldier. This is the fact behind the saying that battles are won by veterans and lost by raw recruits—the fact that training tells.

“But just as there is a training that fits, there is a training that unfits. When we hear that a youth has failed, our first question has reference to his training. Who were his tutors? The problem of education is really a problem of the choice of teachers.”

“Where,” I asked, “do you find exceptional teachers to teach the new generation?”

“I do not look for exceptional teachers. I look for competent teachers. Fascism attempts to raise not the individual peak, but the general average.”

“Are you raising the standard of education in your schools?”

“We are not,” Mussolini replied, “concerned exclusively with the schools. The theatre, the concert hall, the museums, all contribute to our education. Training does not end on graduation day.

“All things are a school to him who is teachable. Let us remain teachable by appreciating the museums, the theatres, the music we hear on every side, the pictures.

“These are not devices for ministering to curiosity, to the instinct for novelty, to the love of sensation, even if they do all these. They are forms of school, the agencies of education. They educate the taste, the eye, the soul. They enliven the imagination.

“The problem of the school is to reach the masses by means of these things.

“Art is an important factor in education,” Mussolini added.

“The Italian may well say that his patrimony is art, his home

is art. All Italians are brethren because the arts have made them so. Art," he insisted, "is in chains to-day. Art is a slave. Art must be freed from the greed of the commercial exploiter unaware of the high mission of the Muses.

"One of the things to bear in mind at every stage of one's education—whether that education be moral or intellectual or physical—is the object of training in its essential.

"The essential in training," Mussolini asserted, "is preparation for the worst.

"Nothing is easier to impart than the sort of training that prepares a man for the best. Education based upon a theory that all will turn out well anyhow is not much of an education. The training that counts for most is that which equips us to cope with things that are going wrong.

"This idea is ancient, but we need not reject it on that account.

"One day, the great Philip of Macedon heard three bits of news. Remember, that he heard these things all in one day.

"His wife bore him a son.

"A general commanding one of his armies won a great victory over a dangerous enemy—the Illyrians.

"Philip himself was proclaimed a supreme victor in the Olympic games.

"Philip was overwhelmed by such a series of happy events. He turned to Jove and entreated him: 'My God, send me at once a little misfortune!'"

"The idea underlying the prayer was a sound one. It is the misfortunes that enable us to ascertain how solid our training has been, how valuable our qualities are, how fit we have made ourselves to live and endure.

"Our preparation for life, like our preparation for war, must be thorough. I have little respect for knowledge that cannot translate itself into deeds."

Mussolini walked up and down the room. His arms rested, for a minute, upon his back in the Napoleonic fashion.

"Great philosophers," he continued, "can solve a dozen problems on paper before they can settle a single question in fact."

"Your Excellency," I remarked, "is enough of a philosopher to respect intellectuality."

"I deny," Mussolini shot back, "that I am intolerant of intellectuality—as a feature of the Fascist movement. I want to put the intellect to work for the good of common weal. I am in favour of literary expression through the medium of reviews, newspapers. Intellectual contests are praiseworthy. But I believe that our intellectuals should exploit their gifts from a Fascist point of view. I think our Fascist intellectuals should expose the shams of a counterfeit liberalism, a false socialism, a sham democracy.

"As for the culture that is gained at universities, I am in favour of whatever there may be in it that is fit to assimilate. Whatever in that culture is not assimilable, let it be got rid of as soon as possible.

"If the college men can do no more than criticize in a hostile spirit whatever they may find to object to in a movement so complex as Fascism, then I can only say that I prefer a platoon of police that can act, to a crowd of collegians who can but debate.

"I am myself," Mussolini candidly continued, "a veteran of the syndicalist movement. I believe in defending the cause of labour. That is why I think the Fascist movement should organize and admit the labouring masses, if only for the sake of having some one at hand competent to bury the liberal movement.

"Syndicalism is the gravedigger of liberalism. The difficulty with liberalism is that it is atomistic and molecular and the ions in it are always flying to pieces away from the nucleus. Syndicalism has the merit of synthesizing the masses, of unifying them, purifying them, giving them a means of acting together and not apart.

"Fascism differs from syndicalism in this—syndicalism is a doctrine; Fascism is an accomplished fact. It is therefore a waste of words to talk about the practical features of syndicalism. Fascism proves that while the man who knows what he is talking about may be wise, the man who knows what he is doing is wisest."

"But what will you do with the millions who have grown up under other doctrines, under different conditions? Do you expect a man to throw away his past education if it does not fit into your system?" I asked.

“Why not? What a beautiful house can be built out of the ruins of an edifice no longer needed, no longer tolerable, out of a structure that has to be condemned because it is cumbering the ground! In just that way the ruins of a career afford materials for the construction of a life nobler and better and fitter.

“To test the temper of certain metals it is necessary to deal them repeated blows with a hammer. Life tests the temper of men in that very way. I have profited by that fact and I may have caught my manners from my experience. If I have learned to know men by the blows they have borne I have learned to know myself through the blows men have dealt me.

“I, too, had to throw away much of my past to make myself fit to lead. For one thing,” he smiled, “I had to overcome a certain inborn timidity. Even to-day, I wrestle with this timidity before I begin a speech in the presence of an audience.”

“How,” I asked, “have you succeeded in overcoming it?”

“By forgetting myself. By thinking solely of my purpose. Sincerity is the keystone of success in life as well as in oratory. It will not harm an orator if what he says seems clever, if only at the same time it seems sincere. Yet it is not enough to seem sincere to the masses of mankind—one must be sincere.”

“Has not sincerity, too, its dangers?” I asked. “Can any leader afford to wear his heart on his sleeve?”

“Politicians are warned against talking too much, but if they are reticent, they are accused of evasion and cowardice. If there are times when it is foolish to talk too much, there are also times when it is fatal to say too little.

“I speak often, but never without necessity. I believe in silence. I believe in the silence of the man who is working, not in the silence of the man who is idling.

“Brevity—that is the thing for me. I try to attain it in my phrases. I strive for brevity in my public speeches. I have deliberately stripped my style in speech of mere decorative effects, of all ostentation.

“Superficiality—that is the curse of the age. We are all driven to improvise our opinions from a most inadequate knowledge of what we are talking about. A great many journalists call the net result public opinion. They are listening

to the echoes of their own voices, and they call the sound of these voices popular sentiment.

“The most important object of education and training must be to teach us thoroughness. No man knows anything until he knows it thoroughly. We must know what to do. We must know how to do it. We must also know our own limitations.

“Most men,” he concluded with a smile, “are aware that they can talk too much, but they often forget that it is easy to do too much. Indeed, it is just as important to know what not to do as to know what to do.”

VII

“The city that ceases to be a city of homes will cease soon to be a city at all.”

Benito Mussolini's earnest eyes held the light of prophecy as he glanced up at me from his seat at the desk where he often labours sixteen hours a day. Having risen himself from the ranks of the workers, Mussolini has a heart for their problems. And the topic I had broached to him in this interview was one close to his heart—the housing problem of the poor.

I intended to ask him many questions. Mussolini forestalled many by answering them before I put them. His is an incisive mind. Once he starts upon a subject, he usually covers every angle of it. And I found this so in this particular interview.

“The housing problems in New York and other great cities of to-day seem almost impossible of solution,” I remarked to him. “Would a sort of dictatorship such as you exercise over Italy be practicable in each individual city where populations are so congested as to create slum and tenement districts?”

Mussolini smiled at my reference to dictatorship. His reply was statesmanlike. “You have your laws. You can make laws to fit the circumstances. But you will never solve the problem by law unless you enforce the law. Call the law dictatorship or what you will, it cannot succeed unless enforced. I have succeeded in ameliorating the condition of the toilers in Italy—Rome, particularly—simply because I have enforced the laws designed to solve our problems, among them the housing problem.”

"Could New York get rid of its tenements and slums that disgrace it?" I queried.

"Nothing is impossible. Any city, London, New York, Rome, Paris, Berlin—any small town, even—disgraces itself by letting shameful housing conditions exist without attempting to remedy these conditions.

"The solution varies, of course, with the city and its environs. Sometimes the solution is in creating great, sanitary, commodious, well-lighted and airy apartment houses. Sometimes it requires compelling the poorer element to seek decent homes outside of the city. At any rate, there is no reason why disgraceful housing conditions cannot be remedied—everywhere!

"I am not sure that we Fascists have done all that we ought to have done for the benefit of the toiling masses in the cities.

"But we have done more than the enemies of Fascism have done, and we mean to do yet more and more. We consider it our duty to see that the toiling millions of men get their share of the good things of the world. It is not that we aim at rescuing the toilers from conditions that would make their lot worse than it is. We mean that the lot of the toiler shall become better and better."

"Would your theories hold good in, say, New York?" I asked him.

"Why not?" he retorted, smilingly.

I had no ready answer, so I put another question: "Is the lot of the toiler better to-day in your opinion than it was before the war?"

"I cannot reply to this question directly," the master of Italy replied. "I can say this: Under Fascism toilers are labouring in hope, and therefore they are labouring more. Those who know the figures assure me that the worker is producing as much as he did before the war. This is the great test."

"Does it apply in New York?" I asked. Again he did not reply directly, but inferentially.

"No problem of government," said the Duce, "is more important than to find homes for the people. If we look at the history of politics we find that political life consists in a series of crashes and crises followed by a series of restored balances. The wisest statesmen anticipate the crash.

“The crash can be anticipated only if the toiler be saved from destruction. There never was a political crash that was not ushered in with the injury of those who toil either at the plough or in the mill. I might also include the vast army of white-collar men. There is no statesmanship in any political device that is not wrought out from this point of view. The best way to avert the destruction of the toiler is to provide him with a home.

“This is the social gospel behind all attempts to better the lot of the toiler.”

Mussolini toyed with some blueprints on his desk. They represented details of new houses that were being built in the suburbs of Rome by co-operative methods under the immediate supervision of the government. Then he pointed to a pile of diplomatic correspondence on the desk.

“These blueprints,” he said, his voice ringing, “are more important to Italy than is its foreign office. As long ago as the eighteenth century a great statesman said that the ability of the rulers of a land could be estimated by the conditions of the people on that land.

“Rulers might be elegant and agreeable, but if the people under their sway remain hungry, cold and naked in the midst of abundance, then the rulers are incompetent, if not worse.

“That class in the state which should be the special concern of the rulers is the one which produces by its labour.

“If the labouring class be found in destitution and in hunger, if the people who build the houses are themselves houseless, then we are within measurable distance of revolution.”

“It seems to me,” I remarked, “that your methods savour strongly of state socialism. They are certainly paternalism to the *n*th degree.”

Mussolini shook his head. “The housing problem was created by the war. It must be solved by the methods of peace. Yet I am of the opinion that all efforts to settle the housing problem by socialistic methods are foredoomed to failure.

“If we look at the situation in Europe, we see that socialism has not retained its hold upon the practical realities of any problem. The Russians themselves are forced more and more to mitigate the doctrinaire attitude of their socialism. In

Germany, the socialistic solution has solved nothing. In England we see the Labour Party departing more and more from the methods of Marxian socialism. How ridiculous it is, then, to try to solve the housing problem along socialistic lines.

“Fascism does not, except in extraordinary emergencies, attempt to build the homes. It makes the people build the homes themselves. It exerts pressure, where necessary, to facilitate and to expedite the construction of homes for those of moderate means.

“Governments at times exert their influence to induce their capitalists to invest their money in foreign lands. Is it not justifiable, then, if the government uses its influence upon investors to make their capital toil at home ?

“It is the business of a government worthy of the name to see that homes are provided for the people at a price within their means.

“This is not an impractical thing. The hope of having a home of his own should be in the breast of the humblest citizen. He should know that this hope is not chimerical. And this viewpoint embraces not only Italy, but all nations, all cities—Rome, London, Berlin, Paris, New York.

“The financing of homes for the people is the highest type of investment. Soundly based, the sums appropriated for this purpose will yield the surest returns and the most prolonged returns, that is, extending over the longest period without risk.

“The government,” Mussolini insisted, “is quite competent to see that those who undertake the building of homes for the people do so without prejudice to investors and at the same time to the advantage of those who seek to own a home.

“There is a fund of experience upon which to draw in building homes. The building of homes is not a secret. There is no such thing as being too poor to own a home. The thing is to join a co-operative society safely managed.

“There is in all undertakings an administrative feature that is no less important than the creative side of the enterprise.

“Thus it is not of much use to a man to earn large sums if he does not know how to manage his affairs. In just that way, the building and the ownership of a home require some

knowledge of the management of a home. This knowledge can be gained from experience only. But one person unaided cannot manage a home. It requires the co-operation of more than one person.

"Hence we conclude that if, as we are often told, the woman's place is in the home, the man's place is there also.

"A home might be defined from the personal standpoint as the domestic centre in which every member has a place and in which that place is duly and properly recognized by all the other members."

Mussolini is a practical man, as well as an æsthete. He loves beauty and he insists that the worker in his daily life shall live in beautiful surroundings.

"I don't want the workers of Rome to look merely at the beautiful ruins of the past. I want them to live in beauty.

"It is too often forgotten that if a land is to be well supplied with homes for persons of moderate means, there must be a force of artisans trained in building such homes.

"These artisans cannot acquire their skill over night. There is an idea in the minds of too many employers that anybody, whether trained or untrained, can work at the building trades. There is an idea that anybody can lay bricks. That is a mistake. A bricklayer is in reality an artist. A carpenter is an artist.

"Homes, even the humblest, should be built by artists—by bricklayers who are artists, masons who are artists, carpenters who are artists. Then there emerges a thing of beauty with a soul—the idea underlying the ancient Roman idea of the household deity protecting the home."

Mussolini does not require only beauty. He is no less exacting in his demand for plumbing.

"One of the things essential to the housing of the worker," he explained, "is sanitation. It is an essential which in rural communities seems to be overlooked. I have often thought that the Italians build houses for others rather than for themselves.

"Now it is a source of pride to me to go through my country and see the homes of the workers rising with increasing comfort as well as beauty.

"Let the worker live in a house as beautiful as it can be made. Yet the lines of the handsomest house may remain simple.

Simple beauty is complete beauty and complete beauty is perfect. That is the creed, architecturally, that we cherish.

“The man who thinks of his housing is thinking of his family. The housing problem is primarily a family problem. Housing cannot be settled in the light of the needs of an isolated individual. No one cares to live all alone in a house unless he be exceptional, and then his exceptional quality does not commend him to others.

“The best manners and the kindest hearts are those of people who have been brought up in a house.

“The home, the building of the home—all that goes by the name of construction—these things,” the dictator continued, “we concern ourselves with in the name of Fascism.

“Yet,” he reiterated, “these things must be associated with the idea of beauty. Indeed, the necessity of reconstruction, the idea of a home we may cherish, need not and must not render us forgetful of what in every age and amid all vicissitudes has concerned the Italian people, and has inspired them to disseminate throughout the whole world that supreme flower of civilization—art.

“I am not sure that these two words—Italy and art—can be sundered.

“Nor can I think of any civilizing influence, whether asserted through the building of the home or by means of the adornment of the home, that would work itself out in the destruction of the sense of beauty in the human breast.

“Certainly we repudiate the idea that art in the home or in its building is a luxury beyond the people. No—art is for us a prime necessity, the basis of what is most finally human in us, the inalienable heritage of our past.

“Housing means beautiful housing.

“We concern ourselves with these things, but,” Mussolini added, “while stepping in where necessity demands, we do not meddle unnecessarily. We create no bureaucratic machine to overawe our people. We try to remember the oldest of maxims of wise government: ‘Don’t overdo it!’”

I listened and marvelled.

This was not the Mussolini pictured in the hostile press, sitting astride Italy and making faces at the rest of the

world. This was a philosopher, a thinker, and a constructive statesman.

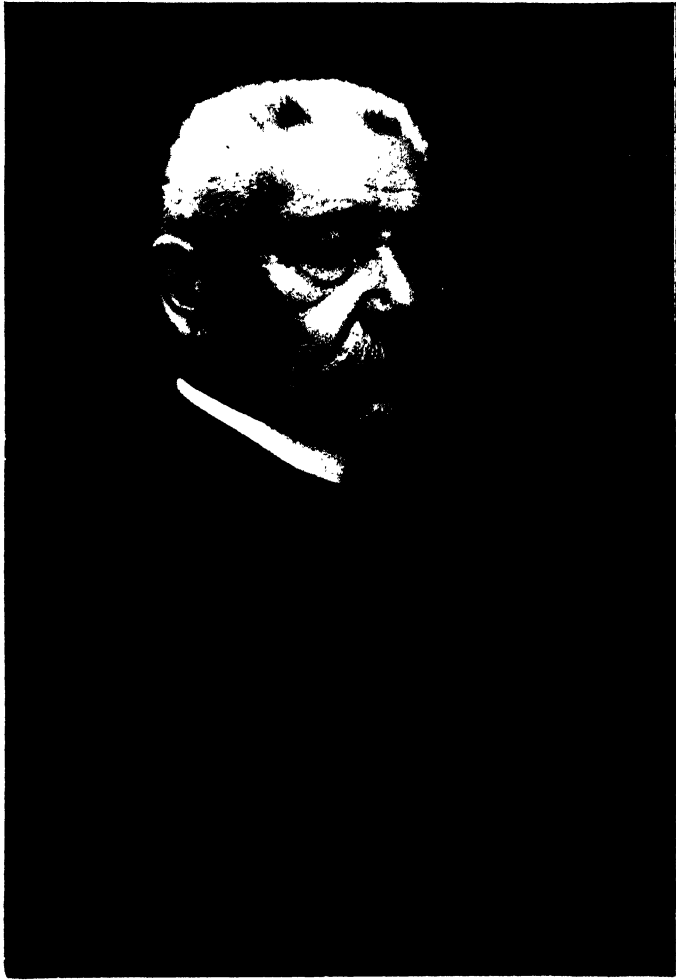
“Would you be willing to say that your theories and practices could be put into effect in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Baltimore, Philadelphia and other great cities of America?” I asked.

“Housing problems know no nationality,” he replied earnestly. “Where one nation has solved its housing problem by certain methods, it seems almost patent that those methods might well be applied with some hope of success in another country. I cannot pretend to say what American cities should do to solve their own housing problems. But I know what I would do.”

I waited, expectant, for him to elucidate his idea. He fingered the blueprints on his desk. His glance roved to them, tangible evidence of the realization of his dreams.

“What would you do?” I found myself asking after what seemed an interminable wait.

“What I have done in Rome!” he replied, rising. He bowed politely. I also bowed, and bade farewell to the superman of the post-war world.



von Hindenburg

PRESIDENT PAUL VON HINDENBURG

[E. Bieber.

[Facing p. 89

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF HINDENBURG.

Behold the Washington of the German Republic! First in war and first in peace, Paul von Hindenburg is a symbol of the indestructible strength of his people.

His metamorphosis from a soldier into a statesman, at eighty, is the most extraordinary phenomenon of the Post-War period in Europe.

Both pen portraits are published with the permission of President Hindenburg.

I

WHEN I faced President Hindenburg at his desk, he had already received Secretary of State Meissner, who presents his mail and divers reports to him. Meissner is followed by the press referee of the Foreign Office, who submits to the chief of state a summary of press opinions at home and abroad. Members of the cabinet, especially the Chancellor and Foreign Minister, make their daily report. After that the President receives the ambassadors of foreign nations as well as his own.

As I walked in, von Sthamer, the German Ambassador in London, just left. It was Sthamer who presented the official congratulations of the Foreign Minister to Bernard Shaw on his seventieth birthday, a signal recognition of literature by the government of a great nation.

Shaw used the occasion to issue a vitriolic philippic against the British government which had denied him the use of the radio to transmit a birthday message to the English-speaking world. I would have liked to hear from Sthamer the story of the incident. But the President was waiting.

President Hindenburg arose to greet me. His dog Rolf arose with him. Rolf, by the way, is a German police dog.

My first impression of President Hindenburg was one of dignity, benevolence and quiet strength. In the conversation that

followed, the President gave me tit for tat. I told him of my visits to Briand, Mussolini and other European statesmen. He listened carefully. He has the supreme gift of being both a good talker and a good listener. His remarks have a Bismarckian flavour. Always to the point, they are frequently epigrammatic.

It is not permissible, as a rule, to quote President Hindenburg. Being the head of the State, he does not give "interviews." He, in turn, frequently "interviews" his visitors. He knows, with the skill of the old general, how to obtain quickly whatever information he desires.

At times, as he listens, he closes his eyes. But he is by no means asleep. He reminds me of an ancient eagle, who, sitting with half-closed eyes, is nevertheless ready to swoop instantly upon any one who mistakes this aquiline idiosyncrasy for somnolence or fatigue.

Hindenburg's residence, as well as his office, is in an old palace on the Wilhelmstrasse, near the palace of the Chancellor and the Foreign Office. It was built in 1737. It was the residence of the chiefs of the civil cabinet of the Emperor. Hindenburg's workroom, like the man himself, is large and massive.

There is a large leather couch, club chairs, an immense bookcase and an impressive desk, made not for decorative purposes but for work.

Near the window there is a large head of Bismarck, the copy of a famous painting by Lenbach. Next to the door hangs an impressive painting by Schwerin, "Soldier's Death." There are several other military paintings, selected by Hindenburg himself from the National Gallery. He never forgets nor permits his visitors to forget that he is an old soldier.

Even as the Kaiser before him, Hindenburg is the commander-in-chief of the German army. His bearing is military. It is his military training and the simplicity of his life that enable him to defy age. It is his military sense of duty that impelled him to accept the office of President, for Germany was in danger of losing herself in the political chaos begotten by the multiplicity of her parties and the proverbial inability of the Germans to agree among themselves.

"At first," some one close to Hindenburg remarked to me,

“he seemed often bored by the details of administration. At times, he was tired. He is never tired now. There is no question that the task imposed upon him has released unsuspected reservoirs of strength. His mental elasticity to-day is greater than it was when he first took up the reins of government. His work is keeping him young at eighty.”

My own impression confirms this verdict.

“It is astonishing,” my friend continued, “how much he can take upon himself. I have often seen him take the night train, after a hard day’s work. When he arrived at his destination, the next morning, he showed no trace of weariness, but plunged again into his work, listening to addresses and making speeches himself, which electrified Germany.”

Hindenburg manages to make friends among all parties. Even the Socialists, with few exceptions, are proud of “Papa Hindenburg.” He shows no disinclination to receive officials with radical inclinations. His dog Rolf is less democratic. Etiquette requires that any one leaving the President must not turn his back upon him. He must walk backwards to the door. The President remains standing until his visitor disappears.

However, Rolf seems to have an aversion against one Socialist official. Whenever the latter leaves the room in the prescribed manner, Rolf runs between his legs and attempts to land him flat on his back.

Once or twice, the dog succeeded. But the Socialist official has learned to be wary, and he picks his way to the door with such circumspection that the canine plot is thwarted. He himself told me the story with good-natured amusement.

Rolf may be up to tricks, but he is not a trick dog. He refuses to give his paw unless he is properly introduced. At any rate, he refused to give it to me.

I mentioned the Rolf incident, not to dwell on the discomfiture of an amiable official, but because it is interesting to note that the etiquette of the Republic is not different from that prevailing at courts.

The President appoints the chancellor and the cabinet, the federal officials and officers of the army. He can demand a referendum, an appeal to the people, under certain conditions, if he disagrees with the Reichstag. He exercises the sovereign

right of pardon. In case of danger, he has the right to restore order and to suspend temporarily certain constitutional safeguards.

Although the decrees of the President require a counter signature, his influence is immense. Hindenburg's personality, thrown into the scales, has tremendously strengthened the prestige and power of the presidency. It has given the Germans new faith in the state. It has given to the German Republic an authority it did not possess before his advent.

Hindenburg himself has not lost faith in the future of the German people, in spite of many disappointments. If, he thinks, the Germans were not a great people, they would not have survived the long deprivations of the war and the afflictions of peace. He believes in the star of his people. He believes that the star of his people is rising.

As he stood before me, he seemed the heroic image of Germany, a gnarled oak that withstands all storms, because its powerful roots reach deep into soil wholesome and rich.

Hindenburg's age is apparent only in his kindness, in his wisdom, and in his refusal to get excited. The iron nerve, the imperturbability that won Tannenberg for him, serves him and the German people in the momentous struggle of rebirth and reconstruction.

II

"No mollicoddle ever made history." This remark, made to me by President Hindenburg, summarizes his faith in athletics as a substitute for military training to keep Germany fit. Just as Krupps, the big cannon makers, turned their guns and torpedoes into ploughshares and hairpins, so Germany now forges her swords into dumbbells.

Like Benito Mussolini, Paul von Hindenburg is an advocate of systematic physical culture. Mussolini builds up the physical stamina of the Italian people. He drives them from the slums into the country. He compels them to fill their lungs with air. He teaches them to march straight and to shoot straight.

Germany, entangled by the peace treaty of Versailles, may not teach her sons how to handle a gun. Thus handicapped,

she adopts physical culture and develops athletes with scientific precision. President Hindenburg believes that a sound mind dwells in a sound body.

"*Mens sana in corpore sano.*" He hurled the same Latin phrase at me that I had heard from the lips of Mussolini when he unfolded to me his plans for New Italy. "A sound mind in a sound body." This and another Latin proverb, "*Ora et labora*"—"Pray and work"—comprise Hindenburg's creed. It is his philosophy of life.

"Dr. Meissner," President Hindenburg remarked, turning to the high official attached to his person, "will you give me a copy of my 'Life'?" The book was found, and Hindenburg quickly turned the pages in which he discussed the army, not as an implement of military might, but as a powerful factor in moral and physical hygiene.

"Thousands and thousands of men," President Hindenburg reiterated, "learned under the influence of the old German army what they were capable of, not only in the way of physical training, but in the way of spiritual and mental culture. The old German army taught them self-confidence and the best way to master their own powers. It imparted to them a sense of their capacity that remained with them all through life.

"The army educated both the young officer and the raw recruit, and strengthened their impulse toward concerted effort, mass action, organized endeavour. It was at work in the national government and in the laboratory of science. It dominated commerce and industry. It formed the spirit of Germany's technical training as well as that of her labouring masses. It was equally conspicuous in industry and in agriculture.

"Germany's political and economic regeneration depended, in my opinion, upon restoring the great school of organization and effort which disappeared with the army. It was not a military but an educational problem to me. Let us speedily create, I urged, a fresh training school, new means of education. If we fail in this, if we persist in our careless, inadequate cultivation of the spiritual and moral and physical life of our people, we will exhaust the very springs of our national existence; we

will bring the foundations of our government to futility and frustration."

President Hindenburg is firmly persuaded that the men who framed the Versailles treaty thought they would leave Germany prostrate not only from a military point of view, but industrially as well. They thought they would effect this purpose by forbidding universal military service and restricting the German army to 100,000 men. But the framers of the treaty overlooked the possibilities of physical culture organized on a national scale!

Germany's aptitude for organized effort seized upon physical culture as the only means of salvation. "The Germans," President Hindenburg pointed out to me, "were the first to adopt compulsory insurance against sickness, accident, invalidism, and superannuation. Likewise, Germany is the first great country to make physical culture the business of the state."

President Hindenburg does not believe that the physical culturists of modern Germany, like Scharnhorst's *Turners* after the defeat of Prussia by Napoleon, can build an army to take up the battle with the victor in the World War. He speaks as a nation builder, not as a soldier.

"Times have changed since Napoleon waged war. No muscular development can take the place of tanks, poison gas, war planes, and heavy artillery. Germany is not concerned with making war, but with rebuilding her stamina."

President Hindenburg himself sets an example to the German people. He never fails to spend an hour or two walking. His popularity compels him to restrict his walks largely to the lovely gardens surrounding his residence, an old palace in the heart of Berlin. There he walks in the morning and in the evening, alone or with his grandchildren. He loves each tree in the park.

The forests are his native home. Only recently Hindenburg spent three days and nights, lashed by thunder showers, in the Bavarian Alps, hunting the wild goat. He slept in a lonely hut, 5,250 feet above the sea. Then he returned to Dietramszell, the lodge provided for him by the Republic. He can travel all night, sleep like a top, and deliver a speech the next morning without showing the slightest effect of the strain.

Hindenburg never smokes—except, now and then, a cigarette. During his entire military career he had to think constantly of his bodily as well as his mental powers, his physical as well as his intellectual culture.

From his youth, Hindenburg's whole life was spent under the iron rule of duty. This was indispensable if he meant to be successful in the keen competition for the higher places on the great General Staff of the army. Like most of the officers who adopted this career, he was in the habit, before his office work began, of riding on horseback an hour or two each morning. In his eating and his drinking he was most moderate, although he never despised a good glass of wine or beer. Nevertheless, he never took delight in consuming large quantities of wine as Bismarck is said to have done.

A special feature of Hindenburg's daily life was the circumstance that at midday—after what was called "second breakfast"—he was in the habit of sleeping soundly, and for this purpose he lay down in bed to get as complete rest as possible. It is a practice he has clung to even in his administration as President, and it has to be considered when on tour. This habit, which cuts his day in two, is another reason, Hindenburg himself thinks, why he has preserved his physical capacity so completely.

As an officer in high command, Hindenburg always felt a profound interest in the physical well-being of the people. This was natural, since the efficiency of his troops in a crisis depended upon their physical condition. As a commander, Hindenburg was famed for the emphasis he laid upon the marching capacity of his troops, particularly the infantry.

Many of his sham battles and various actual battles in the war were concerned with special exercises which cost the soldiers much sweat but all the less blood. When he held the supreme command, Hindenburg impressed upon subordinate commanders the necessity for the greatest care in adapting the troops to protracted marches.

Because of his interest in popular sports, Hindenburg insists on receiving detailed reports dealing with the progress of physical culture in Germany. It is well known that when a celebrated German swimmer returned from America, Hindenburg

received him in special audience to show his interest in the sport.

President Hindenburg intrusts his plans for making Germany a nation of athletes to Dr. Theodor Lewald, who was in charge of this work under his predecessor, Friedrich Ebert.

"Talk to Lewald," the President said to me; "he can tell you exactly what we are doing."

Dr. Lewald, appearing in response to the President's summons, elaborated to me in detail Germany's policy in the realm of physical culture. Lewald is the president of the Federal Committee of Physical Culture. There is no separate physical culture ministry, but Lewald is the nucleus for all official and unofficial efforts in this direction.

The committee has grown out of the committee sponsoring Germany's participation in the Olympic Games. It was founded in 1895. It embraces to-day over 30,000 separate organizations and more than 4,000,000 members. The central and state governments are represented on its board. Compulsory athletic instruction in public schools, the increase in playgrounds and athletic fields throughout Germany, are among its achievements. It confers with the Reichstag committees and influences legislation pertaining to hygiene and physical culture.

Lewald, who speaks English well, was the German commissioner at the World's Fair in Chicago. He is familiar with the importance America attaches to sports. Lewald is, so to speak, the liaison officer between the government and the organization.

"Vital statistics," he assured me, while President Hindenburg listened attentively, "afforded a distressing picture of the health of the German people. It had deteriorated.

"We enlisted experts; we consulted scientists; we obtained the co-operation of the Physiological Institute of the Kaiser Wilhelm Society; we succeeded in arousing big business. If, we asked the Reichstag and big business, population can be made healthier and more vigorous, and if age disability can be deferred for ten years, is not that a thing to strive for?"

Hindenburg nodded approval.

"We succeeded in raising funds. We established a High

School of Physical Culture, to train teachers, and a huge stadium in Berlin. Out of this developed the Sport Forum, a much more ambitious attempt to organize the entire movement on a nation-wide scale.

“Every student of the High School of Physical Culture must practise every form of athletics. In what may be called light athletics—swimming, bar and ball work, running, leaping, turning, and so on—he must attain a certain fixed average. He must also select some form of gymnastics or sport in which he must attain great proficiency.

“Male students must do well in general gymnastics and in German dumb-bell work, pole vaulting, in Swedish exercises, in ordinary foot and hand exercise—wrestling, boxing, fencing, jujitsu, swimming, rowing, sailing, snowshoe racing, ice racing, Alpine climbing, rhythmical exercise; and all field sports like football, hockey, handball, tennis, golf, and so on. Female students must excel in the same general line with the exception of wrestling, football, jujutsu, and the more technical forms of male exercise. In their place, the dance and its different gymnastic forms must be practised.”

President Hindenburg, who had busied himself with his correspondence, here interjected another remark: “We strive to promote harmonious development of the entire body. My experience in the army proved to me that over-specialization is a source of weakness rather than of strength.”

Then he turned once more to his work, consulting now with Dr. Meissner, now looking carefully over a large file of letters. It was evident that he read every line of the material before him. It was said of Julius Cæsar that he simultaneously could dictate three different letters. Hindenburg at eighty can still attend to his correspondence, consult with his aide, and keep one ear open to follow a conversation which interests him.

“An anthropometrical laboratory,” Dr. Lewald explained, “looks into the proportions of the human frame. It deals with physical, temperamental, and occupational tendencies. We try to determine the extent to which idiosyncrasy determines health and the proper interpretation of vital statistics.

“The student body is physically measured and tested at least

twice during each term. Investigations are conducted into the physical effects of any one sport—football, swimming, or fencing. There is an effort to ascertain just what the reactions of the physical organism ought to be in a state of health.

“Our physiological laboratory concerns itself with chemical reactions of the human organism as well as those which are purely physical. We observe the physical condition of the subject after indulgence in any form of sport.

“We make an experiment in respiration in connection with modified working conditions, to ascertain the proper mode of reducing the incidence of occupational diseases. The expenditure of human energy in motions of the body in both sport and industry is a subject of special investigation. Fatigue is measured. The posture in sleep is studied with reference to the action of lung and pulse.”

Some of these facts seemed to be new to President Hindenburg, who again interrupted his labour of governing Germany to listen to Dr. Lewald. Leaning back in his chair, he half closed one eye, like an eagle perched on his nest. But he was far from asleep. “You do not,” he asked Dr. Lewald, “neglect the mental state of your pupils, do you? In my experience as a soldier I found that the mental condition is as important as the physical condition. At times it is even more important.”

“Of course not, Mr. President,” Lewald replied. “Mental states are not overlooked. Psychological factors are taken into account. Instruments for recording ‘tapping time’ and the like are operated by students as well as by experts.”

“Similar research work,” I interjected, “is being conducted in the laboratories of some American universities, but not on so broad a scale as in Germany. Where are your experiments conducted?”

“The home of the High School of Physical Culture,” Dr. Lewald replied, “is the Berlin Stadium, an amphitheatre, Greek in effect, but adapted to modern requirements.”

“Have you organized games on a large scale, like our football or boxing matches?” I inquired.

“We have games, but,” Dr. Lewald remarked, “they are not commercialized. Experiments with the business side of sports show a tendency to warp it from its proper function. It is not

practical to turn the stadium into a money-making enterprise and at the same time to retain the fundamental object of its existence—physical training of the whole population regardless of any economic consideration. The production of men and women in the best health cannot be turned into a business for the pecuniary profit of any organization.

“Of late,” Dr. Lewald went on to say, “we concentrate on the Sport Forum. The Sport Forum symbolizes the organic development of the whole physical culture idea. It will become, in a sense, a university of physical culture. Men of science, men of ideas, men of practical attainments in the same field work together under its auspices. The co-operation of all these talents will result in the attainment of the ideal of the ancient world—the sound mind in the sound body.

“Thus,” Lewald continued, “we are conducting the most gigantic development of the physical culture idea of which history bears record, the supreme experiment with the living form of the human being.”

“Sport,” the President here observed, “unifies our nation.”

“Yes,” Lewald went on; “on the Sport Forum we forget our political differences. However, Mr. President,” he remarked, “I should like to emphasize the international as well as the national aspect of physical culture.

“Physical culture is among the most practical means of promoting the mutual comprehensions of the nations. I am thinking less of the professional sports and of the athletic profession generally than of the amateurs. Do you realize that it was a misfortune for Germany when one of her champions of the track was defeated in the United States? And a great gain for Germany that one of her best swimmers is breaking even his own records?

“In a business periodical I read lately that the Finnish government had long vainly endeavoured to secure a loan in America. Then two of the most renowned Finnish athletes broke all American records. The whole city of New York affirmed that a nation capable of producing men of such strength, energy, and integrity would display the same traits in the economic domain. The loan was granted.”

Hindenburg smiled. “We hope Germany’s effort will reduce

not only her own mortality rates," he said, "but that they will help her to diminish the various diseases that scourge the world. If our expectations are realized, no government in the world will fail to profit by our experience."

President Hindenburg arose. We shook hands. His handshake conveys the impression of undiminished strength and inexhaustible magnetism.

Paul von Beneckendorff und Hindenburg is the symbol of both the old and new Germany. The only German of his generation whom Bismarck's shoes and Bismarck's mantle fit, he differs from the Iron Chancellor by being receptive to new ideas. A monarchist, he is able to adjust himself to the Republic; a militarist, he accepts universal physical culture in place of universal military service.

Etiquette, to which I have already referred, prescribes that one does not turn one's back to the President on leaving the room. I forgot the rule, but I walked out in the prescribed fashion nevertheless, because I was unable to take my eyes from the grey giant, smiling benignly upon me, who past eighty is still making history.



à M^r George Sylvestre Viereck

J. Joffre

MARSHAL JOSEPH JOFFRE

[Facing p. 101

THE WISDOM OF "PAPA" JOFFRE

Joffre, in spite of the attempts to depreciate him, remains the man who won one of the most decisive battles in history.

It was my good fortune to obtain from Marshal Joffre the first authorized story of the Battle on the Marne, shortly after the War.

Joffre charmed me with the simplicity of his manner and with the readiness with which he paid tribute to his opponents.

Subsequently, I had the opportunity of a long talk with the Marshal, which I record herewith.

WAS Joffre a military master mind or a puppet of politics? Of late there has been a tendency on the part of military experts to insist that Joffre was never more than a figure-head indebted for his exalted position to a "palace revolution" in the French General Staff.

Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, one of the spokesmen of this new school of military thought, asserts that Joffre was not a "general." Hart admits, however, that "Joffre's stolid calm and obstinate determination had an influence which offset many of his grave blunders. If his brain was as solid as his appearance, lacking in flexibility and imagination, his external effect on the minds of others enabled him to become the rock on which France held and Germany foundered."

When even Joffre's most severe critic is compelled to concede that the Marshal's personality saved France in her hour of trial, it is difficult to follow the reasoning which attempts to make the rock of France seem the blockhead of France.

Foch himself, in an interview with me, pointed out that Joffre was the one man who could retreat in that crucial hour without losing the confidence of the people.

It is conceivable that a man of a different temperament would have brilliantly lost the Battle of the Marne. Joffre won it stolidly. His imperturbability was his genius.

Both his opponents and his successor, Foch, speak of Joffre in terms of high praise.

The discussion that has been raging about Joffre for years accentuated my desire to meet the man whom Hanotaux, the French historian, calls "the godfather of the United States army in France."

The years have melted away Joffre's all too solid flesh. I noted stolidity neither in his appearance nor in his mental reactions. He seemed a kindly, wide-awake old gentleman who responded with alacrity to my questions.

I determined to apply a test to his mentality. What was his attitude toward the War? Did he believe that the World War had added one iota to human happiness? Was he a martinet or a man? I discovered that Joffre is not only a soldier, but also, in his way, a philosopher.

"What," I asked Marshal Joffre, "is the supreme lesson the War has taught you?"

The Marshal gazed at me quizzically.

"It has taught me," he replied with a smile, "the value of peace!"

"And what is the best way to insure peace?"

"To be strong."

"What good did the World War do?"

"It is difficult to tell," Marshal Joffre answered, "without seeming to glorify war as such. I prefer peace to war. I think the World War was a calamity. Nevertheless, there are some benefits to which one can point. For one thing, it made the peoples better acquainted. In the next place, it rectified frontiers, it redressed balances, it righted ancient wrongs."

"Unhappily, war, while righting some wrongs, creates others equally monstrous," I said. "Will it be," I questioned doubtfully, "the last war for generations to come?"

Again Joffre revealed himself as both a philosopher and a student of history.

"There is," he said, "a tendency at work in history on the subject of wars. They become general once in a century or so. That is, every century seems to bring on its general war. By a general war I mean one which involves all the civilized powers. A war involving two powerful belligerents tends to

involve neutrals. Thus, one by one, the powers are dragged into a struggle that becomes general almost of necessity.

"This tendency to recurring general wars could be neutralized only by the introduction of an entirely new factor into history. I see no such factor on the horizon."

The headquarters of Marshal Joffre are elaborate. The architecture of the building perpetuates the splendours of French royalty. Nevertheless, in appearance and in demeanour Joffre was even simpler than Foch.

Glancing at him in the plain civilian suit in which he received me, one would hardly suspect Joffre of being one of the few supreme military figures of the war. He seems a really nice old man. He smiles with the sunny smile of a child. No wonder the soldiers called him "Papa" Joffre! Like a true soldier, he harbours no resentments. He speaks in terms of respect of his former foes. A pupil once asked him why his answer to a certain question was rated so low. "Because," Joffre explained, "you have proceeded upon the assumption that the enemy is stupid. It is never safe to judge the enemy by ourselves."

On a recent visit to Berlin I had had the honour of an audience with President Hindenburg. In the course of the conversation, Hindenburg spoke with admiration of Marshal Joffre. I could not resist the temptation to elicit Marshal Joffre's opinion of the German leaders.

"What," I remarked, "is your opinion of Hindenburg and Ludendorff?"

"Both men," Joffre replied, "were mostly on the Eastern Front, facing our Russian allies, while I was in command of the French. I have read both Ludendorff's and Hindenburg's memoirs with uncommon interest. I was especially impressed with Hindenburg. He writes little and never says too much."

Papa Joffre and Papa Hindenburg appreciate each other!

Ludendorff, on the other hand, is attracted by Foch, the master strategist, who succeeded in checkmating him. This attraction, too, is mutual. Both great leaders expressed their admiration for each other to me.

Ludendorff seems to irritate Joffre. To my question, "What is your estimate of General Ludendorff?" Marshal Joffre

caustically replied, "General Ludendorff seems to have so lofty an estimate of his own capacity and of his own valour that my opinion, if I elaborated it, could not make it loftier."

"Did you consider Crown Prince Wilhelm and Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria foes worthy of your steel?"

"Both men," Joffre remarked, "commanded armies or army groups, but I do not know if they or their chiefs of staff were actually in command. Without such knowledge it is impossible to form an estimate of their military equipment."

"And what," I queried, "do you think of Emperor William?"

"I am not aware," the Marshal gruffly observed, "that he played an important part as a soldier in the World War."

"What," I asked, "do you think of General Moltke, your opponent who lost the Battle of the Marne by his failure to abide by the plan originally conceived by Count Schlieffen, and by his disobedience to the orders of the Emperor not to retreat?"

"General Moltke," he replied, "was an able soldier, but he was better able to meet problems on paper than on the battle-field. When faced with the gigantic task imposed upon him by events, his nervous resistance gave out. He lost the battle because he lost his nerve."

Defeat as such seems no crime to Marshal Joffre. A soldier may be great in defeat. He admires Hindenburg more in defeat than in victory.

"I am not disposed," he confessed once, "to think too highly of the general who has never been defeated. There is in defeat a lesson of fortitude and perseverance that some commanders learn too late."

The qualities shown by Joffre when Belgium had almost disappeared from the map and when it seemed only a matter of hours before the Kaiser would dine in Paris, proved that Joffre had indeed mastered that lesson.

All France was plunged in gloom. The government had fled from Paris to Bordeaux. Joffre, never losing his iron nerve for a minute, calmly adhered to the routine of life. He did not permit the thunder of German guns, drawing ever nearer, to spoil his luncheon. When one of his staff officers, his brow clouded, his face pale, his hair dishevelled, expressed his amaze-

ment that the Marshal preserved his composure in the face of disaster, Joffre replied, "Son, have you no faith in France?"—and calmly finished his meal.

Many persons who remember Joffre's laurels on the Marne ignore his achievements as a military engineer. Joffre has lectured to generations of French soldiers on engineering problems. The speciality of Joffre was fortifications, especially their construction and tenure in the face of assault. There were many strategists who doubted the wisdom of fortifications.

"Is it not true," he was asked by a second lieutenant in his classes, "that fortifications demand the services of commanders who ought to use their experience in the field?"

"There are commanders," Joffre replied, "who are less dangerous to their country when they are shut up behind fortifications."

Joffre had at times to overpower the opposition to his lectures with an air of authority that seemed to his pupils the manner of a martinet. He was not vindicated until the Germans failed to take Verdun. The fortifications in that region were in a literal sense the fruits of the teachings of Joffre.

One of his lectures in those old days on the importance of bomb-proof shelters seems curiously prophetic in view of the events connected with the German drive for Verdun. In this lecture, Joffre ascribed the heavy mortality on the Union side during the siege of Vicksburg to the fact that the Union fortifications had to be improvised hastily. Joffre spoke with enthusiasm of the genius of the high command in the American Civil War. He was distinctly unpopular because of his insistence upon fortifications at a time when events seemed to have discredited them.

Joffre's contact with Americans, with the democratic spirit of the West, impressed him favourably. When he speaks of America, his face lights up.

"What," I queried, "is your opinion of the American soldier?"

"A soldier," the Marshal replied, "has naturally the qualities that belong to his race. The American soldier seemed to me to have as his essential characteristic a remarkable initiative. We must remember that the American armies arrived

upon the battlefields when the war had already lasted some four years. To the battles the American soldier brought a youthful impulse and a sprightly humour that gave a tremendous moral re-enforcement to our own troops."

"Was it not," I continued, "an imposition to force young Americans to cross the sea to fight in an Old World war?"

The question did not seem to surprise Marshal Joffre.

"It would have been impossible," he said, "it would have been a hardship, under eighteenth century conditions. But the World War was fought under twentieth century conditions. In this period we have wireless telegraphy, the airship, the submarine, and ever so many devices to revolutionize the conditions that faced Washington and Napoleon.

"It is easier to go from New York to Paris than from Maine to California, or at least it is as easy. Hence the Americans did not face such a problem as Washington faced in going from Saratoga to Yorktown.

"I think the ease with which immense distances can now be traversed will greatly influence the course of war in the future."

"Why," I asked, hurling a question at the Marshal that has troubled me as it has troubled many, "were American troops, who rushed to the aid of France, compelled to pay rent for the very trenches they occupied?"

The Marshal looked at me aghast.

"The statement has been made, and has been believed by many, including myself," I went on to say. "If it is doing France an injustice, we should like to be enlightened as to where the error lies."

"The question," Marshal Joffre replied, stirred from his imperturbability, "deserves reply only because it is put to me by a serious student of international relations.

"Really, one might ask instead just how so miserable a tale came to be spread. It must certainly be part of a campaign which has for its object the digging of an abyss between the French and the Americans. These two peoples have every reason to act together through their mutual interests, and they have also the common traditions established by two great wars that they fought side by side.

"This campaign of belittlement against France is based upon

a misinterpretation of French law and jurisprudence in all that relates to military requisitions.

"No French army and no allies of France paid any 'rent' charges to the owners of soil that was dug for trenches.

"It is true that French armies and French allies were bound by the law of July 3, 1877, and the statutes in accordance with it, to respect individual property rights. Individuals were compensated either because they were deprived of the use of their buildings or of their equipment or because they had to give their services to the military.

"Requisitions for military purposes are by French law an exercise of eminent domain. There must be due compensation. The owner of such property should neither gain nor lose by its sequestration. He should be justly dealt with. The amount of his indemnity is fixed by tribunal of civilians and soldiers.

"The American army was on the same basis as that of the French army. It obeyed the same laws relating to requisitions. It had to pay the owners of the buildings that it occupied.

"The French government took over the liability of the American government to the individual owners when it purchased the American war supplies. It is this transaction which probably created the erroneous impression that the French government received rent for the trenches.

"There is thus no foundation for the reports that have been circulated to foster ill feeling between the two peoples."

"Is it not true," I questioned, "that the French peasant dislikes America?"

"The French peasant who was a soldier during the war," Marshal Joffre observed, somewhat surprised by my question, "felt the greatest affection for the troops who came across the seas to fight by the side of the French. The French soldier admired the courage of the Americans and their good humour. The many American soldiers who sleep their last sleep in French soil serve to sustain and to perpetuate this feeling of affection among us. I cannot understand how the report of the desecration of French or rather of American monuments could have arisen. It is a calumny."

"Did the World War serve to bring the French and the

Americans together or did it serve only to accentuate their differences?"

"The war brought the French and the Americans nearer together. Blood shed in common can never be forgotten. The Frenchman, especially the peasant, who travels very little, has learned to know the American. He never knew him before the War. The generation that went through the War will hand on to coming generations the friendship that was cemented in the perils of the field. The immediate moment seems to have loosened the ties of this friendship somewhat, but these temporary misunderstandings will soon disappear and the real sentiments of these brethren in arms will ultimately manifest themselves strongly and gloriously."

Joffre was visibly pleased when I told him that the men were accustomed to speak of him as "Papa" Joffre.

"I am proud of my nickname," he said. "I never think much of a general whose soldiers have no pet name for him. The qualities of a general are revealed in the name he is known by in the army. The greatest commanders regarded their soldiers as their sons. The interest of a leader in his forces should be paternal. The best thing we know about Napoleon is not his victories at Jena and Austerlitz but his concern for his wounded."

Marshal Joffre was educated at the Polytechnic School, which he entered at the age of seventeen. He had no aristocratic associations, no social affiliations. He owes his success to his own merit. Marshal Joffre is the idol of the left parties, while Foch was the spokesman of the moderates in France.

Easy in his manner, informal in his etiquette, he is somewhat of a contrast to the French in general, for they set great store by manner. Joffre is at times as bluff as an Englishman. He has the honesty so much admired by the English, an honesty reflecting the simple home in which he was reared.

Joffre's father was a cooper by trade who had a humble shop in the town of Rivesaltes on the banks of the Agly. Marshal Joffre was brought up in a back street, in unpretentious quarters adjoining his father's shop. His fare as a lad was frugal. By the time he entered his teens his father could afford to send him to college, but the strain upon the family purse was

severe, as the father imposed on himself the same sacrifices for the education of his other children.

These early experiences and his origin are written upon the face of Joffre. He is a Spartan in his personal habits. As a boy he was awkward; as a young man, mute.

"I often regret," he said to me, "that I am not witty, until I remember what enemies some men have made for themselves by their wit."

Joffre's quiet qualities explain the divergence of opinions now expressed by military experts. According to some of them, he served his purpose only "because in a time of emergency outward impressions are more important than reality." In the opinion of others, the Miracle of the Marne has for ever linked his name with the immortals.

Joffre will be ranked among the greatest captains by some historians, yet in other eyes he will always remain the cautious and skilful rather than daring and brilliant commander. It was probably Joffre the man rather than Joffre the Marshal who was the rock against which the German tide dashed itself in vain. Kitchener was quoted during his lifetime as having said that Joffre had all the attributes of greatness, including a perfect indifference to it.

When I bade adieu to the Marshal, he shook hands with me and uttered the one English word he knows: "Good-bye." His smile was so engaging, his intonation so gracious, that I, too, cannot but think of him as "Papa" Joffre.

THE NEW FOE OF LUDENDORFF

No one can take away from Ludendorff the glory of being the greatest strategist of his generation.

Ludendorff bears no grudge against the French or the English. He sees the common foe of all nations in what he chooses to call Supra-Nationalism. This transposition of hatred has wrought a transformation in the General which astonishes and, at times alarms, his admirers.

My contacts with Ludendorff have been many. I secured from him the German version of the second Battle on the Marne. He also wrote, at my suggestion, a surprisingly frank estimate of the American soldier.

“GERMANY’S defeat,” declares General Erich Ludendorff, great military chieftain of Germany in the World War, “was not inevitable.”

We were seated in the library of the villa. The shelves bristle with rare books on war craft. Mementos of the General’s career, including signed photographs of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Rupprecht of Bavaria, Hindenburg and other martial companions, whose names will go down in history with his own, impregnated the room with the vitality of its master.

Ludendorff’s home is situated in a pleasant suburban garden, less than one hour’s distance by motor-car from Munich.

Here, at his desk, the general receives reports as of old. His secretary approaches him with a military salute. The revolution has deprived the German officer of the right to wear his uniform, except on certain special occasions. It cannot take away his military bearing.

Ludendorff is well informed of everything that goes on. Having, however, no access to official sources of information, he must rely on the reports of his friends.



GENERAL ERICH VON LUDENDORFF

[*Herm. Stamm.*

[*Facing p. 110*

To the Reds in Germany, General Ludendorff is a sinister figure. They associate his name with every conspiracy against the Republic. They have never been able to verify their suspicions. His Socialist opponents in the Government give him plenty of rope, but General Ludendorff perversely refuses to hang himself.

Ludendorff is frankly a monarchist. He believes that Germany's liberation can come only through the sword. "Ultimately," he said, "Germany can save herself only by action."

But he sees Germany's chief enemies in Freemasonry and the Jews. He refuses to make terms with supra-national finance and supra-national socialism. Both are, in his opinion, instruments of the same sinister force. He is almost equally opposed to the supra-national clericalism of Rome.

"I have little hope of salvation," he said, "while sinister supra-national forces are able to stab us in the back. They have done so once. They will do so again. Germany must purge herself from within, before she can successfully face the enemy from without."

For the time being, Ludendorff admits, Germany is powerless. "It is by no means impossible," he avers, "that French airships could destroy one-half of Berlin and one-half of London within forty-eight hours."

According to a story circulated widely in Germany, Lloyd George recently remarked to a German diplomat: "You people made two fatal blunders: the first was to start your revolution before you made your peace; the second was when you disbanded your armies and surrendered your arms."

"But Your Excellency," replied the German diplomat, flabbergasted, "you yourself insisted upon our total disarmament."

"Certainly," replied Lloyd George, "but we never expected you to comply with our demand."

"And yet," General Ludendorff remarked, "blunder, crime, though it was, it was not ours alone. England blundered no less than we. If we sinned against ourselves, England sinned no less against her own people. For when England supported France, she supported France against herself.

"France," he continued, "used the vast sums she received out

of the Peace Treaty, sums even the most expert of her liars cannot juggle away, not to rebuild her devastated region, but to further her imperialistic ambitions.

“Her financial condition is excellent so long as she is not paying her debts. And she has no intention of paying her debts. She is using our money—the money and the payments in kind wrung from Germany—to build up her army against us, to strengthen the armies of the satellites with which she has encircled our country, notably Poland and Czecho-Slovakia.

“Instead of paying her debt to America, she is using America’s money to construct the most formidable fleet of submarines in existence, a fleet strong enough to hinder American war supplies from reaching any enemy of France in Europe, whether that enemy be England or Germany.

“Instead of paying her debt to England, she is building at England’s expense, with a delicious sense of irony, of which only the French are capable, the colossal air fleet that makes a mockery of the British navy. Confronted by the French menace from above and below, England ceases to be an island.

“Nor should we omit in this connection, the long distance guns with which France can bombard the coast of England without risking a single ship.

“The recent activity of France can be interpreted only as part of a consistent campaign against England. Against Germany, reduced to military impotence by the allies of France and her own folly, she need not arm at all.

“The French demand for ‘security’ against Germany is the camouflage of French propaganda. It is a joke to me. It is a joke to any one acquainted with the strategy and the implements of modern warfare. Germany, England and the United States are more in need of ‘security’ than France.”

“In other words,” I remarked, “French militarism has supplanted German militarism.”

“Hold on,” remarked General Ludendorff; “before the war, Germany spent less on her army than either France or England. The support of the Allied army of occupation costs us more than our entire military establishment in the past.

“Militarism in itself is nothing objectionable. It is merely another name for ‘preparedness,’” he continued. “You called

our 'preparedness' militarism and preferred to speak of your militarism in terms of 'preparedness.'

"I do not object to French militarism. I object to French imperialism.

"Militarism or preparedness is diverted from its legitimate uses, if it becomes a tool in the hands of a greedy imperialism; if a country unwilling to sustain itself by its own efforts, preys upon the labour of others, we are confronted by a completely changed situation.

"The gun that is salutary in the hands of the guardian of the law, becomes a menace when the policeman transforms himself into a bandit.

"Similarly among nations, if militarism is perverted into imperialism, it becomes a monstrous outgrowth on the face of creation that must destroy the world, or must itself be destroyed."

General Ludendorff's eyes gleamed. He spoke incisively, yet without passion.

"France is reviving the imperial dream of Napoleon, expecting to draw her levies from her subject nations in Europe and from her African colonies. The few remaining European neutrals will soon be reduced to French satrapies, if France succeeds in maintaining her network of alliances.

"Even now one of her satraps, Belgium, is casting envious eyes upon the mouth of the Scheldt. The French control of the Rhine threatens both Holland and Switzerland.

"Denmark, the Scandinavian countries, will be drawn irresistibly into the French sphere of influence.

"The Rhineland is the pivot of French imperialism. With this as a fulcrum, the military lever of France can dislocate the world.

"With Upper Silesia in the hands of her vassals, with the Sarre and the Rhineland under the dominion of French engineers, backed by French machine guns, France controls both coal and iron; she dominates the war industries of Europe. In case of a war with France, England will be faced by all the war industries of the Continent. Every gun in Europe will be levelled against her. Every furnace, every munition point, will turn out arms against England.

“There will be no country in the world able to supply England with arms for such a conflict except the United States. But war supplies from the United States will be checked by French submarines.

“The reason France refused to diminish the striking power of her undersea navy was the recognition of the necessity of preventing war supplies from reaching England in case of an Anglo-French struggle, and the determination to safeguard the transport of black Frenchmen from her African Empire.

“The imperialistic French Republic will be completely independent of war supplies from the United States. The Danube, controlled by France and her vassals, will supply her tanks and her airships with gasolene; the Ruhr and Silesia will supply her with ammunition.

“Yes, we were foolish when we surrendered our arms, but I wonder if those who insisted upon this surrender were not guilty of equal folly . . . ?

“The objectives of France,” the General continued, “are political and military. They are economic only in so far as they affect the military and political situation.”

“There are those,” I remarked, “who compared Poincaré’s invasion of the Ruhr with the invasion of Belgium.”

“There is no comparison possible,” General Ludendorff replied. “We invaded Belgium after a due declaration of war. France invaded the Ruhr in the midst of peace.

“We, threatened on every side, acted for reasons of self-preservation. France was solely inspired by her wish for imperial conquests. Her security was threatened by no one. She threatens the peace and security of every nation in Europe.”

“Belgium did not threaten your security,” I remarked.

“The General Staff was well aware of Belgium’s clandestine affiliations with our foes. We could not wait until her actions had published these facts to the world.

“Moreover, I repeat, we did not attack Belgium without first declaring war. No one can object under international law, if a nation wages war. But no nation has the right to wage peace in the French fashion. However, France herself is a tool of the same insidious forces which laid low Germany, and

which will attack in turn every power which refuses to worship the Golden Calf.

“ Unlike the majority of our enemies, we were restrained by a sense of chivalry even in times of war. We did not, to use a favourite phrase of Admiral Fisher, ‘ Copenhagen ’ our foes. Nor did we make war, and call it peace. We did not insult the intelligence of the world by claiming that our excursion into Belgium was a peaceful mission.

“ But perhaps we overestimated the intelligence of the world when we underestimated the effectiveness of propaganda. If a lie is reiterated often enough, it is accepted as gospel truth. Once it takes root in the popular mind, it cannot be dislodged.

“ Americans will believe in German submarine ‘ atrocities ’ in spite of testimony to the contrary by Admiral Sims. I presume they will also continue to believe the diabolical inventions promulgated by our enemies of German outrages in Belgium.

“ We had hardly crossed the Belgian frontier when enemy propaganda was already exhibiting cleverly fabricated films of German ‘ ruthlessness.’ Our own government has not, unfortunately, produced an effective cinema portrayal of the very real atrocities committed in the Rhineland and in the Ruhr by M. Poincaré’s ‘ peaceful ’ invaders.

“ The Allied propagandists did not have to draw upon their own imagination when they ascribed all sorts of crimes to our troops. Every atrocity falsely attributed to us was actually committed by the Belgians in the Congo.

“ It is strange how short the world’s memory is, or it would have remembered the gruesome details of Belgian misrule, related on indisputable evidence by M. Morel. It is in the records of King Leopold’s rule in the Congo that we discovered the originals of the children that had their hands cut off by the Germans.

“ What a howl was raised when we sentenced the Burgomaster of Brussels to a few days’ imprisonment for serious offences against the military régime at a time when martial law prevailed in Belgium. Not a voice was raised when the French in the midst of peace, in defiance of universal decency and international law, flung our men into dungeons and fined

them millions of marks because they refused to violate the laws of their Fatherland.

"Both in the Rhineland and in the Ruhr, men and women were banished and sentenced to imprisonment for ten and twenty years whose sole offence was that they refused to betray their country.

"Hundreds of Germans were murdered by the peaceful missionaries of Poincaré. The press was silent. In the foreign offices not a protest was heard.

"A French decree prescribed three litres of rich creamy milk for every French officer in the Ruhr and one litre of the best milk for every French dog, but for German children, the French authorities regarded one litre of skimmed milk as ample. Where were the sentimental voices raised when we, in dire necessity, were compelled to requisition food?

"Evidently, the conscience of the world is asleep, and the man who, trusting that conscience, surrenders his sword is doomed."

"General," I remarked, "the French claim that they merely repaid you in your own coin for the treatment meted out by you to their country in 1871."

"Perhaps you do not know," General Ludendorff tersely replied, "that whereas the Allies maintained the Hunger Blockade against us for six months after our surrender, Bismarck's first act after the French armistice was to dispatch a relief train with provisions to Paris.

"In fact in a message to the Supreme Command he insisted upon precedence for relief trains over military equipment.

"Unlike the French Army of Occupation, we did not demand the establishment of brothels for our men in the occupied territory. Again, unlike the French, we did not insist upon inhabitants saluting our officers.

"When in 1871 several of our soldiers were brutally murdered by French civilians, and French juries triumphantly freed the assassins, Bismarck sent an exceedingly temperate note to the German Ambassador in Paris for transmission to the French Government in which he acknowledged the difficulties confronting that Government, but pointed out how such acts made more difficult the establishment of normal relations between the two countries.

“Bismarck specifically instructed the Ambassador not to present the facts in any way likely to be regarded as an evidence of German ill-feeling against the French Government.”

“But the indemnities——”

“The total indemnities exacted by us,” Ludendorff replied, “were less than the expense saddled upon us for the maintenance of the Allied armies of occupation.

“May I not add also that, in contrast to the deliberate discourtesy shown to our representatives by the French, Bismarck made a special point of being polite to Thiérs ?

“Bismarck charged von Manteuffel, the General in Command of the German Army of Occupation, to deal generously with the vanquished foe. Generosity in a victor, he said, is always becoming.

“And in 1873, Count de Saint Vallier, the confidential military representative of the French President at German headquarters, replied as follows to a toast by General von Manteuffel :

“‘I ask you to join me in drinking to the health of the Commanding General who succeeded in transforming his task, a task so difficult for him, so painful to us, into a mission of pacification and reconciliation.’”

There was one question I wished to ask, for which I could not immediately summon sufficient courage. It involved the charge made against Ludendorff by his enemies, that he himself lost his nerve at a critical moment, that his demand for an immediate armistice was an important factor in the German collapse.

Once it was put, his answer was straight to the point.

“I asked for an armistice because it was necessary to convince our people that the Allies were in no mood for a negotiated peace. I did not ask for an ‘immediate’ armistice. The word does not occur in my memorandum for the message to Wilson. It was added subsequently by the Government of Prince Max of Baden.

“I had been painted by the enemy in our midst, by the red, black and gold International, as the enemy of peace, the ruthless militarist, insisting upon sending our boys to slaughter. I hoped to destroy this myth. It was difficult to accomplish this, in fact, in view of the turn of events, impossible.

“ Much revolutionizing had preceded the revolution. There was a revolution both from above and from below. Our Kaiser was betrayed. Prince Max of Baden must share the responsibility for this betrayal with his Bolshevik colleagues.

“ I was determined, in case an honourable peace should be denied us, to make a final appeal to the people and to continue the war. With Field Marshal von Hindenburg, I realized that defeat meant economic slavery for our people. We wanted peace, but not such a peace. The military situation did not warrant abject and unconditional surrender.”

“ But victory was out of the question ? ”

“ We could no longer hope for a victorious military decision, but as I point out in my book, *The General Staff and Its Problems*, our position would have improved, because our enemy would have been weakened.”

Ludendorff admired the splendid military equipment of Marshal Foch. “ Foch,” he said, “ was the greatest of our opponents. The Allies owe their victory to him, to the inexhaustible resources of the United States, and to the secret supra-national agencies to which nations are pawns in a secret game.

“ England, France, Italy, were nearly on their last legs. If the war had continued the burden would have fallen almost entirely upon the United States. But even they had their difficulties.”

General Ludendorff called my attention to an item in Chapter XVII of his book in which reference is made to a statement by Colonel Huidekoper. The statement in the General's book is reprinted from a Chicago newspaper. It is based on the testimony of Col. L. Huidekoper before the committee of the House of Representatives to investigate the expenditures of the War Department, July 15, 1919, and printed on page 80 of the document containing the hearings before this Committee.

Congressman Johnson : How much longer could it (the American Army in France) have functioned as an army without radical changes in methods of handling the men, constitution, ordnance, etc. ?

Colonel Huidekoper : It was thought in our division that with the conditions, especially of transport, about four months more would have been the limit, unless we received adequate trucks and unless some of the methods had been changed.

Johnson : What did the General Staff think about that, if you know, or any member of it ?

Huidekoper : One officer, a Colonel from G. H. Q.

Johnson : Give his name, please.

Huidekoper : Do you want his name ?

Johnson : We want his name, yes.

Huidekoper : Col. Gowen who was sent from General Headquarters to inspect our division astounded me by stating to me on January 6th, 1919, that the transportation facilities were so bad that the American Army could not have kept on much longer, and that if the Germans had not stopped, the American Army would have had to. I naturally presumed that he had ample justification for such a statement.

“Even continued war and defeat in the field could not,” General Ludendorff affirms, “have brought Germany deeper humiliation than the armistice, and a worse peace than the peace of Versailles.”

“Was the peace of Versailles,” I asked, “unprecedented in the annals of civilized warfare ?”

“When Germany signed the armistice,” Ludendorff replied, “she robbed herself of self-determination and accepted the yoke of supra-national secret powers. Never was a great nation so grievously treated ! Conditions of a similar severity were only rarely imposed on subjugated colonial nations by imperialistic powers.

“With Marshal Foch acting, perhaps unwillingly, as their spokesman, the secret governors of the world imposed on Germany humiliations of a militaristic nature worse than any imposed on a defeated nation since the fall of Carthage in 146 B.C.

“Supra-national forces have many disguises. They mask themselves as a League of Nations, they speak the language of international socialism. They are at home in Moscow and in the City of the Vatican. They pull the wires that rule the great money marts of the world.

“They have still other disguises which I have exposed in my book, *Kriegsbetze und Voelkermorden*. Their aim is at all times to destroy the spirit of nationalism and to put in its place supra-nationalism. They have forced Germany to her knees and they are holding her down.

“But,” General Ludendorff added with flashing eyes, “let

America beware. The same secret and sinister forces that strangled pre-war Germany stand ready to swoop down upon the United States.

“The selfsame secret and sinister forces that condemn Germany of to-day to protracted and fatal internal strife, are ensnaring America in the meshes of an Anglo-Franco-Japanese constellation.

“The same diabolically clever wire-pullers that brought about the last cataclysm anxiously wait for additional conflicts to further their ends. They are busy once more in enslaving nations and forcing them under the yoke of economic dependence.”



À Monsieur George S. Viebeck
F. Foch

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

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THE PACIFISM OF MARSHAL FOCH

From his deathbed Marshal Foch conveyed to me a gracious message thanking me for my book "As They Saw Us," which contains his tribute to the American soldier.

He had previously written at my suggestion the French version of the story of the second Battle on the Marne.

Foch considered Ludendorff his greatest opponent. It was a thrill to discuss the great war and the leaders on both sides with the man who won the greatest war in history.

"I DID not win the War. We all won the War. It was a common effort. It was a greater war than ten wars of the past. There was glory enough for ten generals, not to forget the common soldiers."

Marshal Foch thus modestly deprecated a statement of General Ludendorff, giving him the credit for the victory of the Allies.

There was a kindly gleam in his eyes as he made this remark, but they were eyes that could blaze, eyes that could sear; they were the eyes of an eagle. His penetrating gaze, like an eagle's, was occasionally half veiled by a slightly drooping lid. The suggestion of an old eagle was carried out by his grey hair.

The Marshal presented to the eye a harmony of black and grey. He wore a simple civilian suit, black coat with grey striped trousers. In his buttonhole on a black and white ribbon he wore the *croix de guerre*. A single white pearl enlivened the blackness of his tie. The pipe he smoked was grey.

He stood up straight to greet me. There was no trace of fatigue in his bearing. He did not look seventy-six.

In spite of obvious differences of type, Foch in some ways reminded me of Hindenburg. In spite of constant quarrels, the French and the Germans have much in common that has clung

to them from the day when they were one nation under Charlemagne. Both nations have chosen the eagle as their national emblem. Hindenburg, too, reminds one of an ancient eagle. He, too, has the slightly drooping lid, the iron-grey hair. He, too, stands up straight as an oak, in spite of his threescore and ten. Hindenburg, like Foch, is energetic, but quiet. The Frenchman, like the German, had the reserved strength of the king of birds. He wore no glasses. The sight of the eagle is undimmed by the years.

Foch, like Hindenburg, preferred soldierly simplicity to the pomp of office. His headquarters were marked by no ostentation. His desk was adorned by no knick-knacks. A few pictures. A few maps of France, of Germany, of Europe. A barometer. Otherwise there was very little to distract the eye from the occupant of the room. Across the way, beneath the window of the man who won the World War, I saw the Dome des Invalides, where Napoleon rests in his marble coffin.

"It thrills me," I remarked, "to meet the greatest soldier of his generation, guarding the tomb of the greatest soldier of all time."

Marshal Foch modestly denied the impeachment. Now both great soldiers are at rest under the same marble dome.

There were days when Foch felt like talking freely. These days occurred when he was among friends and intimates. He was taciturn on duty. But when he cared to talk he imparted himself freely. He was swift to seize the point of anything said to him. His comments upon even familiar themes—such as house decoration, pictures, glassware, dress and the theatre—revealed the æsthetic. Beauty in things appealed to him. The shape of a vase, the carving of a panel, the arrangement of a flower bed—all these inspired him with admiration. He had a facility in anecdote.

Social relaxation was one of the secrets of the youthfulness of the spirit of Foch. He enjoyed the society of the young. He mingled freely with all the members of his household, exchanging anecdotes and impressions with them, not of the war but of the books he had enjoyed, the pictures he had seen and the countries he had visited. He loved to talk of the great outdoors, of the flowers, of the horses he had ridden and the

houses he had visited. He compared notes with his young friends on such subjects as the climate of Italy, the palaces on the Rhine and the gardens of England.

The Marshal was one of the finest horsemen in Europe. Nothing could equal his chagrin at the loss of his favourite exercise during the war. Travel by motor-car was anguish to him because he could not vary it by getting upon the back of a horse.

Foch, like the Kaiser, had a knowledge of trees. He could fell a stout oak with the easy strokes of his axe but he preferred trimming the branches of an ornamental tree and imparting to it life and beauty. He knew the best setting for a tree. He could superintend the transplanting of a maple and direct the restoration of a forest. Often in the course of his rides he paused to inspect a tree that had caught his eye with its beauty or inspired his respect on account of its age.

The opening of a flower, the passing of a bee, the peeping of the moon from the cloud that hides it or the sudden call of a bird thrilled Foch into open admiration. Nor was his attitude purely poetical. He could talk with the farmer about his crops and show that he knew how fruits and vegetables ought to be grown. He could give a sound judgment upon the value of a farm and look at a herd of cattle with the eye of an expert.

Another trait of his was personal appreciation of oddity in human character. He seemed to make a study of people as individuals rather than in the mass. It happened once that a kindly preceptor was criticized because he told the same old story again and again. Foch admitted the fact that a tale we have heard a dozen times is not charming from its novelty. But he insisted that the gentleman in this case had become perfect in the narration of his anecdote because he had practised the telling of it so long.

His voice, Foch said, had become attuned to the tale. The expression on his face was one of amusement. The gestures of the narrator fitted the spirit of the story. Finally he reached the point dramatically. "I have laughed a dozen times at the story," Foch said, "and I hope to laugh a dozen times more—for a different reason on each occasion." Some people tell a story so well, he thought, that it is worth while to hear them

tell it ten times. It was like seeing Bernhardt in the same part over and over again and studying her consummate art in every varying phase.

"I am glad, Marshal Foch," I remarked, "that you are not as taciturn as your reputation. It is a pleasure to interview you."

"One of the penalties of being in my position," Foch replied, "is that every chance remark I make is quoted and requoted out of all recognition. I dare say I said the things attributed to me in general conversation but often I meant them in quite another sense. It is easy to say that I ought not to talk at all, but the man who does not talk at all often seems haughty and arrogant if not positively ill-bred. I have sometimes wondered if it isn't as dangerous to say too little as to say too much. Talk should be spontaneous. I think too much importance is attached to mere discretion and I know from observation that silent men are not necessarily wisest. Sincerity is the main thing in conversation. Nobody likes a talker who does not ring true."

Marshal Foch replied freely and affably to all my questions. Then he carefully scrutinized a questionnaire which I submitted to him. He replied to it casually at our first meeting. The second time I was privileged to meet him he carefully dictated his answers to a gentleman who scrupulously wrote out his words in longhand.

"To what," I asked, "do you attribute the victory of the Allies?"

"The Allies, as I have repeatedly pointed out," the Marshal replied, "won the War because they knew best how to apply against Germany the principles of Napoleonic warfare. The Germans failed to apply the principles of Napoleonic warfare but the efforts they made were creditable to them. Perhaps Napoleonic warfare is too Latin for a Teutonic mind to grasp."

"Have not," I interjected, "the principles of warfare undergone a profound change since the days of Napoleon?"

"No," the Marshal remarked, "no new art of war has superseded the old. Strategy is the same now as it was in Hannibal's day."

"You do not, then," I asked, "believe in new ideas——?"

"I believe in new ideas, but however new the idea it must be

no more than a new face upon the same old purpose. The fundamental idea should not change if it be the true and sound idea, but it should take fresh forms and express itself through novelty in action. In this sense we may accept the adage: 'The more it changes the more it is the same.'

"War has never really changed since there were men on the earth to fight. And many other things have not changed either. They seem to change. That is because the inexperienced believe that history began with their own arrival upon this planet. So it did—for them. But history is older and wiser than those who do not realize its importance.

"One mistake of young men is their failure to cultivate their seniors. Every young man should know well at least one old man to whom he can go when he wants the teachings of experience rather than mere sympathy.

"Youth," Foch continued, "has impetuosity, age has experience crystallized into knowledge. I often dwell on these facts. Be our activity what it may—historical study, literature, poetry, fiction, sociology, the arts and sciences (including that of war), no aspirant can compete without knowledge.

"By knowledge I mean a perfect acquaintance with the past of the special subject under consideration. One must be aware of what one's predecessors have done. Their achievements must be analysed, discussed, reasoned out, as it were. The principles that guided them must be deduced.

"Mere knowledge, nevertheless," Foch went on to say, "does not imply the capacity to create in any field of human activity.

"Knowledge is at the disposal of any man who will seek it. All men have brains but only a few ever use them!

"The power to create implies and requires gifts—intelligence, imagination, judgment, decision. Destitute of such capacities, the mind remains sterile. Moreover, these faculties or powers must be continually developed through an equate control, a proper restraint. They must be subjected to proper criticism, to due processes of training, like the muscles of an athlete, which have to be brought out and invigorated if his contest is to bring him victory."

"Yet," I rejoined, "mere knowledge alone can hardly save

the day when confronted by unprecedented situations, such as the World War developed."

"No," Foch replied, "knowledge, expertness, capacity, cannot be developed in a void. They would prove inadequate to supply the mind with any solution of its problems. These problems, in the course of any great experience such as war or the battle of life, present themselves in conditions ever new and strange. Thus they overwhelm the strongest mind if it has not been equipped beforehand. We have always to do with the unexpected, the unprecedented, the latest offspring of time unborn.

"The educated and developed man, whatever his knowledge and his power, is rendered impotent if he cannot act instantly in face of the obstacle ahead of him, however unexpected and unprecedented.

"Confronted by the emergency, a man can deal only at first hand with it. He must throw overboard the whole store of knowledge he has accumulated in the past and he must part with all prior theories! These things seem an encumbrance in the crisis. Yet without them he would have but an empty mind, a weak and sterile spirit. He would be incapable of analysis and decision, ignorant of his own powers, incompetent to apply them to his purpose.

"This preparation of the mind to deal with the unforeseen is the very thing we military men undertake in our own studies of campaigns. We deal with concrete instances. We make deductions from situations that have presented themselves to great soldiers in the past but we apply the ideas they afford to conditions of our own time.

"All this comprises what I may call the grammar of the school of action. It will if studied enable a pupil to avoid blunders. It will not permit the student, however devoted, to rise to the height of a Corneille, of a Raphael, of a Beethoven, much less of a Napoleon. But they all had to pass through this school of action!"

The Marshal's eye travelled in the direction where all that is perishable of the Corsican's is bedded in imperishable stone.

"Do you," I ventured boldly, "agree with Napoleon that God is always on the side of the strongest artillery?"

Foch smiled.

"God," he said, "is always on the side of the big battalions provided they are well armed, well instructed, endowed with moral power as well as material means and with religion as a foundation."

"Has your religious faith been a help to you both as a man and a soldier?"

"My religious faith," the Marshal replied simply, "has been a constituent element in my character and hence it has entered into the part I have played as a man and as a soldier."

The presence and the power of God were factors immediate and practical to Foch.

He was what the English call a man of prayer.

On one occasion there took place among his staff and in the room devoted to receptions, a discussion of the personages of importance who would participate in an impending battle:

"You have not mentioned God," commented Foch at last. "He, too, will be there."

On another occasion one of his aides asked: "General, shall we be too late?"

"Not," he said, "if God is with us."

Foch believed firmly in the miracles of the Bible. He prayed daily.

"War," he remarked, "brings home to all of us the practical importance of religion. I believe firmly in a divine Providence. In the hands of that divine Providence I and all men are instruments."

In that respect the Supreme Commander of the Allied forces agreed with William II.

Foch freely avowed his belief that soldiers who know how to pray know how to fight. He cited Stonewall Jackson as an instance.

"What," I questioned, "counts most in an army, the equipment, the soldiers, or the commander?"

"All these," Foch replied, "count a great deal, each in its place. It is obvious that an army ought to be well equipped and well commanded. Perhaps it would be best to dismiss the matter with the familiar maxim of Marshal Bugeaud: 'I

prefer an army of sheep commanded by a lion to an army of lions commanded by a donkey.' ”

Foch excelled in the business or science of asking questions. Short, sharp, searching, he listened to the answers with an exquisite patience. He was no man to cut a witness short with a sharp “ I didn't ask you that ” or “ answer Yes or No ! ” Foch could bide his time and get the gist of a long talk without confusing a poor talker.

A friend of Foch's once reminded him that he had seen many men, worked with many men, estimated many men. Had he from this experience deduced any rule for the judgment of men ?

Foch replied that men vary. Their characters are in process of constant change. He illustrated the point by citing the transformation in one bashful soldier. He had lost all his reserve. He knew how to approach people. Once, Foch said, it was a waste of time to entrust that person with a mission to others. He was afraid to talk to people. Experience and necessity made him a fine talker.

In the same way he had seen men of no moral worth changed into spiritual heroes by some great test of character. It is a great mistake, Foch said, to place any man in one category and say he will remain there. Cowards become brave, even atheists become religious and the cold nature will warm into new life under the influence of a woman's love. The upshot of the whole matter to him was in the Biblical admonition, “ Judge not.”

Character and capacity are under the influence of time and place and he had seen the second rate soldier become a first rate one, and the bad man become a good one. He cited the old proverb : “ Times change and we change with them.” It held good in the case of every man he had known well.

“ Characters also are influenced by the other characters they encounter, just as a colour will be transformed by mixture with some other colour. Men are inspired to do their best by those who have faith in them,” Foch said. “ If we show a man that we believe in him he will strive to merit that confidence.”

“ Would you not say that will power is the most important ingredient in the character of a great commander ? That it is

not the last round of ammunition but the last ounce of will power that wins a war?"

"It is all very well," Foch replied, "to have a strong will, but the strongest will is of no use unless it teaches a man to use the right means and to adopt the proper methods. Will guided by intelligence—that is the thing."

To Foch the most important gift of a commander-in-chief was the capacity to estimate justly the ability of others. "One unsuspected cause of the failure of campaigns," he said, "is the failure of the commander to select the right leaders of critical movements.

"War presents us with the problem of peace in a more pressing form—the problem of the right men for the right places. Napoleon possessed this attribute in a pre-eminent degree—the secret of his success, and when he lost it, a factor that told at Waterloo. In his later years Napoleon seemed unable to pick the right men or else the right men were alienated from him. He blundered in keeping a great soldier away from Waterloo. Thus Massena was wrongly used and then neglected.

"He who would win in peace or war must study less his own capacity than the capacity of others.

"What is needed most in peace as well as in war," the Marshal reiterated, "is the right man in the right place. France has been singularly felicitous in this respect. Whenever the emergency arose, she always somehow found the right man, or, when mankind failed her, she found a woman—Jeanne d'Arc!

"In the beginning of the War, no one could have served France better than my greatest colleague, Marshal Joffre. Some leaders lack courage to retreat and they go forward to destruction. Joffre had the courage to retreat at the right moment. He was perhaps the only man in France who could retreat and still retain the confidence of the people and of Parliament. I said years ago that no battle is lost until it is believed lost. Marshal Joffre and experience have confirmed this idea to me.

"When Joffre had completed his colossal task, another type of mind was needed. For a while we floundered and blundered.

"Joffre was followed for a few brief disastrous months by

Nivelle, who, under a mistaken theory, sacrificed too many precious lives. Then, almost by magic, the right man leaped into place. I refer to Marshal Pétain. Pétain had the confidence of the common soldier."

It seems that a regiment of soldiers, disgusted with the useless slaughter, were marching back to Paris.

They were met by Pétain.

"But you are marching in the wrong direction, my children," he said.

"We are tired of this carnage. We are going home," they replied.

"But I have been sent to lead you to the front. I am your new commander."

They stopped.

One by one they regained confidence.

One by one they returned to duty.

Once more France was saved.

"And then——" I asked.

"Then," Foch remarked, "in its final phases the War became a matter of strategy. Strategy is the chief occupation of my life. Then my country was able to avail herself of my special services."

"What is your opinion of the German commanders with whom you fought during the War?"

"It is most difficult," the Marshal replied, "to pass judgment upon the men with whom one has fought, when one does not know the difficulties with which they had to fight themselves."

"But who," I insisted, "was your greatest opponent?"

"Incontestably, General Ludendorff. *Il sait son métier*. He knows his business. He always understood the art of attacking at a definite point. If more than one point was involved, there were some of his operations that I failed to understand. For example, when he hurled an army against Amiens in March, then another in April against Hazebrouck, St. Omer and the north-west, and later in the summer an army on the Marne toward the south instead of concentrating his attacks in the same region, I was surprised, puzzled.

"Again," the Marshal continued, "at the moment of the retreat of the German armies, Ludendorff might have stopped

at the Meuse as a line to fall back upon. It is a position he could have held all winter. He did not avail himself of this line. Maybe there were political or other considerations of which I know nothing. He alone is in the position to explain these riddles."

"What," I continued, "do you think of General Pershing?"

"General Pershing," Marshal Foch replied with genuine animation, "always revealed himself as a chief of uprightness, of generosity, of devotion to duty, sacrificing all his personal views for the sake of the common cause. To this cause he always manifested absolute devotion. To say nothing of his knowledge of the art of war and speaking with no reservation whatever, I can affirm that he charged his whole army with his own spirit, his own valour, his own purpose, and this with unflinching tenacity in every crisis. In all personal contacts he was frank and reliable."

"Will you discuss all these questions in your memoirs, Monsieur Marshal?" I asked. "I hear they are nearly completed—"

"I am writing about the events of the war in which I took part, but the work is far from being finished," Foch replied.

It is an open secret that the Marshal's memoirs contain so much that is explosive that he refused to authorize their publication in his own lifetime.

"What is the object of your work?" I continued.

"Vindication of the truth as I have lived it," Foch replied.

"If my work is effective, it is effective because I speak the truth."

"What lesson do you draw from the Great War?"

"The supreme lesson of the war is comprised in the fact that a struggle between two great nations does not remain isolated in a corner of the world but extends promptly to all of it. It is fought on land and sea, in the air and beneath the waters. The foes are soon divided into two parties—one striving for the ideal of justice and of liberty and the other for domination of the material interests of mankind."

"Do you think that the future will indorse this verdict?"

"When the historians of the future tell posterity what the World War was about they will agree upon a cause that nobody who fought it ever suspected."

He smiled quizzically.

“What lesson can America draw from the Great War?” I asked.

“Henceforth,” Foch replied, “an important war cannot break out in Europe without involving America.”

“America,” I ventured to remark, “realizing this danger, is suspicious of French militarism.”

“French militarism,” Marshal Foch replied, stressing every word to emphasize its importance, “French militarism does not exist. There is in France but one feeling. It is a determination to maintain the Frenchman’s native land intact in peace with no idea whatever of extending the frontiers in either direction. We are guarding our home, and if I may say so, our farms, our outlying possessions. Beyond that, we have no military ambition. Preparation for war does not breed, nor lack of preparation forestall, war.”

“France,” I remarked, “disquiets the world because she is teaching a vast horde of African subjects how to shoot. Do you believe in a coming struggle between the white race and the coloured races?”

“Not at all,” was the Marshal’s terse answer.

“How,” I continued, treading on still more dangerous ground, “do you justify the continuation of the military occupation of Germany?”

“The military occupation of Germany,” Marshal Foch sternly responded, “is a general guarantee of the execution of the treaty of Versailles, which is still far from fulfilment.”

“Do you think,” I asked, “that the World War was the last war?”

“No one,” Foch replied, “can determine the future. The last war, because of the sacrifices it cost, and because of the inevitable extension throughout the world of such a struggle between two great nations, and because of the horror with which it filled mankind, certainly removed all probability of a great war in the near future.”

I summoned all my courage.

“Tell me, Marshal Foch,” I remarked, “are you, the greatest soldier of your generation, a pacifist at heart who believes in the sword only as the most potent guarantee of peace?”

It was a strange question to ask of the man who won the

greatest war in the history of mankind. And yet, why not? The greatest of soldiers, Napoleon, did not love war for its own sake. The story of the last decade of his reign is a chronicle of his vain attempts to avoid war!

Foch looked at me silently.

“Are you,” I repeated, “at heart a pacifist?”

Instantaneously came his answer. Like all Frenchmen, Foch has a *flair* for the epigrammatic.

“A pacifist, no, but I am pacific. We in France are more pacific than any other people, be they who they may. We want a powerful sword only to safeguard peace and to defend, at all costs, liberty.”

CROWN PRINCE WILHELM BARES HIS HEART

I met Crown Prince Wilhelm for the first time when he was an exile in Wieringen. Subsequently I succeeded in inducing him to write the German version of the first Battle on the Marne, and the story of Verdun, the greatest siege in history since the days of Troy.

The present study recapitulates mainly my first impression, but I have added another touch here and there. The last time I talked to him was at Salzburg in 1929.

Like his father, the Crown Prince thinks not in terms of his dynasty, but in terms of his country.

ONCE upon a time there lived a Prince who was born with a golden spoon in his mouth. He was heir to two mighty thrones, an Empire and a Kingdom. He rode at the head of mighty armies. When he moved his gloved hand, thousands obeyed. He lived in a world of enchantment. But one day an Evil Fairy came upon the scene. Her name was Reality. Other fairies practise the weaving of spells. This fairy specializes in breaking them.

And lo, when the Prince opened his eyes, his Empire and his Kingdom were gone. He found himself exiled on a desert island in a gloomy little parsonage. The name of the Disenchanted Prince was Wilhelm. The name of the island was "Wieringen," the Dutch equivalent for "sea-weed," for sea-weed, washed upon the shore in huge quantities, constitutes the chief source of supply for the livelihood of its four thousand inhabitants.

The Evil Fairy was prompted to transpose the Crown Prince to Wieringen by a wrathful old wizard who, according to some, bore the features of the Entente. According to others, he wore the red head-dress of the German Revolution. Still others say that he resembled a Dutch General who consigned the German



CROWN PRINCE WILHELM

[Sile & Kuntze]

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Crown Prince with malicious premeditation to the most forsaken spot in all Holland.

In the long years of his exile Wilhelm was frequently compelled to confront the sad-faced Fairy Reality. And as His Imperial and Royal Highness scanned the features of the elderly female, he suddenly recognized an old acquaintance. For the Prince has not inherited the romantic temperament of his father. He never saw life through rosy spectacles. Even when Germany was winning every battle, the Crown Prince suspected that she was losing the war.

In a letter to his father and to the General Staff he stated his unwelcome conclusions. He was disenchanted long before the fatal ninth day of November. And he discusses his own fate without illusions. It is a difficult thing to believe in the "divine right of kings" between the bare four walls of the little Dutch parsonage. Whatever Wilhelm's faith may have been in the past, experience has taught him that no modern monarch can rule without the goodwill and the consent of the people.

Yearningly his eyes travelled toward his native land, toward his family and his infant daughter whom he had seen only once since her birth, on the day of her baptism. "I am willing," he said, "to bear separation and exile, if by doing so I can help to redeem my country. We Germans are not afraid of suffering and privation. But I am saddened by the futility of the sacrifice. Why must I waste my days in solitude and exile, when there is so much to do, when the Fatherland needs every shoulder that can be put to the wheel?"

"Does your Imperial Highness mean," I asked, "the restoration of the monarchy?"

"The only thing that matters now," the Prince sincerely remarked, "is the restoration of Germany. The external form of government does not matter at all."

And again his eyes wandered wistfully in the direction of the horizon where, invisible to the eye, wrapt in grey mists, Germany lies enchained.

Wieringen is a difficult place to negotiate. The primitive ferry that connects it with the mainland traverses the rough

northern waters only two or three times a day. In order to lunch *with the Crown Prince my wife and I were compelled to leave Amsterdam at five o'clock in the morning, or we should have missed connection with the ferry to Wieringen.* The landscape through which we passed was flat and monotonous. Everywhere windmills, channels of irrigation, and cattle. It is a place for practical people. How practical, I learned at the great picture gallery in Amsterdam when I admired the monumental paintings of various guilds from the deathless hand of Rembrandt. I was told that each person in these pictures was compelled to pay the painter according to the place assigned to him on the canvas. Those who were in the centre paid most. Those who vanished in the distance paid little. Those vain enough to insist upon being painted with their children, their dogs, or their apes, were compelled to pay extra for their caprice. Children, dogs, and monkeys, I presume, paid half fares on these trips to immortality.

But if the Dutch are practical, they are also charitable. They adopted, for months at a time, children from the stricken regions of Belgium, Germany and Russia with exemplary compassion and unimpeachable impartiality. Waggon-load after waggon-load of half-starved babes arrived in Holland. Many times the little victims of dreadful war and of a peace ten times more dreadful were so weakened that they did not survive the voyage. Only corpses fell into the expectant arms of their Dutch foster-mothers.

Being so kindhearted, the Dutch evidently did not realize that they were banishing the Crown Prince into a wilderness, where it was almost impossible for his children to visit him. No one expected that his exile in Wieringen would be prolonged for years.

Some time after my visit the Crown Prince was permitted to return to his home, largely, it is said, through the intervention of Stresemann. At that time, in 1922, it seemed as if his banishment would be for ever. The home he occupied was placed at his disposal by the Dutch Government. He devoted his earnings as an author to the task of improving the little spot. Among other things he put in a bathroom. His Imperial and Royal Highness was hurled from his Imperial

and Royal heights not only to almost bottomless but to bath-roomless perdition.

The Crown Prince was denied many of the little comforts that every citizen regards as essential to his pursuit of happiness. In the rustic five-room cottage the Prince passed his days. His only companion in wretchedness and exile was his old faithful aide-de-camp Major L. Mueldner von Muelnheim. From time to time other former aides, including the late Baron von Huenefeld, the first man to fly across the Atlantic from Europe in an airplane, shared his exile. A former servant, with his wife, occupied one of the rooms. The wife did the cooking.

The climate of Wieringen is always cold, summer and winter. That is the reason why, in most pictures taken at Wieringen, His Imperial Highness hugs a sweater! The "Herr Kronprinz," as the villagers called him, was Weiringen's chief exhibit. He, to use our expression, put Wieringen on the map. When I arrived my mission was known to every villager. The chief of police conducted my wife and me with exquisite courtesy to the village tavern which could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be called a St. Regis. From there we went by car to the house of the Crown Prince.

The shops of Wieringen displayed the Crown Prince in every conceivable attitude. The motor bus owed its prosperity to his visitors. The village smith sold the horseshoes made by the Imperial and Royal hands of the Herr Crown Prince. A certificate authenticating its royal origin was attached with sealing wax to each horseshoe. The proceeds of the sale were divided between the blacksmith and the poor.

"In accordance with the tradition of our house," the Crown Prince explained to us, "I had to learn a trade as a child. I learned the honourable trade of woodturning. With my early training it was not difficult for me to aid the village blacksmith in his task. This was splendid exercise and helped me to keep fit. I am not," he added with a smile, "unaware of the irony of the situation, that a former saddler—a good man at that—is the head of the German Republic, while the former heir to the throne of Prussia works in a smithy."

The Prince, like his father, manages to put in a hard day's work. He has written several books. He dabbles in art. He

reads a great deal. "In fact," he remarked, "I have read more books in Wieringen than I had read in all my life. Until recently a motor-cycle was my only luxury. Now the royalties of my book have enabled me to buy a small car."

The house, too, had lost some of its bleak simplicity. My attention was attracted by a pencil sketch of the Crown Princess, made by the Prince. There are photographs of the Kaiser and of the Kaiserin. In a simple little frame the Crown Prince preserves a poem written by Rudolf Herzog, the German novelist and poet, after the death of his mother, the Kaiserin.

I discerned a piano, a gramophone and some books, French, German, English. The Crown Prince loves stories of adventure. He is exceedingly fond of an American writer, the late Oliver Curwood. "And," he said, "I dote on Jack London. I have almost all his books and have read his biography by his wife."

The furnishings of the cottage were mixed odds and ends, picked up here and there by loving hands. The same was true of the table service. Here was a glass bearing the insignia of the Crown Prince. There was a glass from some humble Dutch shop. "It is not so smart here as at Doorn," the Prince remarked apologetically. He reminded me of this a little later when we met at his father's table. Yet the meals at Doorn and at Wieringen were distinguished by the same simplicity. Both father and son, it should perhaps be said, even in the days of their glory, preferred the "simple life." The habits thus acquired served them well in exile.

The Prince's hair, like his father's, was even then grey, or, at least, grey and fair melted almost imperceptibly into each other. In spite of his grey hair, the lassitude of his posture was boyish. He did not resemble the caricature of the Junker with which German artists and British propaganda have regaled us.

Like his father, the Crown Prince abhors bloodshed. He is willing to shed his own blood for his country, but he is unwilling to spill German blood to regain the throne. His protest against the bloody siege of Verdun is a matter of record. "I deplore bloodshed even in war," he said. "I utterly condemn bloodshed in peace. I disapprove emphatically of murder as a fine art or as a political weapon."

Subsequently the Crown Prince wrote at my suggestion the story of Verdun from the German point of view.

"What," I asked, "was your own feeling in a great battle?"

"There are," the Crown Prince replied quietly, "some quaint people who assume that an army leader is something akin to a butcher. Obviously, these people do not realize that the commander is powerless to direct men—like sheep or pawns in a game of chess—where they do not want to go themselves. If the troops would not choose to advance against the enemy out of their own volition—I could not force them.

"How could that be done?"

"Of course, the leader can direct them and issue orders. But when the troops are not imbued with the will to victory, all the commands a general may give amount to nothing! In modern warfare, the single man is quickly removed from the scrutiny of his superior. It is then that the individual soldier proves his mettle. However, there are many things which a soldier can be taught only to a certain degree. But the very best that is in him was passed on to him by his progenitors and cannot be uprooted!"

"Is it possible," I asked, "to depict a battle adequately?"

"Can anyone convey this experience who has never known the stark reality of war? I am afraid the task is beyond human power. Many authors have essayed such a description. We may admire their art and the expertness with which they have collected their data. It is possible to profit from the reading of such books. But no book that I have ever seen conveys the terror and the grandeur of battle.

"Moving picture directors transfix pictures of engagements with extraordinary cunning on the screen. Composers attempt to express the various emotions of the battlefield: fear, hope, victorious exultation and mourning for the dead. But the battle itself? Never! That defies the skill of the artist! When the audience leaves the theatre, after witnessing extraordinary lighting effects, illuminating ghastly scenes of anguish and of horror, they may, for the moment, enjoy their own emotional upheaval, but have they lived through a battle? No!

"The grim reality towers gigantically, inconceivably, above the most artful conception of the poet, the musician or the

actor. No concert hall, no cinema, no book can even remotely suggest the awful figure of him who confronts us on fields of carnage, who spreads the mantle of his terror over the multitudes which he extinguishes and which he blesses. The awful majesty of death is inherent neither in the screen nor in printer's ink. This majesty is timeless. It is one with the original cause of being. It is without beginning and without end.

"When this grim apparition reveals its face on the battlefield, all the softer lines with which we attempt to bedizen Fate disappear. The sentimental is swept away. An authentic force of nature smites us with its grandeur and overwhelms us with its ineluctable realism.

"It is possible that this conclusion may cause offence. Nevertheless I believe the great adventure of the battlefield, while possibly loosening the more conventional ties of religion, brings nations nearer to God."

"Was Verdun the turning point of the War?"

"To this I answer: No!

"Verdun cost us much—very much, far more than casualty lists or inventories of used and lost war material can show.

"Verdun inflicted irreparable losses on us.

"A great enterprise, expected to bring the war to an early and victorious conclusion, came to naught in spite of utmost tenacity and unstinting employment of forces. Moreover, the Verdun Drive had resulted in impeding the inherent strength of our armed forces to a most dangerous extent. It had exhausted our rank and file beyond the possibility of repair. Each and every division that had fought through the hell of Verdun, suffered so terribly that considerable time was necessary to make it fieldworthy once more.

"However, in spite of all this, Verdun was *not* the turning point of the World War. The Allies were mistaken when they looked upon it in this light. Tracing our lines in the East and West at the beginning and the end of 1916, will prove that our fronts did not change essentially, despite Brussilow's attack, despite Verdun, and despite the Battle of the Somme. Fighting on all these fronts, we had defeated Rumania! Hindenburg's prophetic words of September 7, 1917, had come true.

“Although Verdun took much from us, it also gave to us. After all, victory is not the deciding factor of history, but that heroism of man which rather breaks than bends. For the sake of those heroes who fought at Verdun, imbued with such spirit, I have related my story. I considered it a duty towards my Fatherland and Germany’s warriors. I may have digressed occasionally in my recital, to dwell on the basic factors of war. What I had to say in that connection may meet with the approval of some of my readers, and it may not. Still others—perhaps the most conscientious—will come only much later to a definite decision in favour of, or against, certain statements I have made here.

“Of all this I shall hear nothing, or perhaps, just a fraction. Nevertheless, I am confident that there exists a world-wide communion of brave and worthy men which imbues with the spirit of fellowship even those who faced each other on the field of battle.”

“Don’t you think,” I remarked, “that Germany would have been in better shape if you and the Kaiser had remained on German soil?”

“In the light of subsequent events,” the Crown Prince replied, “you may be right. But you must remember that both friend and foe had hammered in upon the Kaiser and his Government the conviction that our Monarchy alone stood between the German people and an honourable peace. If he had marched against Berlin at the head of his troops, the enemy would have followed in his tracks. If he had led the troops against the foe, our brave army would have been stabbed in the back from behind.

“In either case,” the Crown Prince continued, “his presence in Germany would have caused precious German blood to be spilled. When the Kaiser made his decision and Hindenburg placed himself at the disposal of the New Government, there was nothing for me to do but to follow his example, for my presence in Germany at that time might have made me the unwilling nucleus of a counter-revolution. I offered to the German Government to lead my army home, as a general, divested of the purple, but this request was refused. I was formally discharged from duty by the Commander-in-Chief

Field Marshal von Hindenburg, and I formally obtained his leave to cross the border.

“ I chose exile because I did not wish to become a centre of disturbance. My sole desire is to help in repairing peacefully the ravages of the war. I have no desire to lead an anti-republican movement. Our Radicals say : ‘ The enemy stands at the right.’ Our Conservatives exclaim : ‘ The enemy stands at the left.’ Both are mistaken. There is no room for internecine strife in Germany, while a single enemy hoof stands on German soil.

“ A united Germany would never have submitted even in defeat to the most perfidious peace treaty ever penned by the hand of man. Similarly all differences of opinion as to governmental theories must recede to the background, while Germany is battling for her very existence. Only united can Germany rise from the ashes.”

Holding opinions such as these, the Crown Prince is no friend of Jew-baiting. “ Mankind,” he remarked, “ suffers too much from racial antagonisms. We cannot cure the ills of the world by appeals to race prejudice.

“ Of course,” he added, “ much depends upon mutual understanding and mutual forbearance. It is not desirable in a mixed population for one element to dominate in any sphere of activity. I understand that Harvard University has taken steps to reduce the number of Jewish students to a certain percentage. I can see no objection to such an attitude, provided it is based upon the desire to maintain the national character of an institution without special discrimination against any racial contingent.

“ I presume that the authorities at Harvard would regard it as equally objectionable if for some reason or other Americans of Italian, of German or British blood were to acquire predominance. The Jewish problem and similar problems can usually be solved by wise distribution and tact. Tact,” the Crown Prince declares, “ is better than pogroms.”

In spite of his liberality, the Crown Prince insists upon the principle of nationality. “ We cannot,” he says, “ close our eyes to national and racial differences. The Frenchman is not

an Englishman. The German is not a Frenchman. The Russian is not an American. The Jew, unless he is completely absorbed in the national life of his adopted country, retains special racial characteristics of his own. He is welcome anywhere, provided he accepts the principle of nationality, provided he becomes a good German in Germany, a good American in the United States, a good Englishman in England.

“If, however, he is prompted in his political activities by other than national interests, he becomes an undesirable alien. In such circumstances he is as undesirable as the international aristocrat whose allegiance is divided between two countries, or the international sectarian. I welcome the Catholic and I welcome the Jew as a fellow citizen, but not if he attempts to dominate politics, or if he looks for political guidance beyond the confines of his native land, to the Towers of the Temple of Jerusalem or the City of the Vatican.”

The Crown Prince is less spontaneous in his statements than his imperial father. The Kaiser knows that no one can take the past from him. The Crown Prince, in the immortal phrase of Heine, has a brilliant future behind him. But it is difficult to meet the former heir to the German throne without feeling that he also has a brilliant future before him, even if it should not be the future to which he seemed to be predestined by his birth.

Like the Kaiser, the Crown Prince has entered the ranks of authorship. There is a friendly rivalry between father and son. The Crown Prince's second book, dealing in a sprightly manner with his military experiences, appeared about the same time as the memoirs of the Kaiser. Their views are rarely identical. There is the immemorial clash between the old and the new generation, and the eternal feud between the romantic and the practical temperament. The Kaiser is a man of genius. The Crown Prince, in conscious contrast with his father, deliberately suppresses the eccentricities which we sometimes associate with genius.

After the death of the Empress Augusta Victoria, father and son, united by a common grief, were on especially friendly terms. The Crown Prince, who is a frequent visitor in Doorn,

understands better than any of his brothers the Kaiser's need for intellectual companionship, the motive which impelled him to give his wife a successor. The Crown Prince was present at the wedding.

Like the Kaiser, the Crown Prince speaks excellent English. He is deeply interested in America and American women. He is convinced America decided the war in favour of the Allies. He bears her no grudge, but he begs her to remember that she never fought against the growing manhood of Germany.

"The troops the Americans faced," he said, "were no longer the troops of 1914. They had gone through almost four years of warfare. There were among them many elderly men and half-starved striplings." The Crown Prince repeated to me a story of the American sergeant which I had already heard from the lips of the Kaiser. The brave soldier in question believed that Alsace Lorraine was a lake between Germany and France, and that America had entered the War because "those damned Dutchmen" would not permit the French to catch their allotment of fish.

Turning from lighter to more serious phases of the situation, the Crown Prince remarked: "You fought ostensibly against German 'Militarism,' with the result that we are disarmed, but that everybody else has got our 'Militarism.' They all came to learn from us before the War. They completed their lesson during the War. The net result of your campaign to make the world safe for democracy is an immense increase in Militarism. Europe is to-day more than ever an armed camp."

The Crown Prince, like his father, sees the only solution of the world's problems in close co-operation between the Germanic nations, England, Germany, and the United States. Unlike his father, he believes in the sincerity of the Haldane mission for an Anglo-German Entente which antedated the War. "It is quite possible that the English had other irons in the fire at the same time. We should have accepted their offer, while keeping our own irons hot. Co-operation with England and the United States, based, not upon servitude, but upon mutual respect and self-interest, would be a powerful factor in world reconstruction.

“In the last analysis such a solution would be even to the advantage of France, for no nation may seek unpunished the will o’ the wisp of world domination. The fumes of the Napoleonic dream are fatal.

“Frederick the Great,” the Prince continued, “co-operated with England without losing his independence. In the changed condition of affairs, no permanent understanding between England and Germany is possible that does not carry with it at least the tacit sanction of the United States. Such sanction would carry with it the guarantee that the aggregation of power thus assembled, would not be abused for purely selfish national aims.”

When the Crown Prince speaks of Frederick the Great, his eyes sparkle. He is aware of the fact that he strikingly resembles his great ancestor, especially in profile. When the film *Fredericus Rex* was produced in Wieringen for the edification of the Crown Prince, the little rustic cinema audience gasped at the resemblance between Wilhelm and his great-great-grand-uncle. “I myself,” the Prince remarked to my wife, “was deeply moved when I saw my great progenitor lead his troops into the Imperial Pleasure Garden to present arms before his father under the same window where I led my own regiment hundreds of times to salute the Kaiser.”

Will Crown Prince Wilhelm ever again lead his troops in parade? Will he ever receive the salute of troops led by his own little son? For the time being, the question is of no moment to him.

“In the past,” he remarked with a smile, “German women gladly sacrificed their household silver and the rings on their fingers to save the Fatherland. They even cut off their hair and sold the gold of their locks to fill the empty coffers of Prussia. A crown is not too much to sacrifice for one’s country! All I ask is that my sacrifice and theirs may not be in vain. All I demand is a square deal for Germany!”

RUPPRECHT: KING WITHOUT CROWN

Not only the Crown of Bavaria but the Crown of England floats somewhat vaguely over the head of Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria.

His interpretation of the German soul and his suggestion of a Bavarian Kingdom within the German Republic is reprinted here with his approval.

I

“OUR blunders are largely psychological. We Germans are mostly right in our aims, but mostly wrong in our methods. This was true during the War. It is true now. We have mastered the ‘what’; we often make a mess of the ‘how.’”

The speaker was a tall, grey-haired man, with clear blue eyes, winsome and exceedingly modest in manner. I was seated opposite His Royal Highness, Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, in his palace in Munich.

The people of Bavaria refer to Rupprecht as the “King.” His followers speak of him as “His Majesty.” The present Bavarian Government does not, of course, recognize him officially. Nevertheless, at public functions at which Rupprecht is present the heads of the government yield precedence to him.

“Germany lost the War,” Crown Prince Rupprecht continued, “largely for psychological reasons. Even before the War, our psychological attitude was often at fault. What we wanted, I repeat, was usually right, but we went about it in the wrong way.

“Our tone was at times unfortunate. We struck the right note at the wrong time too often. In a sense our faulty diplomacy is the heritage of Bismarck. Bismarck was a man of genius, but he had the limitations inherent in his great qualities.

“The giant had no successors. There was no one fit to inherit



Rupprecht

[Wissman.]

CROWN PRINCE RUPPRECHT OF BAVARIA

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his shoes. That is no reproach to him. But he left no pupils. He trained no assistants. He left no school. His stature was too overtowering. He could dominate, but he could not work with others. Genius thus has its dangers and its limitations. Bismarck's limitations are partly responsible for Germany's greatness, partly for her disaster.

"Chaos prevails at present. We are suffering from the after-effects of a disastrous war and its consequences. Our sufferings are increased by constant pressure from without and by economic catastrophe within.

"Our national wealth was depleted during the War. The revolution hungrily ate up our reserves. We were almost completely exhausted by the peace conditions, which robbed us not merely of territory and money, but which exacted vast stores of raw materials. It was hard enough to survive the War. It is a miracle that we survive the peace.

"I firmly believe that all German tribes must and will be united. I am not a prophet. I make no predictions. There was an Italian saying to the effect that a united Italy would come of itself. The same is true of a larger Germany. It will come of itself, and it will come by peaceful means. The logic of the situation is unescapable. The dream of a united Fatherland is too deeply imbedded in our hearts to be blasted even by a World War.

"The new Germany undoubtedly will include Austria. Sooner or later we shall be united with our kinsmen. At present Italy fears such a union. This fear is based on false premises.

"Italy makes the mistake of identifying Germany with the old Austria. The old Austria was never a German state. It was a federation inhabited and controlled largely by non-German elements. Its position differed materially from that of Germany. Germany has no ambition that any sane Italian statesman need fear.

"We Germans want to be German, and nothing else. Any fear of German conquest or German domination is groundless."

"In view of the profound affection existing between yourself and your people," I asked, "why did you not accept the crown which, I understand, has been offered to Your Royal Highness more than once?"

Quietly and kindly he replied :

“ Perhaps because of that very affection. The time was not ripe. The country was not ready. I could not return to the throne except upon the demand of an overwhelming majority of my people. If I am king, I will not be king of one-half or two-thirds, but of all my people. I would not assume the reins of government unless I could do so without increasing chaos and confusion in Germany. My country and my people mean more to me than the throne.”

“ Do you believe in the permanence of the German Republic ? ”

“ It is difficult to reply categorically to such a question. Every form of government requires certain social and psychological prerequisites. Many prerequisites for a republic are lacking in Germany.

“ A state must be the growth of its own soil. It must be rooted in its past and in its traditions. We Germans too often make the mistake of borrowing the institutions of others, usually with unfortunate results to ourselves.

“ In the nineteenth century we imitated the French, with the result of inviting catastrophe. The Weimar constitution (the present) is based partly on Anglo-Saxon, partly on Swiss models. Its framers forgot that we are not Anglo-Saxon, and that we are not Swiss.

“ Aside from my prejudices in favour of or against the present form of our government, it must be admitted that the Weimar constitution is not autochthonous ; it was not evolved by slow historic processes by ourselves.

“ If the monarchy should be restored, it would be constitutional ; it would be liberal, but it would not be English. It would be German. One man’s meat is another man’s poison.

“ There can hardly be any government without some form of popular representation. A purely parliamentary government, a government based solely upon majority decisions, can be successful only where the majority of the people are rooted in the soil, among men and women who own their own homesteads or till their own fields.

“ A shifting population, such as exists in most industrial regions, constitutes a danger in a parliamentary state. Parliamentary government can be efficient only where the interests of

the majority of the people is identical at all times with the interests of the state.

“The framers of our Constitution borrowed heavily from the United States Constitution, but they did not, unfortunately, provide for the constitutional safeguards which make the President and his cabinet free from the necessity of adapting his administration to every shifting parliamentary whim. The Weimar constitution provides no Upper House comparable to their Senate, nor are our courts invested with the authority of their highest tribunal.

“We imitated certain features of the Swiss system, especially the referendum or plebiscite. This peculiar growth of democracy may be workable in Switzerland; in Germany it can only work havoc.

“Certain institutions, desirable in Prussia, may not be feasible in Bavaria. A constitution must provide elasticity. There should be no absolute rigidity of form or ideas.”

“Does not this theory lead to what the Germans call particularism?” I asked. “Is not the principle, carried to its logical conclusion, likely to break up the federation of German states?”

“On the contrary, it is likely to make the federation more permanent, because it meets the requirements of every member of the federal household. The American constitution permits the greatest possible latitude of the individual states.”

Crown Prince Rupprecht was almost vehement when he thus significantly replied to my question. His eyes flashed as I asked him what might be the ultimate outcome of the present political controversy in Germany, so much resembling the ante-bellum situation in the United States in the 'sixties, when the issue of states' rights against Federal centralization provoked the greatest civil war in history.

“The German union is no less solidly established than the American union. The United States of Germany are no less firmly welded together than the United States of America. The events since the War have shown that nothing can break the unity of the German people.

“But there is no reason why there should be no diversity within the union. Such a union undoubtedly would make possible a monarchy in Bavaria and other states, within the

framework of the German Republic. The control of foreign affairs would be in the hands of the Central Government.

“Such an arrangement gives each district the largest degree of self-government possible. This is not particularism, but common sense. Under such an arrangement in Germany, the Federal Parliament in Berlin would not be embarrassed by local problems. Conflicts in individual states which do not affect the nation as such at all would not be likely to provoke Cabinet crises in the Federal government.”

Crown Prince Rupprecht deprecates the tendency to give too much power to the Central Government.

“Every man,” the Crown Prince remarked, “should be master in his own house. Every municipality, every province, every state within the German confederation should enjoy the largest degree of self-government compatible with the interests of the realm.”

I was alone with the presumptive monarch, Count Soden, his chief of cabinet, having withdrawn after my introduction to Rupprecht. This in itself was a special mark of confidence.

“What,” I asked Rupprecht, “would be the effect if Bavaria were to restore the monarchy, unless all German dynasties were simultaneously re-established? Is it really possible for a kingdom of Bavaria to exist within the German republic?”

“Why not?” Rupprecht replied. “The two are by no means irreconcilable. Three republics, the free cities of Hamburg, Bremen and Lübeck, existed within the German Empire. The principality of Monaco, to cite another less important instance, is administratively a part of the French republic.

“The Bavarians do not wish, in any circumstances, to secede from the federation, but they desire to bring the Weimar constitution into harmony with their specific needs.”

“If you grant so much independence to the individual states,” I asked, “where would you place the control of foreign affairs?”

“We believe in diversification at home, but in their attitude toward the rest of the world all Germans are one.

“The unity of all German tribes is an idea indigenous to our soil. It was fostered by our blood and our tears. It cannot be wrested away from us by others; neither shall we throw it away ourselves.

“Such arrangements based upon mutual respect for the right of populations to self-determination, are not necessarily productive of friction.

“The monarchy of Bavaria was always democratic. We never encouraged a multiplicity of social differentiations. There was not the unbridgable gulf between the various classes which existed, to a certain extent, in northern Germany.

“We always were simple folk without too many subtle distinctions.”

“Does Your Royal Highness envisage a parliamentary form of government in the Germany of the future?”

“Where industrial populations predominate, unchecked parliamentarism often leads to grave crises. The American Constitution provides a system of checks and balances as safeguards against many of the difficulties confronting European nations with parliamentary governments.”

“How will the individual German states maintain their specific rights in the Germany of the future?”

“Wherever there is a central government there is the tendency on the part of the central authorities to seize more and more power. It becomes necessary to fight for state rights, to oppose the encroachments of the central government upon the rights of the individual.

“Dwellers in an apartment house have certain services in common; they share the same roof and the same building, but each apartment is furnished according to the individual taste of each family; each family arranges its life in accordance with its specific needs and traditions.

“I believe in brotherliness, based on mutual respect; I believe in freedom, the greatest measure of freedom possible; but I do not believe in equality, except equality of opportunity. Human beings are not equal. No two leaves are counterparts of each other.

“Complete standardization of human beings and institutions is destructive of happiness; it kills the spirit of brotherly affection. Every institution, every state, every creature must live according to the laws of its being, so long as the individual requirements do not conflict with the just rights of others.

“Overcentralization is not economic; it leads to the creation

of hordes of office holders. Overcentralization is not conducive to liberty, because it subjects the people to the tender mercies of a bureaucracy, growing ever more arrogant and insistent in its demands.

“Every municipality, every province, every state within the German confederation should enjoy the largest degree of self-government compatible with the interests of the realm. Each has its own council to solve its local problems.

“The provincial council should not be burdened with the petty problems of municipalities. The state Legislatures should not be compelled to solve the local problems of individual districts or provinces. The national Parliament should not be clogged up with the details of government relating to the Federal states.

“The problems of each council or parliament should grow in importance. Details should be left to the lower bodies. Each higher body should have ample time to solve the more important problems which it is called upon to decide without being confused, hampered, hamstrung, tied up, by multiple problems and perplexities of purely local significance.”

II

The position of Rupprecht is without parallel in modern history. Hungary, though proclaiming herself a monarchy, turned a cold shoulder to her king when the venturesome Charles appeared at the gates of his capital. Bavaria, though a republic, looks upon Rupprecht as its legitimate ruler. If it had not been for the blunder of the Ludendorff-Hitler Putsch, of which Rupprecht disapproved emphatically, he would probably sit to-day on the throne of his fathers. The Wittelsbach family, of which he is the head, has ruled Bavaria for almost 800 years—since 1180.

During the war, Rupprecht, wielding the baton of a field marshal, was frank in his criticism. Two letters of his, recently read in the Reichstag, in which he urged the conclusion of peace in 1917, reveal the clarity of his judgment.

The antagonism between him and General Ludendorff is said to date back to the time when some interference of the all-

mighty quartermaster-general (Ludendorff's official title) spoiled one of Rupprecht's defensives.

Rupprecht believes that Germany won the war through her army, but lost it through her diplomacy.

"The revolution," he remarked, "again revealed our genius for ineptitude.

"Recently an American visitor, trying to console himself for prohibition in the Hofbräuhaus and drowning his grief over your Volstead act in Munich beer, remarked: 'What fools you Germans are! Here you have culture, tradition, things we lack and things for which we envy you. Then you people go ahead and deliberately throw away all the things that make life in Europe worth living.'

"This reproach was not entirely just. The German revolution was no deliberate act of judgment. The German revolution was the child of hunger psychosis, the pathological condition induced by under-nourishment. We were absolutely at the end of human endurance. The Germans were no longer themselves. They are not yet themselves.

"Germany to-day, like most states accentuating industrial development, can no longer feed itself. We could regain our former self-sufficiency if we concentrated all our energies upon intensive farming, scientific agriculture and the rest. But we are not permitted to work for ourselves. We must work for others under the Peace Treaty.

"To add to our difficulties, the continued Allied occupation constitutes a constant source of expense and irritation. Moreover, various trade restrictions devised by the fathers of the Peace Treaty are stumbling blocks in the way of industrial development.

"We therefore vainly look to industry to compensate us for our agricultural losses, especially large areas wrested from the Fatherland in defiance of specific pledges, not to mention the 'Fourteen Points.'

"Hence industry retrogresses. We are seized by economic despair. Bolshevism lurks everywhere. It is least evident in Bavaria. Our Bavarians are not revolutionists. Our deprivations, however, are intolerable.

"The middle class, the backbone of Germany, is completely impoverished. Labour is best off, comparatively speaking, but

our best cannot compare with your worst. And labour, too, is beginning to feel the backwash of economic retrogression.

"The condition of the workman is growing increasingly meagre. Our money remains at par, but its purchasing power depreciates.

"This condition explains the large vote cast in favour of the Bolshevik referendum to expropriate the property of the former reigning houses. It was not so much an attack on monarchy as it was an attack on property, inspired by despair and set in motion by Bolshevik instrumentalities.

"We Wittelsbachs are economic people, accustomed to live simply. Honourable poverty has no terrors for me, if only my country will rise again from the ashes."

"Do you mean Bavaria or do you mean Germany?" I asked.

"I mean Germany—all Germany."

"Do you believe in a greater Germany?"

"I was not in favour of the noisy methods of what sometimes has been called pan-Germanism, but I certainly believe that all German tribes must and will be united."

"Will this lead to friction with Italy?"

"No. Italy has nothing to fear from a greater Germany. There is no logical reason, historically, why Italy should distrust Germany.

"Unfortunately, she transferred her ingrained distrust of the Dual Monarchy to Germany, without warrant or justification. The Dual Monarchy at times terrorized Italy. It stood in the way of Italian freedom, it barred the union of Italy. That is no reason why Italy should bar the union and liberty of Germans. Germany, I repeat, is not Austria-Hungary.

"It is possible that Italian distrust goes back even further, to the old German Empire. That empire was German only in name. It embraced many divergent races, of which the Germans were only one. It inherited the tradition of the universal state from the Roman Empire.

"This tradition is the rock upon which the old empire, like Rome itself, foundered. It was a tradition fatal to the development of the Germans constituting part of the empire. It is a tradition that even the most extreme pan-German would not wish to revive in his most reckless moments.

“But the name of the empire, an empire at one time including most of Europe, was ‘German.’ It is called ‘German’ in history books. It appears as such in Italian school books.

“The confusion in Italian minds of modern Germany with Austria-Hungary and with the old German Empire, the empire that received its coup de grâce at the hands of Napoleon the First, may explain the attitude of Mussolini. It is based on misreading of history.”

“Will the greater Germany be a monarchy based on the British model?” I asked.

“That which is admirably adapted to British conditions is not necessarily adapted, without important modifications, to our conditions. We are not Englishmen. We are Germans.”

Rupprecht may never be king, but his opinion weighs heavily in German councils.

I could not resist the temptation to remind His Royal Highness of the other throne that is waiting for him beyond the channel. It so happened that I was the guest of Lord Alfred Douglas, the brilliant son of the notorious Marquis of Queensberry, who is the vice-president of the Royalist Club. When I mentioned to him that I expected to meet Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria he told me that the members of this Jacobite Club look upon Rupprecht as the legitimate king of England. He admitted that the activities of the club are largely confined to the harmless ceremony of placing a wreath once a year upon the grave of the last of the Stuarts.

Crown Prince Rupprecht was amused by my recital. “So they still keep it up,” he said. “It is true that I am related on my mother’s side in two different ways to the Stuarts. But I have no ambitions to claim the throne of King George.

“It is strange,” he continued, “how hard traditions die. An English officer told me of an incident that happened not so many decades ago. At a dinner in honour of the King, someone had placed finger bowls on the table. The master of ceremonies was very much perturbed by this fact. He insisted upon their removal. He feared that when the royal toast was proposed, some one might lift his glass to the King over the water !

“My dreams do not travel over the water. They remain nearer home.”

BRIAND, THE PAN-EUROPEAN

Many times Premier, many times Foreign Minister of France, Briand is to-day a champion of peace and Pan-Europe.

“WE have had a military peace conference. I refer to Versailles. We have had a political peace conference. I refer to Locarno. What is needed now,” M. Briand declared, “is a financial peace conference to put the world on its feet.”

Rosy, jocund, resembling nothing more than a plump cherub, with hair turning grey, the speaker who forcefully enunciated these sentences, M. Aristide Briand, many times Premier of France, and many times Foreign Minister, received me at the Quai D’Orsay, in his private office.

“The world is at peace in a military sense. It has found at least a temporary political equilibrium. But it is not yet at peace economically. Financially the war is going on.”

“Will there be any change in the foreign policy of France?” I inquired.

“No, that is clearly defined. Locarno is the lodestar of the new Europe. We are dedicated to the agreement made there. It means peace and economic co-operation.”

“Would it not be better, in view of Locarno, your determination to live in peace with the German people, and Germany’s membership in the League of Nations, to withdraw your troops altogether? Nothing would produce a finer effect in Germany than such a magnificent gesture on the part of France.”

“Nothing would please me better than to see every French soldier now in Germany either in civilian clothes or in a French garrison. But these things move slowly. One cannot move an army like draughtsmen on a board. It may happen; it may happen suddenly. It may happen sooner than any one anticipates, but all depends on the attitude of the Germans themselves.



ARISTIDE BRIAND

[*"Daily Mirror."*]

[*Facing p. 156*]

“There are,” continued M. Briand, “two forces in politics : propaganda and facts. Sometimes the two coincide. Sometimes they vary.

“When the Germans produced films exploiting the successes of their submarines, that was propaganda. But it was essentially true. When we produce pictures of our devastated regions, one-quarter of France laid waste, that, too, was propaganda. But it was also a fact.

“When the Germans complain of our troops in the occupied territory, that is propaganda, and their complaints do not invariably coincide with the facts. What, after all, is the difference, if the troops in the occupied territory are increased or diminished by a few thousand heads ?”

“What about the so-called horror on the Rhine, the Black Shame, the coloured troops on German territory ? What about their offences against white women ?”

“That, too, was propaganda, but it was not the truth. Wherever there is a congregation of troops there will be certain offences, but the fact is that the record of the French army, including its African constituents, is cleaner on that score than the record of the English and the American troops.

“Our troops were by no means disliked in Germany. The mayors of some villages actually begged us to stay, because, economically, the presence of our troops was an immense advantage to the region in question.

“Nevertheless, I admit that when complete harmony is restored between Germany and France the occupation will cease as a matter of course.

“Nations need both political and financial freedom. To be enslaved in either manner is intolerable to a proud people.

“But one cannot anticipate events beyond a certain point. France has been generous in her dealings with Germany, and is disposed to be even more generous as economic co-operation between the two countries increases.

“Even now our metallurgical industries, our coal, our potash interests, have found a basis of co-operation. The contacts between French and German industry foretell the new economic peace or, if you will, the New Europe.”

“It has been said,” I interposed, “that the United States of

Europe, to which you refer, is merely another name for an alliance of debtors against the United States."

"Pan-Europe, if the plan is achieved, will not be a combination *against* any one. The time has passed for combination of nations *against* other nations. Modern alliances are *in favour* of co-operation along certain lines beneficial to all. They are not combinations *against* any one."

"Would you not be much further on your way to the United States of Europe if M. Poincaré had not chosen to make his raid on the Ruhr?"

"Who can tell? In a sense, the Ruhr invasion was the best thing that could have happened. It taught us that we could obtain no lasting benefit by force. It taught Germany that her attempt to continue the war on economic lines was national suicide."

"Would you say that the great World War was justified by its results?"

"It is too soon to tell. I did not make the war. I did not make the peace. I signed it, but the terms were not mine. If a new spirit of world co-operation is born out of all the blood and turmoil, our sacrifices were not altogether in vain."

"Would it not have been possible to achieve this spirit without setting the world on fire?" I asked. "The Kaiser told me that before the outbreak of the War he proposed to Colonel House in the presence of the ambassador, Mr. Gerard, co-operation between Germany, England and France and the United States to assure the peace of the world."

"France would have been ready for such an alliance. I think some such scheme was proposed in 1910, but it was lost sight of owing to changes in our government. Evidently it was not urgently pressed. When I was at Washington I attempted to bring about an understanding between the nations of the Pacific along similar lines, these nations being England, France, Japan and the United States."

"Are your interests in the Pacific so great?"

"We have thirty million souls who live in the Pacific under the Tricolor."

"Are you satisfied with the success of your Washington mission?"

"I am. The scheme works. It is an example for similar regional understandings between the great nations in every part of the globe."

"How many years will it take, even with such understandings, to repair the ravages of the monstrous conflict? It is claimed that three American ambassadors urged France to keep up the fight in 1917. Would it not have been better for all concerned, victor and vanquished alike, if a reasonable peace had been concluded at that time?"

"Undoubtedly. I was not a pacifist during the war, because I felt that France was fighting for certain inalienable rights, including Alsace-Lorraine. But there was not a moment when I would not have made peace after we were assured of regaining the lost provinces, our allies consenting."

"Were there no peace feelers from Germany in that period?"

"Yes. In the summer of 1917, one year after I was Premier, two months before Clemenceau succeeded Ribot, I received certain intimations from Belgian sources that an unofficial ambassador of the Kaiser desired to initiate negotiations with us. I immediately communicated with Ribot, and asked permission to conduct such unofficial negotiations. This permission was denied. So I was compelled to drop the matter. The name of the German intermediary was Baron von Lancken."

Briand was interested with my meetings with the Kaiser, whom he regards as "a remarkable personality," although circumstances were such that they never met.

"What is your attitude toward the union between Austria and Germany?" I questioned.

"We have no desire to erase Austria from the map. Now that, with the aid of the League of Nations and the United States, Austrian finances have been successfully salvaged, now that it appears that Austria can live as an independent unit, the wish for a union in Austria has ceased to be clamorous. The Germans themselves do not desire such a union with unanimity."

"When I recently met Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, he expressed the opinion that it was possible for a Bavarian kingdom to exist within the German republic, with some modifications of the Weimar constitution. What is the attitude of France towards such an eventuality?"

"I do not consider the idea feasible," M. Briand replied. "It would certainly cause discord in Germany and impair the political and economic stability of the German republic. This is not an emergency to be contemplated by France without grave apprehension."

"What is your attitude towards a Danube federation? Many of the little states born of Versailles cannot, as Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, and others have pointed out, exist, under the complex conditions prevailing in the world, unless the border restrictions to commerce are definitely removed."

"France is not in favour of such a federation, because it bristles with difficulties, large and small. There are too many divergent interests that must be considered, too many prejudices that must be mollified, too many petty jealousies to make it possible for such an arrangement to work without friction within the next fifty years.

"No, the solution of all European problems—the problem of Austria, the problem of the Danube states, the problem of Germany and France, and of the allies of France, defy complete solution until economically, at least, Pan-Europe is born.

"Pan-Europe, co-operating with the League of Nations, and with the United States of America, holds the key to the security of European peace and the prosperity of the world."

M. Briand did not make the impression of a tired man or a sick man. I expressed my gratification to find him so well, rumours to the contrary notwithstanding.

He laughed.

"My enemies are ingenious in their inventions. At first they said that I was lazy. I did not mind. That gave me more time for study and contemplation. Then they said I was dying. That did not alarm me. Besides, I have died so many times—politically. Eleven times I arose from the dead. I refuse to stay dead. I fear my foes must resort to some new invention.

"Now," Briand concluded, "my political enemies say I am sick. Let them say so. It gives me time to rest."

THE WORLD-MINDEDNESS OF WILHELM MARX

Wilhelm Marx, rival candidate of Hindenburg for the Presidency, and one time Chancellor of the German Republic, evinces to a remarkable degree world-mindedness, a quality new in statesmen and politicians.

“HE who would be German Chancellor must leave behind all hope of popularity,” Wilhelm Marx, Chancellor of the German Republic, said to me, smiling benignantly through his thick glasses. But there was a steely glitter in his kindly grey eyes. Shortly afterwards he lost the Chancellorship. But he is still one of the most powerful forces in German politics. Any day may catapult him back into office.

Marx welcomed me in the library where Prince von Bismarck once received his guests.

“When, two and a half years ago, I first became Chancellor,” he added, “my supreme task was to save my country from the perilous shoals of inflation and economic disaster, at whatever cost to myself.”

Marx is grey. He wears his hair trimmed closely.

“You can’t make a portrait of me,” he laughed, “unless you make it a moving picture. We sons of the Rhineland are too volatile for the ordinary camera : we can only be filmed.”

His face for the moment lost every trace of austerity.

“What did President Hindenburg say to you,” I asked, “when you accepted the Chancellorship after being his rival for the Presidency ?”

“He was surprised to meet me so soon, and in this place, but we manage to pull together. We Germans are beginning to learn that the secret of success in politics and economics is team work.

“The story of Germany since the war is a tale of steady economic progress in the face of unbelievable obstacles.

“We realize that in the present phase of human history the destiny of nations is determined primarily by economic factors. We shall continue peacefully to climb the steep road of sound economics. It is the only way. Our climb may be slow, it may be painful, but it is upward.

“The world grows smaller every day. Whatever happens in one country affects every other. Continents draw ever closer together. Aviation is bridging the distances between nations.

“Just as an earthquake in one country is registered anywhere, so any catastrophe, economic or political, to a nation, vibrates through the entire world.

“Every nation suffers from war ; victor and vanquished alike must pay the cost in one form or another. The victor may gain, temporarily, economic or political advantages, but the fact remains : You cannot destroy the fruit of toil anywhere without impoverishing the entire world.

“You cannot, in other words, destroy wealth or undermine the foundations of property, anywhere, without causing everywhere economic havoc in one form or another.

“The success of deflation in Germany,” Chancellor Marx continued, “was an economic miracle. We stopped the wheels of the car one inch from the abyss. But the operation required courage, sternness and self-denial.”

“Do you think other countries suffering from sick currencies will be able to save themselves by following your example without resorting to a dictator ?”

“It is just as difficult for nations as it is for individuals to profit from the experiences of another. We did accomplish our purpose without a dictator.

“It was a hard task, and we have not yet completely recovered from the after effect. We were compelled to be brutal. It was the brutality of the surgeon who cuts morbid growth, cuts to the quick, to save the life of the patient.

“I, above all, was compelled to be merciless. People were surprised to see the good-natured Marx wield the knife with inexorable determination.

“All this time I had the complete and whole-hearted support of my predecessor in office, Luther, who served in my Cabinet and aided my efforts without stint or limit.

“Others quailed, or urged to compromise in the face of dreadful suffering. Luther, like myself, remained adamant, because we realized the inferno that would have swallowed up our economic existence, if we had hesitated or retraced our steps.

“The German people underwent untold sufferings during the War. But our sufferings and sacrifices during the War were more than matched by sacrifices and sufferings in the period preceding our economic recovery.

“Do not imagine that my heart is made of stone, that I didn't suffer with my compatriots. I was a member of the Prussian Diet for nineteen years. I have been a member of the Reichstag for more than eleven years. My work as a judge and my activities at the head of the People's Catholic Union have made me a witness or a participant in many a crisis.

“But I hope never to go again through the agony I suffered when, in 1923, after the first convulsion of the post-deflation period, I faced in the Reichstag a delegation of the Emergency Association of Intellectual Workers.

“I attended the meeting with trepidation. I faced professional men, poets, physicians, academicians, actors, some wan with hunger, all marked by care, who demanded some assistance from the Government, some relief in the form of an increased exchange value for their paper investments, for which they had received only a fraction of their original cost in real money.

“Among their spokesmen were great authors, such as Ludwig Fulda, men of world reputation. I listened to the first speech. I knew, if each would speak in turn, it would be impossible for me to present the merciless logic of situation without being hissed from the platform.

“I also knew that one backward step would open the flood-gates of inflation and destroy the flow of foreign capital to Germany, without which our mills would cease to grind, our wheels cease to turn.

“So I asked for the floor at once, and frankly, brutally said :

““You expect from me promises of relief and pledges of support. As an honest man I can make no such pledge. I know it is hard to ask, but, nevertheless, there is no remedy. You

must suffer, suffer terribly five or six months longer. If you will, salvation is certain. If you don't, if you insist upon doles in one form or another, we shall suffer a second collapse, infinitely worse than the first.

“ ‘ If you will carry on a little longer, gritting your teeth and drawing your belt tighter still, the Fatherland will be saved.’

“ I carried the day, but it was the hardest day of my life.

“ One after the other they rose, artists and authors, teachers and physicians, and pledged their support to the Government. They carried on. Germany carried on.

“ The great majority of our people have not yet reached living conditions that would be considered tolerable anywhere else, but at least we can see the dawn of a new economic day.

“ Internally we are still immersed in the last phase of the crisis. Old passions are still aflame, old distrusts still linger. Germany is suffering from evil inheritances of the past, from the malady of the War and the economic disease that walked in its train.

“ Unless there is an unexpected relapse we may say that we are now on the road to health, although the economic thermometer still registers fever. It is the fever preceding recovery.

“ Our people have learned that they are making sacrifices not for an abstraction, the State, but for themselves.

“ Once upon a time a monarch could say : ‘ I am the State.’ To-day the people themselves are the State. They realize their oneness with the commonwealth. If they suffer for the whole, they suffer for their own sakes. If they build for the State, they build for themselves.

“ The State and the people are one.”

“ Can you cure Germany's ills without violence ? ” I asked.

“ Germany's ills, which are many,” Marx replied, “ can be cured without violence by mutual goodwill.

“ Germany cannot achieve complete restoration to healthy conditions unless, and until, all Europe is stabilized. Similarly, Europe cannot be herself again until Germany's ailments, political and economical, are eradicated by common sense and mutual consideration.

“ We must learn that we are all cells of the same body, limbs

of the same tree. We must all be good Europeans ; or, rather, we must be good Terrestrials—good citizens of the globe.

“ I do not advocate the surrender of healthful and legitimate national aims. But we must learn that the well-being of all nations is interlocked.

“ We must be cosmopolitans who think not merely in terms of continent, but in terms of the earth at large without sacrificing our national integrity and our national ideal. We must learn to be world-minded.

“ One sometimes speaks of the family of nations. Just as the members of a family must be considerate of each other, without asking extraordinary sacrifices or imposing needless burdens, so nations must learn to consider each other’s needs with calmness and consideration while still retaining their self-respect and their independence.

“ The clash of wills, the clash of logic must take precedence over the clash of arms. Persuasion rather than brute force must guide our thoughts and our action. I feel that a general reduction of armaments in accordance with the stipulations of the peace treaty would serve the ends of justice and peace.

“ It is a peculiar fact, not generally known, that our economic difficulties are due in part to the fact that we no longer have an army. We were accustomed to withdraw from production annually 800,000 men, who constituted our standing army.

“ We were economically adjusted to this condition. Large industries served our standing army. Our soldiers had to be housed and clothed and fed. This required the services of many thousand men. Our present army in conformance with the peace treaty numbers 100,000 men. The remaining 700,000 men and all those who catered to their needs must be reabsorbed by industry.”

“ What,” I asked, “ will you do with your surplus population unless you receive colonial mandates ? ”

“ Colonial mandates are desirable for us, but they must be colonies worth having. A colony that does not pay is a poor investment. It is a liability, not an asset. It is a luxury we cannot afford in our present penurious condition. I trust that this fact will be realized when the problem arises, as it will, sooner or later.”

I asked: "Are you not afraid that the population now emigrating to other countries constitutes a complete loss to the Fatherland?"

"No. The four quarters of the globe are drawing ever closer together. Formerly many of our emigrants were completely lost to us. But to-day the ocean no longer divides us culturally.

"Our sons in distant lands, while obeying the laws of their new countries, while faithfully fulfilling the duties imposed upon them by their new citizenship, are not lost to German culture. They no longer suffer complete intellectual separation from the homeland.

"The splendid assistance rendered to the Fatherland by our kin in foreign lands in the process of reconstruction, the deeds of love and the words of love from all lands, especially America, have taught us the truth of the English saying that blood is thicker than water.

"We have even stronger ideal and cultural responsibilities toward the so-called German minorities alienated from us by the Peace Treaty, and toward those who are temporarily lost to us through the occupation of our territory.

"The occupation of German territory only intensifies the patriotic devotion of the population affected and our love for them."

"Has Locarno brought no improvement in the position of the occupied territory?" I asked.

"The Locarno agreement is nothing except a pact based on mutual confidence, guaranteeing the safety of France and rendering, in the last analysis, unnecessary any further occupation of German territory.

"People in France frequently complain that a pacific attitude is not so strong and so general in Germany as may seem desirable.

"The very treatment meted out to the occupied territory, the failure of the Allies to reduce the numerical strength and the severity of the occupation, a consummation devoutly hoped for and confidently expected after Locarno, prevent the German Government from fully impressing upon the country as effectively as possible its own policy of reconciliation and mutual understanding.

"If France were to relieve the occupied territory with a

magnificent gesture of generosity, she would provide us with a most powerful impulse to intensify the will-to-peace in Germany and the good will of the German people."

"What of the Polish corridor?" I asked.

"The corridor is an awkward barrier culturally and industrially. It impedes the natural flow of traffic, it separates families from each other. It interferes with the healthy and normal development of East Prussia and constitutes a constant menace to that province.

"The Polish corridor is contrary not only to geography, it is also contrary to nature.

"Nevertheless, I am sufficiently optimistic to believe that, with the aid of time and common sense, this problem, too, is susceptible of a peaceful solution. When it has been found it will be easier for all of us to be good neighbours and good Europeans."

Another question: "What is your attitude towards the problem of the union between German-Austria and Germany?"

"I believe in the union between the Fatherland and our Austrian kinsmen. This union is inevitable. It is part of the logic of history. The process can be delayed by considerations of politics; it may be paralysed by injudicious handling for a time; but there is no power in the world that can, in the end, deny self-determination to our brethren in Austria.

"Culturally, we were always one. Economically we are drawing closer and closer. We have similar laws. Austria closely adheres to the legislation of the German Republic.

"Intellectually, emotionally, culturally and economically Austria is a part of Germany to-day. Political adhesion will come inevitably, but it cannot be achieved by force. Here, too, logic, common sense, mutual good will and world-mindedness point the way to a peaceful solution."

SCHACHT, THE SIEGFRIED OF GERMAN FINANCE

Schacht, walking in the footsteps of Helfferich, saved Germany's financial structure and restored the mark. Economically Schacht is a Pan-European.

I

“YOU can't kill a German,” remarked Hjalmar Schacht, head of the Reichsbank, the man who made the Dawes plan workable, as he faced me at his desk, where years ago when the mark began its death dance I had met his predecessor, Havenstein. “But,” the financial saviour of Germany added, smiling grimly, “we are pretty sick.”

The late Dr. Helfferich invented the “rentenmark,” so to speak, and created an oasis of stable money in a Sahara of paper. But the “rentenmark” was at best a temporary expedient. The credit for placing on a gold basis German currency, which received its death blow when Poincaré hurled his armies into the Ruhr, belongs to Schacht.

Havenstein and his bank were to a large extent subject to the jurisdiction of the Government. Schacht is independent of Government interference. He holds the responsibility for maintaining the gold standard. He, more than any one else, deserves to be called the financial dictator of Germany.

Schacht at his desk reminds one of a captain on the bridge. His desk, or his deck, is always clear for action. Blond, virile, Germanic, he is a Siegfried of finance.

“Our unemployment,” he remarked, “is appalling. Industries stagnate. Enterprise is paralysed. We are not down and out, but we are down. We are down,” he repeated, thumping the table, “but we won't stay down. They have left us very little, except the will not to go under.

“Like the English, we always manage to muddle through.



Hjalmar Schacht

DR. HJALMAR SCHACHT

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Germany recovered after the Thirty Years' War. She arose once more, bloody but unbowed, after the Napoleonic disaster. She will resume her place among the nations again in spite of the wounds inflicted upon her by the World War and the economic idiocy perpetuated in the preposterous peace taking its name from Versailles.

"J. P. Morgan," President Schacht continued, "was right. Credit is a matter of character. We could not repair our fortunes *materially* until we had paved the way *psychologically*."

"Only individuals or nations possessing patience and fortitude are entitled to credit. It is this quality which others, even our erstwhile foes, appreciate in us, that gives the world confidence in our recovery."

"All nations are willing to lend money to the Dutch, the Swiss, the Swedes and the Germans because they possess this quality in an exceptional degree. It is a racial characteristic."

"Our actions must be along economic lines. Europe to-day thinks in terms of economics. Political developments follow economic necessities."

"The War, aside from individual intrigues and individual follies, was due, in the last analysis, to the overpopulation of Europe and to the economic restrictions imposed by nationalistic ambitions."

"The situation to-day is worse than it was before the War. There is a multiplicity of small states and small minds, and of oppressive barriers to the natural flow of trade and populations."

"Europe must find a peaceful way out of these difficulties, if it is to survive at all."

"Merely to point out the obstacles placed in our way is to point out the solution."

"The recovery of Europe, in fact, the recovery of the world from the economic plagues following the World War is inextricably bound up with the restoration of Germany."

"Don't imagine Germany prosperous, even if conditions are not what they were a few years after the war. We are not prosperous. We are poor, desperately poor. They have seized our colonies. They have snatched away our markets. They have surrounded us with a spite fence of little states, each building a spite fence of tariffs against our industries and our trade."

“ Each little state, unable to think economically in terms of modern conditions, desires complete industrial independence. Such independence is not feasible for small units, the tatters of what was once an economic whole.

“ There is no reason why a state should foster an industry for which it has no markets, for which it is not equipped. Instead, it should devote itself to developing its natural resources.

“ One of our neighbours is attempting to create a vast electric industry. That state is overreaching itself. Why does it not rather export its mineral wealth or its oil ?

“ Another neighbour insists upon forcing into life by artificial means an automobile industry to make itself independent of the rest of the world.

“ There are a dozen possible industries, a dozen exports that could be developed.

“ This state cannot produce motor cars economically, it cannot successfully compete with America or with us. Nevertheless, it is directing its energies and its wealth into channels that must remain unproductive of anything save more economic confusion.

“ We could buy from them, they could buy from us. Instead, they produce something with which the market is glutted and vainly attempt to make the child self-supporting by unsound subsidies and uneconomic tariff restrictions.

“ America is making a mistake by lending money for the support of such industries anywhere. The American investor must look before jumping in Central Europe. The logic of supply and demand, economic wisdom, should govern all investments.

“ The investor, and the banker advising him, should have constantly before his mind an economic map of Europe. He cannot afford to think in small economic or political units. He must consider Central Europe as one.

“ The seizure of our markets and the artificial overproduction among our neighbours is the reason for considerable unemployment in Germany to-day. We can employ neither our men nor our money. We are compelled to buy raw material with foreign currencies. Our limited exports deprive us of foreign money in exchange for our products.”

"Does not this fact constitute a danger to the mark?" I ventured.

"Our currency is sound," Schacht insisted, "but we cannot employ it sufficiently. I shall never permit the mark to depreciate. It will never fall again, not while I stand at the helm."

"How," I asked, "can you prevent a new inflation?"

"By never issuing more marks than I can cover. This may keep our circulation unreasonably small. I cannot support a large volume of trade with a small circulation. Nor is this all. Payments in cash for reparations fade in the mist, unless the unhealthy condition in Central Europe is remedied.

"There is an overwhelming democratic tendency throughout Germany in order to co-operate with our neighbours on the lines of peace and progress. We are not militarists; we are economists. What we want is peace through general welfare. But we cannot put our house in order unless our neighbours put their houses in order, too.

"Europe, in other words, cannot put its house in order—it cannot effectively grapple with Bolshevism and the unemployment from which Bolshevism takes root—without co-operation."

"Do you expect such co-operation from Germany's membership in the League of Nations?"

A wan smile crept over Dr. Schacht's features and disappeared behind his moustache.

"The League of Nations, as organized originally, was merely a union of the victors to secure their spoils. If it is changed materially, it will be something entirely different, and may exert great moral influence. If it is not changed, it will still remain a debating society.

"Debating societies are useful institutions. The League provides a dignified forum, where problems and opinions can be aired.

"But the League of Nations is not of the slightest value, in any vital sense, unless mankind learns to think and act in terms of the common welfare—until all nations, great and small, realize that the world will be ruled hereafter neither by cannon nor cant, but by material and intellectual leadership, sure of its goal and unflinching in its determination."

II

“The world, especially Europe, is hungry for raw materials and foodstuffs. Give us those and the road to economic salvation is clear.”

This, in the opinion of Hjalmar Schacht, head of the Reichsbank and financial dictator of Germany, whose shoulders uphold the mark, is the consummation devoutly to be wished for by every investor, large or small, in the civilized world.

“If we can divert our industrial machine into the production and conversion of foodstuffs and raw materials, we can achieve prosperity and pay our obligations without upsetting the world’s economic system.

“But there are several corollaries without which my proposition cannot be effective.

1—The removal of all artificial economic barriers in Europe.

2—The stabilization of all European currencies.

3—The redistribution of colonies.

“The task is immense, but it can be accomplished. The good ship Europe, I repeat, can float again only on an ocean of raw material.

“After the mark was stabilized, many German manufacturers believed the golden age had come back. With the new foreign credits we bought raw materials. We filled our coffers, but the expected trade revival failed to manifest itself. Our exports remained small.

“In time we found our raw materials exhausted, without being able to replenish our stores. We are using up our reserve of raw materials. Our store is smaller to-day than it was in 1925. This is not due to lack of money. It is due to lack of business. We cannot employ our money profitably in our circumscribed sphere of action.

“We need capital, or shall need capital, when our industries begin to pick up; but what we need more is freedom from trade restraint. All unscientific custom barriers must fall in Europe. A Balkanized Europe may be able to survive politically for a while, but a Balkanized Europe cannot survive economically.

“At present economic barriers debar us not only from other

political units, but from our own territory. I will not refer now to the continued occupation of German territory, in spite of the so-called 'spirit of Locarno,' which in some respects is growing more onerous day by day. The economic waste involved in this occupation is obvious.

"I do, however, refer to such economic monstrosities as the Polish corridor, which divides East Prussia from the rest of Germany and stems the current of our eastward trade.

"Americans, looking at things from a distance, don't quite realize what the Polish corridor means, both psychologically and economically.

"What would it mean, both economically and sentimentally, if Buffalo and Niagara Falls were suddenly annexed to Canada?

"Or, how would national life be affected, both emotionally and materially, if a Mexican corridor were to separate Texas or California from the rest of the United States?

"To any patriotic American, to any sane economist, such a thing would be unendurable. The Polish corridor is equally unendurable to us.

"Incidentally, the Polish corridor gives no economic advantage to Poland. She loses any possible advantage by the necessity of taking into her calculations the likelihood of constant disturbances, constant frictions and constant delays. The Polish corridor merely adds to her overhead.

"Unemployment in both Germany and Poland, the instability of political and industrial conditions in the entire East are due, in no small part, to the corridor.

"However, even the removal of the corridor alone would not in itself improve conditions materially. To make European trade possible and profitable, it will be necessary to stabilize all European currencies.

"Some thoughtless German may have taken comfort in the recent decline of the franc, the zloty and lira. He may have remembered the taunts aimed at us, when the mark was dying. We were told that we wilfully depreciated our own money in order to rid ourselves of our internal indebtedness.

"We were accused of diabolic ingenuity in turning the savings of our own people into waste paper!

“ When other countries, victors in the war, countries subjected to no deprivations of territory, chained by no cruel and senseless restrictions, countries with fortunes swollen by looted soil and looted wealth, suffered similar depreciations, it was evident that the causes of such phenomena are due to no malice, but to the violation of economic laws, violations inherent in the unscientific and uneconomic peace treaty of Versailles.

“ The countries with depreciated currencies can ameliorate their conditions by rigid economies and ruthless taxation. But all such means offer no radical cure. They can create a currency held at par artificially, but they cannot restore economic health.

“ Our own experience emphasizes this lesson. In spite of a stable money we cannot prosper while we are surrounded by countries with sick currencies. Inflation means an artificial stimulus to industries.

“ Sales are no indication of prosperity. Sales, without profit, or sales at a loss, are a waste of national substance.

“ Sick currencies lead to dumping. They create the illusion of prosperity until the inevitable ‘ katzenjammer ’ ensues.

“ At present some of our neighbours are dumping, dumping in all markets, with loss to the dumper, and with loss, in the long run, to all others. You cannot give away goods at a fraction of their value without impairing labour and capital everywhere.

“ It would be to our advantage, if we were strong enough financially, to finance our neighbours, in order to stabilize their money. While money goes constantly up and down, all Europe is shaken.”

“ Where would you employ your capital and your workers ? ”
I asked.

“ In the production and conversion of raw materials and in colonization. It is not necessary to raise our flag above new colonies, provided we can employ our currency there. At present we must buy all our raw materials in other currencies. Problems of exchange complicate all transactions.

“ Colonies may be ‘ mandated ’ to us, or they may be under international control. But without colonies to absorb our surplus population, and to provide us with raw materials, we are paralysed.

"I am not advocating conquest. I speak in terms of economics, not in terms of imperialism. We don't want to lord it over others, but we want to work economically along national lines."

"But," I said, "if you do not control your colonies, how will you protect your colonists and their investments?"

"By creating large 'chartered companies,' owned by private capital, in which Germans as well as the nationals of other nations are free to invest. These colonies, no matter under what flag they may be established, must have a large degree of self-government. The colonists must co-operate with the natives. Domination by force of huge native populations is a chapter in human history that is happily reaching its end.

"Colonies will give Germany an outlet for its surplus population. Among our two million unemployed," he said, "there are several hundred thousand agricultural workers driven from their own soil by the Poles and the French. They are the type of men needed in colonies.

"In that respect we are better off than the English. England, too, has an immense army of unemployed, who will continue to be unemployed, until all Europe is again on its feet, but the British unemployed are mostly industrial workers, who are less adapted than our farmers to cultivate colonial soil."

"Were you not," I asked, "to a certain extent the beneficiaries of the British misfortune? Was not the coal strike, for instance, a godsend to you?"

"No nation's calamity," President Schacht earnestly replied, "is another's good fortune. In the long run no nation can build up its fortunes upon the misfortunes of others.

"The secret of business success for nations as well as for individuals does not consist in taking money away from others, but in constructive work, in creating new values. This principle, I know, appeals to Americans no less than to us. It is the key to their economic success.

"But no such constructive labour on a large scale is possible in Europe until the three conditions I have named, the removal of irrational trade barriers, the stabilization of all currencies and the redistribution of the sources of raw materials, are in process of fulfilment."

THE FAITH OF RAMSAY MACDONALD

Standing midway between Bolshevism and Conservatism, Ramsay MacDonald invests the sobriety of the British Labour Party with his own mystic faith.

“ONLY that nation achieves greatness that is trusted and valued by others for its thoughts and ideals. Nations must be able to sit side by side in perfect equality and in perfect friendship.

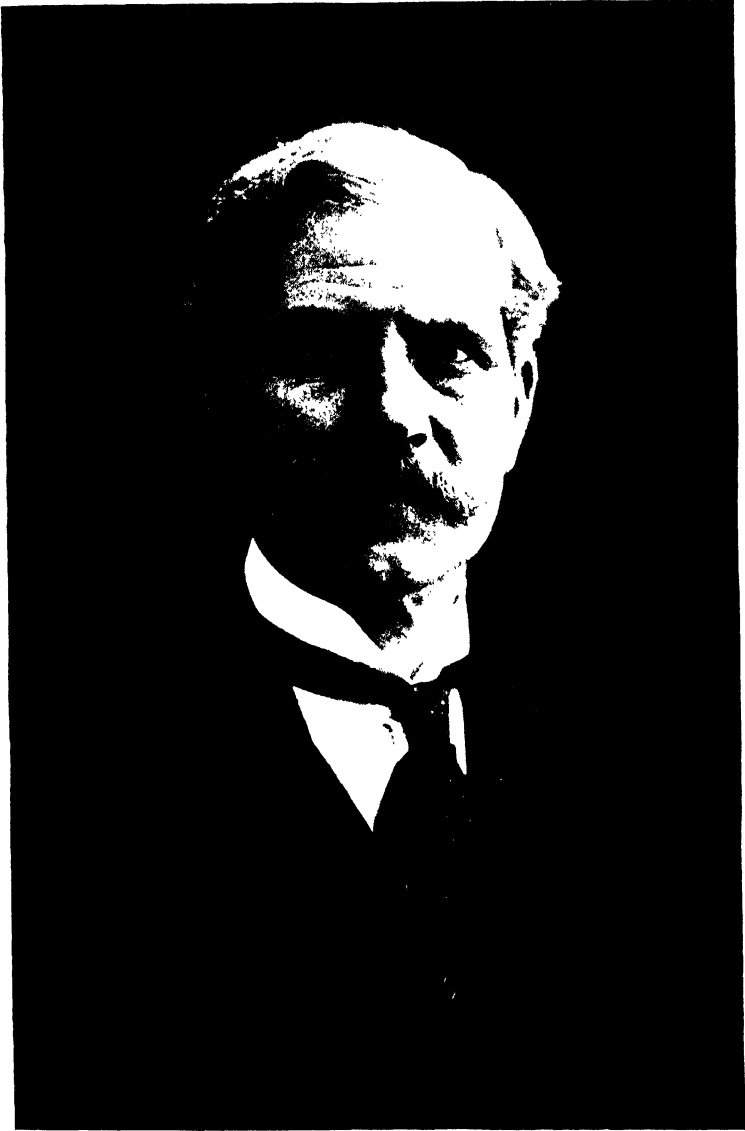
“In that relationship, we see the climax of nationality. It is the only method by which internationalism can blossom into fruit.”

The conversation here recorded took place before Mr. MacDonald assumed the Premiership. The speaker, Ramsay MacDonald, Chairman of the Labour Party, then Leader of the Opposition in the House of Parliament, and now for the second time Premier, shook his shaggy locks.

We were seated in a modest hotel within a stone's throw of Buckingham Palace gate. Mr. MacDonald was making clear to me that the assumption of governmental responsibilities by the Labour Party would not mean a Bolshevik England.

“The Labour Party,” he insisted with the quiet determination characteristic of his Scotch ancestry, “stands for nationality with internationality. International events can bring us into power only so far as they affect national issues. We do not believe in a nationalism or an internationalism that attempts to dominate the destinies of others.”

Neither of the two Socialist bodies co-operating in the Labour Party—the Independent Labour Party and the Fabian Society—accepts Marxism. “Our party,” Mr. MacDonald remarked, “is founded on a system of social ethics that is religious in inspiration.



RAMSAY MACDONALD

[Elliott & Fry.]

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“We decline to associate ourselves with class war, economic determinism, and the revolutionary conclusions of Moscow.

“The British Labour Party is regarded at home and abroad as the chief exponent of Socialist opposition to the Third International.

“The terrorism of the Right and of the Left is equally objectionable to us. Bolshevism, revolution, dictatorship, these things are more akin to extreme Toryism or to the Fascist movement, than to Labour.

“The British Labour Party is an historical development, autochthonous in England. We have no faith in violent upheavals. We prefer the road of evolution, steady, but gradual changes, until all is changed. Our ultimate object, the nationalization and co-operative control of massed industries, no longer terrifies the Philistines.

“Socialism has ceased to be a bogey. The word Socialism, in England at least, carries no opprobrium.

“With all deference, it cannot be denied that our Labour movement is better organized and more completely a growth of our soil than Socialism in the United States.

“I have been frequently in America,” Mr. MacDonald went on to say. “I greatly admire the States. But I must admit,” and a smile crept across his face, “that the United States has not been conspicuous as a protagonist of civic freedom in the period following her announced determination to make the world safe for democracy.

“We, too, were intolerant when the war fever smote us, but we did not go to such lengths as the advocates of a Hundred Per Cent. Americanism. We kicked our pacifists out of our golf clubs. We did not kick them out of Parliament.”

Mr. MacDonald was referring to the case of the late Victor Berger, unseated by Congress, and to the Socialist members ousted from State legislatures, especially New York in the Reign of Terror established by war and post-war propaganda in the United States.

Like most Englishmen in public life, the leader of the Labour Party is convinced that the problems of the world can be solved only by “complete co-operation” between the British Empire and the United States.

The League of Nations, he admits, is imperfect. "It will never be perfect until America joins as a full or associate member."

"But Mr. MacDonald," I interjected, "she burnt her fingers once, and does not wish to burn them a second time. The American people feel that Europe must settle its own problems. They don't want either to interfere with you or to be drawn into your political strifes themselves."

"That," the eloquent Scotchman conceded, "is sound doctrine, if it means that they are determined to keep out of Europe's wars. It should not imply a refusal to co-operate in large constructive world movements. Such an attitude would be distinctly parochial.

"We know to-day that the economic health of one country affects every other. The events following the invasion of the Ruhr by the French exemplified the inexorable workings of economic law. France attempted to murder Germany economically, and committed acts of economic murder against other states.

"I understand America's objections to the League of Nations, as it is constituted to-day. I do not urge her to come in without safeguard. Let her make her own conditions, insist upon making her moral weight felt before consenting to join.

"I would not give additional power to the League until it was in very truth a League of all Nations. A League of Peoples backed to the limit by the moral influence of the United States, a league that was not the tool of European imperialism, could compel a settlement of many questions plaguing the world, where the present league of diplomatists, calling themselves the League of Nations, is impotent.

"There is, however,"—and there came into his smile something that was not so amiable, something that revealed the fighting qualities of the man under the gentle exterior, "one thing that you cannot do. You cannot have your cake and eat it, too. You cannot interfere constantly in world affairs as an interested party, unless you are prepared to assume the responsibilities resulting from your interference.

"Europe, I trust, will have enough self-respect not to permit this, and I am sure the American people would not wish such

a state of affairs if they clearly visualized the paradoxical situation created by their contradictory actions.

"My own country," Mr. MacDonald went on to say, "can by no means boast of perfection. England is no Archangel Gabriel come down to benefit poor fallen humanity from the goodness of her heart.

"However, an increasing number of our people desire to see England seated around the same table with others, trying to ponder, not the ephemeral problems of pride and pompousness and self-advantage, but the problems that have plagued mankind from the beginning, the problems of justice, liberty and fair play.

"With problems such as these, force cannot grapple. They can be solved only by the great moral sentiments which alone bind nations together.

"Governments foolishly get themselves into positions where questions of prestige and a mistaken sense of their own dignity make it difficult for them to find a way out.

"The great function of the Labour Party is to find the way out of such difficulties, to create new bases for negotiations. We are equally opposed to all imperialism, under whatever flag it shows its helmeted head."

"But how is it possible to meet militarism except by resorting to arms?"

"The Passive Resistance of German Labour at the time of the Ruhr invasion shows that it is possible to meet force with moral and spiritual weapons. It was one of the most magnificent things in the history of the human race."

"Unfortunately," I rejoined, "sentiments, however fine, cannot stop tanks and machine guns."

"Militarism," replied MacDonald, "has nothing but tanks and machine guns. Militarism can only win when it is pitted against militarism. It cannot cope with the heroic determination of a great people to place its faith in right.

"Moral power is the greatest force in the universe. If Germany were not handicapped by the lingering remnants of the old prejudice against her, created at least in part by her own transgressions, the moral sentiment of the whole world would have rallied to her support.

“France will suffer for her moral transgressions, no less than Germany. For generations to come, the world will sicken of French violence, and point with pride to the splendid tale of Germany’s Passive Resistance.

“I place equal stress upon both words. Her resistance, though passive, was real. It is not necessary to strike. A firm resolution to refuse co-operation paralyses the hand of militarism.

“The sympathies with Germany which are growing in many quarters,” Mr. MacDonald continued, “would be dissipated completely if the Germans themselves gave the militarists of Paris an excuse for starting another war.”

“Are you not,” I asked, “imposing too severe a strain upon human nature? If you had seen women and children flogged, if you had witnessed the studied insolence of the French invader in the Ruhr and in the Rhineland——”

“Even then,” MacDonald calmly interpolated, “I should preach non-resistance.”

“Supposing,” I said, “a French soldier struck you across the face with a riding-whip?”

“In that case,” MacDonald replied with the serenity of a Christian martyr, “I should say: ‘Thank you.’”

“If he were to kick you with his boots into the mire?”

“My answer,” MacDonald, unperturbed, replied, “would be: ‘I am very much obliged, sir. I understand that this is the action of a French gentleman.’”

“And,” the great Labour leader added with simple sincerity, “I would be truly obliged to him. For surely no other action could more emphatically confirm his moral inferiority. In no other way could he put himself more utterly in the wrong.

“Justice and right should determine our attitude toward Germany. It should control our attitude toward all nations. Yet few statesmen, with the exception of Woodrow Wilson, have dared to utter such sentiments.”

“Are you still an admirer of Woodrow Wilson?”

“Woodrow Wilson’s effort,” MacDonald replied, “was not sustained, but his vision was fine. He fought too feebly for his ideals. In spite of his failure, in spite of his faults, I still believe in the vision.”

MacDonald is supported in the House by a group of ardent spirits who have not wearied of politics, resolute men, with uncompromising convictions.

A man of MacDonald's calibre is of necessity the very antithesis of brilliant opportunists of the type of Lloyd George.

"Lloyd George," Ramsay MacDonald remarked to me, "has been on all sides of all questions. His mind is like a pendulum, constantly swinging from one side to another."

"There is," I remarked, "a certain regularity in the swing of a pendulum. Do you mean that you can always predict the movements of Mr. Lloyd George?"

"Perhaps," MacDonald facetiously corrected himself, "I should have compared him to a weathercock, sensitive to the slightest change in the wind of popular fancy."

Ramsay MacDonald does not look pleasant when he discusses Lloyd George.

There is, however, one taste which he has in common with the former Premier. Lloyd George is said to be fond of hymns. Ramsay MacDonald is fond of folk-songs.

Labour, MacDonald believes, will sing its way to victory. "The Labour Party got into the hearts and intelligence of the Scotch by reviving Scotch music. Song," Ramsay MacDonald insisted, "is assuredly a much pleasanter and, in the last analysis, a more formidable weapon than dynamite."

THE SOUL OF A GRAND DUKE

Brother-in-law and cousin of the late Czar Nicholas, Grand Duke Alexander preaches a doctrine of love which includes the entire world, with the exception of Bolshevism.

I

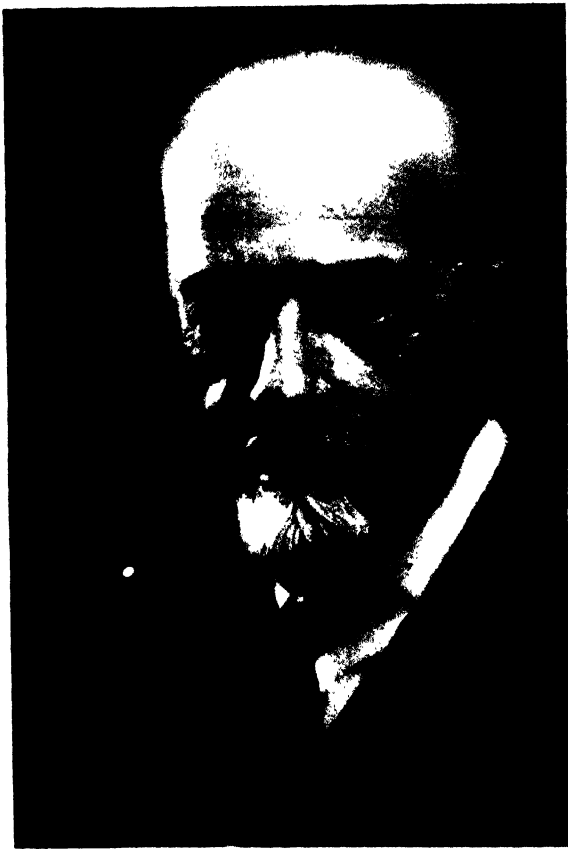
“**B**OLSHEVISM as an idea is dead in Russia. There are only eight hundred thousand Bolshevists in the Soviet Republic. These eight hundred thousand hold the Russian giant in gyves. But even the Soviets themselves have ceased to believe in Bolshevism.”

The man who made this statement to me, the brother-in-law and cousin of Czar Nicholas, bears an uncanny resemblance to King George and to the Kaiser. Like the Kaiser, the Grand Duke Alexander is deeply interested in religion. The soul means more to him than empire. His father was the Grand Duke Michael Nicholaiivitch. One of his brothers married the elder sister of King Constantine of Greece. An author and a philosopher, he is living in Paris, after escaping death at the hands of the Bolshevists. The Grand Duke is the author of “The Religion of Love.”

“The Bolshevik rule,” he remarked earnestly, his hands fidgeting nervously, “is at the end of its tether. It may topple in three weeks or it may live three years. It can scarcely last longer. Only two possibilities can give the Soviets a new lease of life: intervention by Europe or recognition by the United States.

“I am in favour of permitting the fire of Bolshevism to burn itself out.

“Intervention by Europe would rally around the blood-red Bolshevik banner all the forces of Russian nationalism. It would



To Mr. Sylvester Inland.
Presented from
Alexander
Grand Duke of Russia

[Brandenburg.

GRAND DUKE ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA

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identify the Soviet régime with Russia. At present Russia and the Soviets are two mutually antagonistic entities. Interference from without would weld them temporarily into one. The shrewd men who rule Russia to-day are well aware of this. It is to confuse national sentiment that they constantly raise the cry of being encircled by hostile powers. Being bankrupt themselves, they hope to sustain themselves by drawing upon the spiritual capital of Russian patriotism, a patriotism which, in their hearts, they despise.

“ Recognition of the Soviet Government by the United States would be a disaster for Russia. The refusal of the American Government to recognize Bolshevism is the greatest spiritual factor in international politics. It proves that America is unjustly called the land of materialism. Other nations have recognized the Soviets for sordid commercial reasons. Trade is the magnet that draws them into the baneful circle of Bolshevism. The United States alone steadfastly stands for ethical values in international relations.

“ America puts the soul above the dollar. A reversal of this policy would be a spiritual catastrophe for the world. It would perpetuate Bolshevism for ten or fifteen years. Such an increase in power would be a menace to mankind. Russia has done with Bolshevism. Russia knows that Bolshevism has not redeemed a single one of its promises. The rainbow grows dimmer and dimmer. Happiness is more remote than when Lenin, the apostle of Bolshevism, first seized the government from Kerensky. Other countries, not having suffered as Russia, may still believe in the Bolshevik creed. The Bolsheviks can sustain themselves even in Russia, only if they Bolshevise other nations.

“ I believe that Lenin was an idealist. His ideals were pure. But he chose the wrong way. He exalted the body and debased the soul. Bolshevism is the negation of the soul. It signifies the destruction of individuality. Sovietism may be an interesting experiment, but it is an experiment in the wrong direction. I do not deny that it is logical from its own point of view. My chief quarrel with Bolshevism is that it lacks spirituality. It denies the spiritual values.

“ It is not necessary to resort to scandalous lies to discredit

Bolshevism. Bolshevism discredits itself. In Russia, under Bolshevism, marriage no longer exists. The foundation of civilized existence, the family, is demolished. Men are no longer permitted to think. To think freely is a crime in Russia to-day. The individual must submit to the brutal doctrine of Bolshevism or go to prison. Surely there was more freedom in Russia under the Czar!

“Some earnest souls believe that from the red flower of Bolshevism may issue the fruit of a new civilization. Such people are wrong. Bolshevism is incapable of evolution. If it changes it is no longer Bolshevism. Bolshevism cannot blossom because its essence is barren. Nothing can last that is not inspired by love. Love is positive force. Hate is negative. Bolshevism is the incarnation of hate. I do not believe in a personal Devil. But if there were a personal Devil, I would say that his name was Bolshevism.

“Bolshevism will be destroyed by love. It will be destroyed by spiritual forces, not by bayonets. It can only be vanquished by spiritual weapons. Already the patience of the Russian people is nearly exhausted. Sooner or later, probably sooner than later, the psychological moment will arise when Russia will shake off Bolshevism like an evil dream.

“The desperate economic condition of Russia will be a powerful factor in bringing about our emancipation from Bolshevism. For while Bolshevism can only gain power where famine rules, it must at least supply the meagre needs of its people at home. Starvation will be one factor in the overthrow of Bolshevism. It will not be the only factor. The craving of the Russian people for spiritual sustenance will be another. In spite of Communist attempts to inoculate our youth with its virus, religion is not dead in Russia. I am reliably informed that the need for religion flourishes more vigorously than ever in the heart of the Russian.

“Even Bolshevism cannot survive without a religion. It substitutes Karl Marx for the prophets, and crowns Lenin with a halo. The Soviets make a shrine of his tomb. But it is a shrine of Anti-Christ. Lenin fell under the spell of evil powers. He dragged Russia with himself into the bottomless perdition of materialism. There is no comfort for the soul in materialism.

“I welcome all men and all creeds. I welcome every religion that preaches love. I worship every prophet who exalts the soul. The religion of love finds its most perfect embodiment in Jesus. Nevertheless, Christianity is not the only road to salvation. The world can be saved by a practical realization of the religion of love.”

The Grand Duke does not pose as a prophet. He talks in a fatherly manner—not like a Grand Duke.

“I am not,” he continued, replying to my inquiry, “a follower of Tolstoy. I do not preach non-resistance to evil. I believe in resisting evil. But I believe in resisting it on the spiritual plane. I fight it, not with my fists, but with my soul. I hope that Russia will achieve her emancipation without too much slaughter. I hope that the New Russia will not be built on blood. For violence and blood call for blood.

“I do not care who governs Russia, if Russia redeems herself. Russia is more important to me than the Romanoffs. I am a Russian before I am Grand Duke, and I am a man before I am a Russian. I mean by that that I am a spiritual entity, a human being conscious of being endowed with an immortal soul. I cannot define the soul. I only know that it never dies.

“I admire the soul of Mussolini. I believe that he is not at heart an exponent of materialism. I believe that he is inspired by high ideals. Italy is passing through a process necessary for her soul. There can be no redemption without discipline, the discipline which Mussolini is stamping upon the soul of his people. Russia will need no dictatorship. Her soul is already clarified by suffering. Russia is ready for a new heaven and a new earth.

“I do not regret the tribulations which have been my lot. I gained my soul when I lost the world. My loss was my gain. The moment I lost everything I gained my spiritual independence. I was always embarrassed by the burden of my position. Loyal to my emperor and to my country, I subordinated my own desires to the interests of the state. Now I am free. Upon the ruins of imperial splendour I reared the temple of my soul.

“Eventually the trial of Bolshevism may prove a blessing to the Russian people. It will help them to find their soul, even as I found mine. But the salvation of Russia must come from

the Russian people themselves. They must free themselves from the shackles of materialism.

“Bolshevism emphasizes the beast in man. Modern science errs in the same direction. Freud, in spite of his transcendent gifts, is the prophet of an earth-born philosophy. Freud is right, if man is only animal. For, if man is only animal, little remains except sex. Psycho-analysis is the type of science encouraged by Bolshevism.

“The most dangerous man, the cleverest devil’s-advocate in the world to-day, is Shaw. Stripped of fine phrases, George Bernard Shaw is the high priest of the most brutal materialism. Like the God of Flies, he lures his followers into a morass where the soul must perish. Shaw is the antithesis of everything for which I stand. Shaw carries his soulless creed to its logical conclusion by his indorsement of the Soviets.

“Yet even Bolshevism has soul, albeit a soul warped in the womb. Every human being has a soul, no matter how deeply it may be buried. I have consorted with kings and with peasants, with philosophers and with criminals. I care not what a man is, whether he comes to me in the uniform of society, in working clothes or in pyjamas, or in a convict’s garb, if I can touch his soul.

“America understands this message. Its mind is open. In Europe we have come to an impasse. We are lost in a blind alley. Europe is encrusted with tradition and inhibitions. It regards everything as settled. It has no illusions. America regards nothing as settled. It knows that before the Spirit all things are possible.

“Even Henry Ford, master of the machine—almost a machine himself—believes in the immortality of the soul. Henry Ford discovered a new motor. That is important, but it is of minor importance. It is more important that Henry Ford discovered his soul. I am, like Henry Ford, a believer in the transmigration of souls. It seems to me the most logical explanation of the cycle of human existence.

“I attach the utmost significance to the fact that Henry Ford discovered reincarnation for himself. Surely America is ready to grasp the meaning of the spiritual forces of life, if the most mechanical-minded American, if Henry Ford, attaches more

importance to his soul than to riches greater than the ransom of many kings.

“I do not despise wealth or material comfort. America is better able to appreciate spiritual truths, because America is well-fed. While the soul is more important, the body, its instrument, should be perfect. The soul can function best in a perfect body. I am not a philosopher. I am a realist. I emphasize the spirit because to me it is real—more real than matter. I do not depreciate matter. But I wish to change the emphasis. The modern world places most emphasis on the body. I place most emphasis on the soul.

“America is the best friend of Russia. She is her best friend because she denies recognition to the forces of evil embodied in Bolshevism. If order rules once more, if Russia sets her face against materialism and toward spiritualism, America will be her natural ally. America will help the Russian people materially as she is giving spiritual sustenance to the soul of Russia to-day by maintaining the distinction between the Soviets and the Russian people.

“The New Russia will welcome American capital, because American capital creates. It does not exploit. America is the leader of the world not only materially but spiritually. Mankind is ready for a new dispensation to take the place of the sordid gospel of materialism.

“The new birth—the renaissance of the spirit—may begin in America.”

II

“The Czar and his children lie buried on Russian soil. Those members of the Romanoff family who escaped the Red Doom are scattered over the face of the globe. Some Imperial exiles found a refuge in France, some in Germany, some in England. Several members of my immediate family are living in the United States. Two of my sons,” the Grand Duke Alexander remarked to me, when I asked him to relate to me the fate of the members of the Imperial family, “are in the United States earning a living. One, Dimitri, welcomed me in New York. Rostilav has found a sphere of useful activity in Chicago.”

When he spoke of his children a tender light illuminated his face.

"I live," the Grand Duke went on to say, with a gesture indicating that material things are of small moment to him, "in a two-room apartment in Paris. Yet I would not change my lot if I could. For the first time in my life I am free to call my soul my own.

"The Revolution found me at my headquarters in Kiev, supervising the air forces of the Czar. My mother-in-law, the late Dowager Empress, was fortunately with me. Otherwise she, too, would have shared the tragic fate of her son. The Kerensky Government immediately relieved me of my command. I asked their permission to return to my home in the Caucasus. It is the country where I was born. This permission was denied to me. The Government consented, however, to my departure for Crimea. Here I found shelter on one of my estates which I have inherited from my mother. It is a beautiful place, with vineyards which I myself have planted. My mother-in-law, the Dowager Empress, my wife and my seven children accompanied me.

"Shortly before the Revolution the Czar conferred the supreme command of the army once more upon his uncle, the Grand Duke Nicholas. When Nicholas arrived at headquarters to assume his duties he placed himself at the disposal of the Provisional Government. Kerensky rescinded the appointment, afraid to countenance a Romanoff at the head of the army. Unable to serve his country, Nicholas and his wife joined us in Crimea, where he, too, owned a chateau. The decision to join us there saved his life. Another member of our family, Grand Duke Peter, also foregathered with us in that pleasant land. This was in April, 1917.

"Peter had an estate, which he had surrounded with a wall of extraordinary height. We never understood why he made his wall so high. The choice of Crimea was providential. It was the only place in the Russian Empire where it was possible for us to escape from the red hand of the assassin. But death was suspended like the sword of Damocles.

"The Provisional Government appointed a former officer to watch us. We lived in our own villas. We could walk on our

estates, but we were not permitted to leave them. Technically free, we were actually interned. Very few letters were permitted to reach us. Now and then we had word from the Czar's children. But we never received any message from the Czarina or from the Czar. Destiny was stalking through Europe, while we lived quietly in Crimea, wondering what was going on in the world.

"Thus we passed eight or nine months. In November that Red Flood swept over Russia. Immediately after the Bolshevists seized the reins of government, the former officer in charge of us was replaced by a Bolshevist sailor. The old guard was withdrawn, and replaced by Bolshevists from Sebastopol. We were compelled to leave our estates. The entire family, including the Grand Duke Nicholas and the Dowager Empress, was segregated on Grand Duke Peter's estate.

"We had often chaffed Peter about his unscalable wall." A smile lit up the criss-crossed face of the Grand Duke. "Now we knew that he had unwittingly built a prison for himself and for us. This gave rise to innumerable jokes at Peter's expense. Our sense of humour enabled us to endure the terrific tension under which we were living. I can well understand why, in the days of Robespierre, French aristocrats went to the guillotine with a jest on their lips. I realized for the first time what the Germans mean by *Galgenhumor*—humour in the shadow of the gallows.

"Humour is a crutch that sustains the soul in distress. Humour at such times would hardly be possible without an invincible faith in the spiritual values of life. This faith does not merely lend us crutches, it lends wings to the soul that no prison can hold.

"Our hardest tribulation was the complete absence of news. We were not permitted to receive a scrap of paper, not a newspaper, not a letter. We were shut off from the world by airtight compartments. We would not have been more lonely on Robinson Crusoe's island.

"Peter's villa, built in the Moroccan style, was spacious. We were not cramped. But at times we were hungry. The Bolshevists decreed that we must eat the same fare as the soldiers of the Bolshevist army. Their menu consisted of bread and pea soup twice a day. There was little else, month after month.

“I did not mind living on pea soup. I prefer a vegetarian diet. But the Dowager Empress could not eat the food. Her increasing age and declining health made her digestive system extremely sensitive. My children, too, protested at the monotony of our diet. Now and then some loyal peasant succeeded in smuggling in a chicken for the Dowager Empress. With what delight my children now and then nibbled a chicken bone!

“The simplicities of life, I repeat, have no terrors for me. All I need is one room for work and sleep, and a—bathroom! Without a bathroom, I am afraid, I cannot live. Much as I yearn to return to my own country, I could not live even there without my bath. An American newspaper man asked me why I lived in a fashionable hotel in New York. He saw a contradiction between my dwelling and the emphasis I place on the things of the spirit.

“‘Do you think,’ I replied, ‘that I would be more spiritual if I lived in the slums?’

“Even the Son of Man did not disdain the precious ointment. The Soul can outstrip any environment. But it can prosper best with a measure of material comfort. Soulfulness is not irreconcilable with cleanliness. America can afford to be more spiritual than Europe because it is better housed and better fed.

“The diet, the constraint, the unpleasant associations sometimes forced upon us, were bearable. But the uncertainty was nerve-wracking. What was happening to our poor country? Where was our Emperor? Was he dead or alive? What did fate hold in store for us? Dreadful rumours of slaughter and red atrocities seeped through the wall of our prison. But everything was vague. Nothing was definite. We were haunted by shadows. Our life was a nightmare.

“The night of our misery was illuminated by one ray of good fortune. The sailor in command of our guards was a boatswain from the Black Sea. He had served under me. I did not remember him. But he remembered me. I was well liked in the Navy. I was always deeply interested in human beings, irrespective of rank. I never looked upon my subordinates merely as cogs in a large machine. My attitude now bore unexpected fruit.

“The boatswain, who must be nameless here, came to us a

full-fledged Bolshevik. Like many of his comrades, he believed that Lenin had come to establish Paradise on earth. We, and his own common sense, opened his eyes. He soon ceased to be a Bolshevik in his heart. He was clever enough to conceal his change of heart from Soviet spies.

“Uninformed himself as to major events, he had heard at least a distant rumbling of the impending German invasion of Crimea. He knew in detail the plans of the local Soviet.

“In April, 1918, a few months before the murder of the Czar, the Soviets of the town of Yalta, a Russian Biarritz, knowing that the Bolsheviks could not hold Crimea, determined to assassinate us all before the approach of the Germans. In a similar manner a local Soviet decreed the assassination of the Czar.

“Our loyal boatswain exerted himself in every possible way to delay the bloody sentence of the Red Court. Flight was impossible. We were, however, determined to defend our lives. The Bolsheviks had taken our rifles. But they had not disturbed Grand Duke Peter’s collection of arms.

“We equipped ourselves with an extraordinary variety of weapons. We were resolved not to permit our wives, our children or ourselves to fall alive into the fiendish hands of the Bolshevik mob. We no longer undressed when going to bed. Half of us always remained on guard, while the other slept. Thus day after day crept by in slow agony, while we were perfecting ourselves in the use of ludicrously obsolete arms.

“Even then, humour did not desert us. We saw the absurd aspect of our situation. We especially chaffed a doctor in our entourage, because we expected him to outlive us all. The Soviets had made up their minds to let the doctor live. They were in need of doctors. They were not in need of Grand Dukes.

“Every one, from the Dowager Empress to the youngest of the children, was ready to face death any minute. It is curious how much the human heart can endure without breaking. For weeks our torture went on. And still we continued to chat gaily over our pea soup, determined to face death gamely and with a smile.

“The crisis in our affairs came a few days before Easter. Our

faithful guard had succeeded in saving us from death by playing off one Soviet against the other. Most of his men were Bolsheviks from Sebastopol. He told them that the Soviet of Yalta had no right to take our lives. That was a privilege reserved for the Soviet of Sebastopol. Until Sebastopol had spoken, they must protect us against premature 'execution.' But the patience of Yalta was exhausted. It was impossible to stay the hands of the assassin much longer. We made our peace with God at the chapel, convinced that we should not live to see another Easter.

"Suddenly the telephone rang. The commander of the guard was summoned to the telephone. At the other end a gruff German officer informed him that the Germans had taken all of Crimea, and announced their immediate arrival at our estate. Our Bolshevik guardsmen were in despair. The tables were turning. They saw no hope of escape for themselves. Completely cut off, they expected summary execution at the hands of the German invaders.

"When the Germans arrived, they very politely offered us the protection of a German guard. We refused this offer with equal politeness. We vouched for our guard, and over night the Bolshevik guardsmen became loyal Imperial troops!

"The Germans treated us with extreme courtesy. We were their prisoners, but we had no reason to complain of our captors. Not a spoon was stolen, not a dish broken, not a bottle of wine removed from the cellar. The Germans were completely disciplined even at this stage of the game, before they came into the deadly contact with Bolshevism. They were brutal or suave in accordance with orders! Emperor William II, knowing of our distressing financial condition, offered to relieve our needs. We refused this offer, of course.

"The Germans were all powerful in Russia. I am convinced that they could have saved the Czar, if they had sufficiently exerted themselves."

"The Emperor," I interjected, "had given orders to the German ambassador to make every possible effort to save the Imperial family."

The Grand Duke shrugged his shoulders sceptically.

"Evidently he failed to put sufficient authority behind his

command. I need not dwell here on the brutal murder of my Czar and his family. That bloody deed is history. It will leave a blood-red stain long after the Red Rule of Bolshevism has passed away.

“Immediately after the assassination of the Imperial family, the legend sprang up that one of the Czar’s daughters had escaped miraculously from the assassins. I do not believe this to be true. It is possible. Miracles have happened before. But the Bolsheviks themselves admit that they killed not only the Emperor and the Empress, but every one of the children.

“It may be that Anastasia escaped, but the woman claiming to be Anastasia is not the Grand Duchess. She merely exploits Anastasia’s legendary escape. Stories of this type frequently originate when rulers are slain. Revolted by the horrible facts, the human mind consoles itself with such inventions. It is merely necessary to recall the story of the Lost Dauphin.

“We remained Germany’s prisoners until the Armistice. We did not regain our freedom of movement until the Allies arrived at the end of 1918. Before the Allies came, our guards fled with German passports, each to his own native village. How our hearts beat when the fleets of the Allies, including the United States, landed at the shores of Crimea! I immediately hastened to Paris, in order to be present at the peace negotiations. I made the trip in one week, arriving in the French capital on the third of January, 1918.

“I found all doors closed to me. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Wilson, were deaf to my pleas. No one wanted to see an ‘ex’-Grand Duke. Most of the Allied leaders still hoped to make terms with the Bolsheviks.

“I demanded a hearing, not as a Grand Duke, but as a Russian who, having seen Bolshevism, could tell the truth to the men holding in their hands the fate of the world. But these men did not want the truth. At least they did not want it from me. Dwelling in icy solitudes, they were inaccessible to the cousin and brother-in-law of Nicholas II. No one showed the slightest consideration for the memory of the monarch who paid with his life and his crown the forfeit for the game of the Allies.

“I finally wrote an open letter to Lloyd George, Wilson and

Clemenceau, urging a world conference to discuss means of combating the Soviets :

“Neutrals as well as belligerents should be invited to attend the Peace Conference for the discussion of this vital question, which has far more bearing on this subject of world peace than any matters of indemnity and colonization now being discussed. In particular, I should emphasize the importance of Labour and Socialist organizations being represented. It is of vital moment that the voices of Labour and Socialism should be heard at this critical time. It is of vital moment also that Socialists especially should realize that Bolshevism means the undermining and overthrow of democratic principles and ideals just as it assuredly means destruction of the fundamentals of moral, social and industrial organization.”

“If the three peace dictators had heeded me there would have been less anarchy and less bloodshed in Europe, and the world’s sleep would be sounder.

“Little remains to be told. The Dowager Empress died a short time ago in her native land, Denmark. Most members of the Imperial family living in exile have a modest competence. Grand Duke Nicholas died in France. Cyril proclaimed himself Czar. There can be no dispute as to his right to the title. He divides his time between Germany and France. He spends most of his summers on the estate of his wife, Princess Marie of Coburg, a sister of the Spanish Infanta. Two sons of the Grand Duke Constantine, the poet of our family, who escaped slaughter at the hands of the Reds, live in Berlin and London respectively.

“All the children are engaged in some civil employment. They work in banks and similar institutions. They find it easier to adjust themselves to their estate than their elders. Both Peter’s children and mine did not have long to look for a job. I found nothing. People told me : “‘It would embarrass us in our business to have an Imperial Highness around. You are too dignified for any work we can offer you.’ That may be very flattering, but it is not very sustaining.

“‘I am a man,’ I said, ‘ready to do a man’s work.’ But in spite of my readiness to find a niche for myself in the commercial world, I was unable to discover a suitable occupation.

“I devoted myself to writing and thinking. I consider myself not a philosopher, but a practical idealist. Poor but comfortable, I devote myself to the work that interests me most. However humbly, I try to prepare the way for the spiritual rebirth of mankind. I hope some day to return to Russia.

“I do not hate the Bolsheviks. I hate no human being. My chief objection to Bolshevism is its lack of spirituality. It is a purely material philosophy of life, looking upon man as an animal or a machine.

“Man cannot live by bread alone. Bolshevism gives him only bread, and precious little of that. But I do not believe in armed interference. The New Russia must be baptized in the spirit. It must not be baptized in blood. Russia must work out her own salvation. She will find her own soul, as I found mine, in misfortune.”

THE VISION OF HENRI BARBUSSE

A soldier in the War, Barbusse is to-day the most notable intellectual champion of Bolshevism in Europe. He is editor of "L'Humanité," the spirited organ of French Communism.

The poet in him is obsessed by the propagandist. Barbusse is the Upton Sinclair of the Latin World.

"I AM not a Utopist. I have a horror of those who live in the clouds, keeping away from reality and practical methods.

"I am neither a fanatic nor a sectarian. I do not wave a red flag in all the winds. I do not incite the poor against the rich in order to supplant the latter by the former, which would really be no change at all!"

Henri Barbusse, the author of *Under Fire* and editor of *L'Humanité*, the intellectual organ of Communism in France, gently replaced his demi-tasse on the table.

Our conversation took place in the stately grill room of the Grand Hotel de Paris. An ingratiating smile brightened his ascetic face. There was nothing ferocious in the appearance of this fiery writer. His little moustache only accentuates the mildness of his features.

Henri Barbusse is the son of an English mother and a French father. He understands English, but he speaks it with some difficulty. Barbusse is intensely interested in the reaction engendered by his point of view in the Anglo-Saxon world. However hostile he may be to Wall Street, he does not underestimate its power. America decided the last war; America, he feels, will decide the next.

Barbusse has been translated into fifty different languages, including Esperanto, Chinese and Yiddish. He is known primarily for *Under Fire*, his realistic portrayal of the war

which, while freely circulating in France, was placed on the forbidden list by the American government while it was engaged in making the world safe for democracy.

"I, myself," Barbusse explained, when I touched upon this point, "voluntarily joined up as a private in the war which, I hoped, would end war for ever. Like Upton Sinclair, I was hypnotized by eloquent phrases. I was repeatedly wounded, and mentioned for bravery twice. The war seemed to me a crusade for freedom against tyranny.

"When Upton Sinclair awoke from his dream with a headache, he returned to the Socialist party. When I realized the meaning of the secret alliances of the Allies, when I recognized how everywhere the hand of Mars was guided by the hand of Mammon, I turned to Bolshevism.

"Try to visualize with me the great drama that is being staged on the globe—man against man, and man versus things.

"The tragic conflict cannot be straightened out, except by a rational plan, employed and perfected by science.

"We must not take appearance for reality, neither must we take the part for the whole. Nor must we accept pretexts for reasons. Above all, we must tackle the cause, not the symptom.

"Mankind is very sick. If a man suffers from sores, due to a poisoning of his entire system, we can never cure him by local treatments. We must attack the disease at the root!

"Let us, therefore, take into account the general state and condition of humanity. Let us follow the ramification of this disease and all its manifestations.

"Try to see the earth from a great height. Imagine yourself a giant seated on the moon, able to observe the earth.

"What would you see?

"A planet emerging from the seas, countries placed side by side, each with a nucleus from which its vitality springs.

"You would discover that the inhabitants of these countries do not remain within the narrow confines of the national border. They mingle freely beyond the frontiers.

"Modern life, though conditioned by national limits, flows beyond them on all sides. It transcends them in war, it obliterates them in peace; it inundates them in commerce; it breaks

down their barriers in the material and intellectual intercourse between nations.

“We live, willy-nilly, by dint of circumstance, under the banner of internationalism. The weal and woe of one nation affect every other nation.

“This is what the framers of the peace treaty overlooked. Human solidarity is not merely an ideal. It is a reality.

“Watching the earth from your vantage point on the moon, you notice a great network: the international organization of capital, the arteries of the established economic, social and political order, based upon established institutions, laws, official powers and consecrated ideas.

“The prime motive of capitalism is the enrichment of the individual. Capitalism, in other words, arises from human cupidity. Its chief weapons are competition and concentration. This means division, dispute, wars. It means first, each for himself. It finally portends absorption and destruction, national as well as individual.

“Force attracts force, wealth gathers wealth. This law is inexorable and universal.

“In all times and under all historical forms of society the middle-sized fish devours the little and the large devours the middle-sized.

“We have witnessed this process of devouring unification (which sometimes has its advantages) in the historical evolutions of the states—the foundations of empires.

“We are witnessing the same process to-day in industry. The reigning powers, the lords of money, the princes of Mammon, the masters of Wall Street, have at their disposal formidable industry and material forces. What ensues? An overdevelopment—a hypertrophy of wealth. This hypertrophy of wealth is the direct result of Imperialism.

“Riches, I repeat, are individual, not communal. The contrast between the rich and the poor assumes fantastic proportions in the age of John D. Rockefeller and Henry Ford.

“All the resources of the world are concentrated. They are accumulated by large industries, then by the great financial organizations, and then by the very men who are the masters of these financial monsters; that is to say, the American financiers.

“ America is the only rich country in the world. By ‘ rich ’ country I mean that one in which there are a greater number of rich men, and where the rich have the largest fortunes—for every country is primarily composed of rich and poor. The movement of capital, vital substance of society, ends in New York at the Exchange. There, between Wall and Broad Streets, is, incidentally, the throne of modern civilization.

“ But there is another network in the process of formation. It is the one which is taking shape in the hands of the masses. Up to now the masses have been anonymous instruments, exploited and sacrificed and bled by work and war for the triumph of the capitalistic minority.

“ Now, these masses are innumerable and all-powerful. Nothing could withstand them if they were really themselves—that is to say, if they were organized and united.

“ In order that this virtual power become a real sovereignty, they need only clear-sightedness and organization.

“ The masses are becoming rapidly conscious of this. Passive obedience is everywhere questioned. The absurdity of war waged for the interests of business, that is, for the good of a few rich, the anomaly of the treaties of peace which do not bring peace, but which show everywhere on the contrary new causes of war, the frightful situation in which almost all nations find themselves financially, the perspective of bankruptcy and ruin which forces itself upon all eyes, constitute the most unanswerable argument against a state of things which is not based upon the general human interest, but upon the triumph of parasitic minorities.

“ Against this inequality imposed upon humanity by a régime of folly and destruction, for the sole purpose of filling some enormous safes, already almost bursting with gold, this mass presents a plan of reorganization of the whole human race based upon absolute equality politically, upon the sovereignty of the worker and internationalism.

“ In a word, they espouse the principles of the commonwealth which are opposed to the principles of private wealth. We propose to overthrow the plutocracy of despotism which, in spite of pompous official proclamations and changes in labels, operates everywhere in the world to-day.

“Capitalism disposes of formidable forces because it possesses not only money, but all state organizations, from the army to the police, from the courts to the schools, and to the churches.

“At present, however, capitalism is menaced to such a degree that it has recourse to desperate means. By a demagogical propaganda, it has managed to take away the revolutionary movement from the people by detaching a part of them. Capitalism has kidnapped the middle classes!

“Capitalistic propaganda fastening on the instinctive and stupid fear of change, which is one of the defects of the average man, is creating a supplementary police force and supplementary army, recruited primarily from the middle classes. This is the meaning of Fascism.

“Fascism owes its inception and growth to the direct help of the established powers and the intervention of international capital.

“English and American capital supports Mussolini. This capital made it possible for him not only to exist, but mitigate the financial conditions of Italy.

“It is for the Italian government, whose complacency permitted the Fascismo, for fear of a revolution, to arm itself against it or to succumb.

“In almost all the countries of the world, Fascismo appears in one form or another. Patriotic associations, anti-Semitism, leagues against foreigners, military legions, organizations of veterans who have been domesticated and bribed, constitute this officious army.

“It swarms and multiplies and, like Big Business and the Big Political Police, it has everywhere international ramifications.

“I know what Fascismo is. I have seen where it works more cynically than anywhere else, in the Balkan countries. There you can see the mechanism of this great movement, oppressing the workers. In the larger countries it is a little more complex and hidden. In Rumania it appears in full glory.

“Compared with the rulers of that country, whose much exploited Queen recently paid her respects to her real masters in Wall Street, Mussolini himself is a benevolent protagonist of democracy.

“In my book, *Les Enchainements*, I show the terrible

persistence of historic situations, the parallelism of the great human crises. I demonstrate how history plagiarizes itself. I record the monotony of the exploitation of man by man since the beginning of society.

“In the book which I have just published, *Les Bourreaux*, I attack directly and positively the flower of modern barbarism—Fascismo. I studied the Balkan tragedy without prejudice. My attitude is impartial and scientific. My book presents in a manner as precise and as simple as possible the result of my investigation.

“My book establishes the proof of the immense crime perpetrated in Europe against workers and peasants. I also establish the meaning, the profound reasons for this well-planned and calculated crime.

“It is not the product of a savage instinct, but the logical result of an oppressive political scheme, originating in capitalism. Between capital and humanity, I choose humanity.”

“When,” I asked, “do you expect a decision in the great conflict between Mammon and democracy?”

“It may come to-morrow. It may come in a century.”

“Is it not possible that the two forces may establish an equilibrium, like Good and Evil, God and the Devil, in the lore of the Persians?”

Barbusse threw up his hands—sensitive hands, the hands of an intellectual.

“Who knows? Nevertheless, for me, there is only one choice.”

“You were equally certain,” I could not refrain from remarking, “that you were fighting for democracy when you enlisted as a private in the French army. To-day, you feel that you were mistaken. Is it not possible that you may be mistaken again?”

“I may be right or I may be wrong,” Barbusse replied, with a delicate shrug of the shoulder. “I believe I am right. But, right or wrong, I can only follow my vision.”

A MODERN QUEEN WRESTLES WITH LIFE

Not content with wearing a crown, Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians is a champion of race hygiene.

THE World War has blasted many monarchs from their thrones. Royalty can no longer survive unless it adapts itself to modern conditions. One of the queens who is in sympathy with the spirit of the new age is Elisabeth of Belgium.

"The crown has no meaning unless it is a symbol of service," remarked Queen Elisabeth of Belgium to me in her palace in Brussels. Her voice, though low and musical, was emphatic.

Not content with being the wife of a king, a mother and a grandmother, Queen Elisabeth boldly ventures into fields in which royalty is rarely at home. She is both a student of medicine and an exquisite violinist. If Queen Elisabeth did not wear a crown, she could win a place for herself as a musician or as a trained nurse.

Elisabeth shocked many conventional souls when, some years ago, she sponsored a movement for race hygiene.

"Yes," the Queen proudly replied to my question, "I am the President of the Society for the Prevention of Venereal Diseases."

"What," I asked, "persuaded Your Majesty to accept the presidency of the organization? This," I added, "is a vital topic on which a word from a woman and a queen enlists the interest of millions of mothers."

"As a mother and as a queen," she replied, "I know no work that is more important. I was associated in this sphere of activity with my friend the late Cardinal Mercier. I accepted the presidency of the organization to smash a prejudice that



ELIZABETH, QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

was an obstacle to the protection of our children. The subject cannot be tackled effectively without knowledge, and without the assistance of mothers."

"It must have taken courage for Your Majesty to take the initiative in this movement."

"On the contrary," she replied, with a regal sweep of her head, "the world-wide conspiracy of silence on the subject made it my duty. To lead where other women, entangled by conventions and prejudice, might hesitate, is the finest privilege of being a queen."

Queen Elisabeth thus answered one of the questions that were uppermost in my mind.

How does a modern queen look at life? What is her attitude toward her royalty and toward her husband? What are her preoccupations? How does she bring up her children? How easy, or uneasy, lies the head that wears a crown in the twentieth century?

Democracy, it has been said, loves a lord. Undoubtedly many people are interested in the private lives of kings and queens. We even know, from a study of advertising columns, the brand of powder which a queen applies to her royal nose. What do we know of her soul?

Queen Elisabeth discussed the problems of modern royalty frankly with me, although she speaks only with diffidence of herself. In spite of her scientific and literary pursuits, in spite of her interest in medicine, which she inherited from her father, Queen Elisabeth is essentially feminine. "I am not, I never was," she admitted to me, "a militant feminist."

"Does Your Majesty believe in absolute equality between men and women?" I asked.

"They are not equals," the Queen replied, "they are different, biologically and mentally. Men have creative, women have interpretative brains.

"Great actors, great violinists, great painters are often recruited from our sex. Women, however, are rarely great poets, with the exception of the Countess de Navilles; neither are they likely to be originators of scientific discoveries or new philosophic conceptions."

"What," I said, "of Madame Curie?"

"Ah, Madame Curie," the Queen replied, "has phenomenal brains, a man's brains, but she is—an exception."

"Women have been great rulers," I suggested.

"Indeed," the Queen replied, "they are always clever in the choice of their male advisers."

"Madame," I asked, "does this not also hold true of great kings?"

"Yes, but women select their advisers more quickly, their intuition is more unerring. Great women rulers like Catherine and Elizabeth are very great; nevertheless they owe a part of their distinction to their feminine intuition."

"What, in Your Majesty's opinion, is the function of kings in modern life?"

Again the Queen showed her diplomatic instincts. "That," she replied, "is a question that I would like to discuss with the King. I cannot answer it offhand."

"Will woman's increasing participation in public life put an end to war?"

"Woman's participation in politics," the Queen replied, "will end war only if men will listen to common sense. Most wars are the result of misunderstanding and of cupidity. Nations, it seems, are as greedy as individuals. They must be trained to forget their greed just as we train our children not to eat all the cake on the plate.

"The acquisitive instinct that leads to war is too strongly entrenched biologically, I fear, to make it possible to overcome humanity's bellicose instincts in one generation or two. The education of the race, like the education of the individual, is an arduous task. In some respects mankind is still in its swaddling clothes.

"Woman can exercise her restraining influence more effectively in the family than in the voting booth."

"Is it," I asked, "possible for a Queen to function perfectly as a wife, mother and *Hausfrau* in spite of her social functions and obligations?"

"Yes," the Queen unhesitatingly replied.

"Another royal lady, whom I had the honour of meeting, insisted that she was almost as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawing room. Is this true of Your Majesty also?"

The Queen smiled.

"A queen," she remarked, "need not emphasize the housewife any more than any other woman who can serve in other ways. There is no reason why she should yield a broom or stew mutton herself, if there are others who can take her place, while she devotes herself to more congenial tasks. Nevertheless, supervision of household affairs is by no means irreconcilable with royalty. The degree of supervision exercised depends on personal circumstances and predilections."

"Is it possible for a queen to devote the same attention to her children as a mother in humbler walks of life?"

"Why not? Nothing is more important for any woman than to succeed as a wife and a mother, to be with her husband and with her children, and to share their lives fully."

"What is more important, to be a queen or a mother?"

"To be the mother of the future King," Queen Elisabeth replied without hesitation.

"To what extent does Your Majesty supervise the education of your children?"

"With the King, I supervise their education completely. Both parents must jointly assume the responsibility. Education should not be exclusively feminine; neither should it be exclusively in the hands of the father."

"Does Your Majesty believe in exacting mechanical obedience from a child?"

"Of course not," the Queen replied. "The child should understand a command before it obeys. The problem of training at the earliest ages," she added, "is to prevent the development of a stubborn will. Yet the child must not be broken. Perseverance accomplishes more in ridding very young children of self-will than any mere indication of displeasure. We must treat children like human beings, and we must teach them, above all, to be human."

"As a student of psychology," I remarked, "Your Majesty must realize how many handicaps are placed in the way of educating the children of kings and queens. Unconscious flattery and unconscious snobbery combine to destroy natural relations between the child and its teachers. How did Your Majesty solve this problem?"

“Very simply,” the Queen replied. “By sending my children to public schools. My eldest son was four and a half years at Eton ; he also studied afterwards in a military school in Belgium. My second son was eleven years in the British Navy——”

“He received no preferential treatment ?” I asked.

“No, he was treated like every other naval cadet. My girl has been in school in England, in Florence and in Brussels. Her treatment differs in no way from that of all other children. By rubbing against other children rough edges are smoothed. Elders may sometimes be snobs. Nothing can change the native democracy of a child.”

Queen Elisabeth has inherited her own democratic instincts from her father, the royal oculist, Duke Carl Theodore.

“My father,” the Queen said, “received his medical degrees from the Universities of Munich, Vienna and Zurich. His degrees represented the most conscientious toil. There was no partiality for him when he came up for his final examinations. My father’s life work fascinated me even as a girl.”

“Has Your Majesty received a medical degree ?”

“I have honorary degrees from various universities but I am trained as a nurse. My father initiated me into the elements of medicine. I attended lectures on therapy while I was a girl in my teens. I studied textbooks on the dressing of wounds, manuals of nursing and treatises on anatomy. Warned by my father against relying on mere book learning, I insisted upon actual experience.”

“Did Your Majesty actually receive a diploma as a nurse ?”

The Queen smiled. “I did, and I passed a pretty stiff examination. I am, of course, interested in the entire field of medicine. I made a special study of bacteria. I acquired a knowledge of micro-organisms. I studied cells and manipulated slides. I was shocked by the brutal manner in which animals were forced to endure extreme pain in those days. In any institution under my patronage vivisection is rigidly controlled. The dogs and horses must be insensible. Some of the operations have been done away with entirely. Nevertheless, I do not permit my personal idiosyncrasies to interfere with the progress of science.

“My experience as a nurse was helpful to me during the

War. I studied the administration of hospitals and I persuaded Professor De Page to establish a hospital in Belgium. The example this set was followed. There were soon four other hospitals, three of surgery and one of medicine, in Belgian territory. These Belgian hospitals soon became great establishments as well as true medical schools in the best humanitarian as well as scientific sense. The welfare of the patients is not subordinated to any consideration of research or experiment.

"I have the keenest practical interest in the medical foundation that bears my name. I spend many mornings and afternoons in the hospitals connected with this foundation. I keep in personal touch with the most difficult cases."

In spite of her interest in medical work, Queen Elisabeth reads steadily. The Queen pays great attention to biography and history. Her knowledge of juvenile classics enabled her to pick and choose the reading of her children. In her maiden days she was an enthusiast for Shakespeare and it surprised her tutors to find that she was quite at home in the literature of Shakespearian criticism. After her marriage, the Queen, then Princess, dreaded the prospect of seeming what is now called "an intellectual" or, as the word was then, a "blue stocking." But she has striven to keep in touch with modern literature. The Queen of the Belgians is surprisingly well versed in the classical literature of America—Hawthorne, Poe, Thoreau and Longfellow—but her preference is perhaps for the great poets of modern Europe.

Asked some years ago for the name of her favourite poet the Queen replied, "It depends on my mood."

I suspect that Her Majesty's admiration is equally divided between the Belgian poet Verhaeren and the Austrian dramatist, Grillparzer, both comparatively unknown.

The Queen refuses to disclose the name of her favourite contemporary author. "I like Shaw," was all Her Majesty was prepared to admit.

Queen Elisabeth is the third crowned head I have met who professes admiration for G. B. S.

Many people imagine that queens wear their crown at breakfast, and that they sweep majestically through the palace,

followed by pages in Little Lord Fauntleroy costumes who carry their train. Such queens exist only in fairy tales. The Queen of Belgium does not even own a dress with a long court train!

"Belgium," Her Majesty informed me, when I requested her picture in full royal regalia, "is a democratic country. It is more democratic than America. Less ceremonial surrounds the King than the President of the United States."

I politely ventured to register surprise.

"Belgium," the Queen explained, "is a young kingdom. It has existed as such only since 1830. We have few court traditions, and even less royal pomp. No, I cannot give you a picture with a long court train. No such picture is in existence. In all my wardrobe you will find no such gown."

Her Majesty is not rich enough to dress extravagantly. But she dresses, nevertheless, with exquisite taste. On the morning of my visit she wore a smart tan suit that blended perfectly with her colouring.

Queen Elisabeth was much amused during a halt in a public procession somewhere in the United States. The crowd included many young people from a neighbouring school. Their comments in English reached the ears of the Queen.

"Do you like that white hat she has on?" This was from a little girl. Her companion replied:

"She doesn't look like a queen in it."

The other replied, "No—but she looks like a lady in it."

"But a queen," retorted the first speaker, "is a lady."

"Oh no," contradicted the other, "some queens are just dressed up to look like ladies."

Had I known the simple, unostentatious charm that radiates from the Queen, I should have been less anxious about a pair of gloves and the form of my salutation.

When I received word the Queen had consented to see me, I immediately attempted to ascertain the ceremonial prescribed at the Belgian court for such occasions. Every court has its own etiquette. To violate this etiquette would be an act of rudeness. It would be just as rude as if a foreigner, received by the President of the United States, failed to observe the rules of the White House.

A diplomatic friend who is close to the Belgian court informed me that I must wear a tail coat, and "almost white" gloves. "Almost white" did not mean that the gloves must be slightly soiled. It meant that they should be as light as possible without being white.

"You must bow three times when you enter the room. She will not let you bow three times, but you must make the gesture. Keep your left glove on during the audience, and hold your right glove in your left hand."

After several rehearsals, I succeeded in acquiring the proper resiliency of the spine for the threefold bow. Keeping my instructions in mind, and clutching one almost white glove in my left hand, I appeared at the Royal Palace.

The reception room contained old, somewhat worn furniture, two curiosity cabinets filled with Dresden china, and a large oil portrait of the late King Leopold. The handles of the doors and of the cabinets were decorated with the royal crown.

On paper it would be easy to suggest that the Belgian monarch is rich. The exquisite gardens, the city palaces, the array of beautiful objects everywhere, might be taken as evidence of wealth. The revenues of the royal establishment seem considerable until one finds how they must be appropriated. The fixed charges—the royal "overhead"—amount to such a huge sum that there is often no money out of which a new suite of furniture can be bought. The Queen must then get along with a sofa that shows hard wear!

I was musing on these things, still holding on to my glove, when two flunkys appeared, followed by one of the Queen's ladies-in-waiting. The lady-in-waiting motioned to me to follow her into the Queen's drawing room. I did so, prepared to make my three-fold bow, without losing my gloves. But I could not possibly bow more than once, because straight at the threshold, smiling winsomely upon me, stood the Queen herself, and extended her hand to me. Any attempt to make the required number of bows would have led to a collision with a queen! Unable to make my bows, I was glad that at least my coat was perfect and my gloves, properly distributed on my person, of the prescribed shade, almost white.

Queen Elisabeth motioned me to a chair, placed at a

considerable distance from her own. This is how the court etiquette indicates the gulf between a queen and a commoner. In the course of the conversation I repeatedly bridged this ceremonial abyss, by rising from my chair. If this was *lèse-majesté*, I know that I am forgiven.

It seemed to me that Her Majesty was a little embarrassed by meeting an interviewer, at first. She prefers French as the language of conversation in everyday life, but she speaks four European tongues fluently.

Conscious of my linguistic limitations in French, I asked: "Your Majesty, shall I speak English or German?"

"English, since you are an American," the Queen replied.

Even as a child, Queen Elisabeth was more conscious of being a Bavarian than of being a German. Her mother, Mary of Braganza, was a Portuguese princess. Her father, Carl Theodore, was the brother of Empress Elisabeth of Austria, the romantic consort of Emperor Francis Joseph. A friend of mine who played with the Queen of Belgium when she was a child, tells me that in those days "Emperor" signified to her the Emperor of Austria. She did not apply the title to the German Emperor.

The Queen knew that I had been the guest of Emperor William, but she preferred not to discuss the exile of Doorn. "In this case," she remarked, "silence is golden. I do not wish to speak ill of any one in misfortune."

"In other words, you don't want to hit a man when he is down."

The Queen beamed upon me gratefully.

"Your phrase," she said, "expresses my sentiments exactly."

In her maturity the Queen of the Belgians realizes the promise of her early distinction. She has the willowy build of her race, a thick head of hair of a hue originally chestnut and to-day remarkably brown but shot with grey threads, and hands and arms quite slender. She is supple still, although in her early days as a bride she was thought too slender and nervous.

The Queen is not like her husband, the King, a total abstainer, but she prefers the light wines of the Continent to beer. Liqueurs are banned from her table. She does not smoke cigarettes in public.

The Queen's musical training accounts, perhaps, for her melodious speech. Music is her predominant passion.

"Madame," I asked, "is royalty not a handicap for an artist?"

"Not for the artist," the Queen replied, "but for his career, because an artist should be able to consecrate all his time to his art. Real genius always forges ahead and wins recognition. It overcomes even the disadvantage of royal blood. Carmen Sylva was a great poet, recognized as such, in spite of the fact that she was a queen."

"What is Your Majesty's favourite instrument?"

"The violin. Ysaye is my master. I am one of his pupils!"

When playing the Queen looks downward, unless, under the impulse of a sentiment inspired by the piece, she looks straight ahead as if she did not see with the eyes of the bodily frame but was absorbed by what the eye of her spirit beheld with the aid of her imagination.

One anecdote of the Queen of the Belgians has been widely circulated. It seems that she rode up a great New York thoroughfare with the wife of the Mayor, Mrs. John F. Hylan.

The Queen is reported to have said: "Some city!" The Mayor's wife is quoted as replying: "Queen, you've said a mouthful." This is alleged to have been all the conversation between the ladies during this ride. Wishing to ascertain the truth about this episode, I repeated this tale to the Queen.

The Queen laughed, very humanly.

"I am sorry," she remarked, "to destroy a myth, but the story is entirely apocryphal."

A lady-in-waiting who had been hovering in an adjoining room now appeared to remind Her Majesty that she was expected at the Medical Foundation.

The Queen arose, thus terminating the audience.

STEINACH DISCOVERS THE SECRET OF EVE

More lucky than Ponce de Leon, Steinach has discovered not only the secret of rejuvenation but also the Secret of Eve. The greatest modern biologist, Steinach can halt the march of the years, and change at will the sex of an animal. More recently Steinach has experimented with the glands of the brain. He may be able, before long, to stimulate laggard intelligence.

HAS Steinach discovered that which eludes and allures all men : the Secret of Eve ?

Can we produce in the laboratory the very Essence of Woman, the chemical formula for the Eternal Feminine ?

Professor Eugen Steinach himself is convinced that he has succeeded. He cautiously makes this assertion in abstruse scientific discussions. But no hint of this revolutionary discovery reached the public until recently.

While Voronoff has made important and picturesque contributions to the story of mankind's search for the elixir of youth, it is primarily due to Steinach's work that we may speak to-day of a Science of Rejuvenation. Whereas Voronoff confines his attentions almost exclusively to the male, Professor Steinach rejuvenates both men and women. His new discovery facilitates immensely the rejuvenation of the feminine sex.

The so-called Steinach operation is feasible only in men. Steinach has, however, devised several bloodless methods to produce in women results analogous to vasectomy and vasoligature in the male. His success in isolating the feminine principle, the mysterious "hormone" which constitutes the specific internal secretion of woman, crowns his efforts as woman's saviour from old age.

I had my first glimpse of the great biologist a year or two after the War. His labours were at a standstill because there



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were no funds at all in Austria to pay his laboratory expenses. Fortunately, these conditions no longer prevail, although funds for biological experiments are still scarce. Steinach is a man over sixty who, in spite of his patriarchal beard, looks younger than his years. He talked to me freely on the subjects that interested me. I recorded my impressions in a series of articles which I subsequently published in book form under the *nom de plume* of George F. Corners.

"We cannot," Professor Steinach remarked to me, "perform the comic opera bouffe of transmuting an old hag into a giddy young damsel. We have discovered no hocus-pocus that will turn a senile ancient tottering to the tomb into a fairy prince. But, under certain conditions, we can stretch the span of man's usefulness, restore shrivelled organs and enable the patient to recapture the raptures, if not the roses, of youth.

"Whether the Steinach operation actually prolongs life, we are not, at present, prepared to state, in spite of certain indications pointing in this direction. Scientific workers in many climes must continue to labour before we can venture to draw more definite conclusions. I am a student, not a dreamer. I place my faith solely in the laboratory. I am interested only in those things which I can compel nature to prove to me beyond doubt or cavil."

Steinach is not a fighter. He prefers the laboratory to the arena. He is mild and restrained both in manner and speech. His very beard merely accentuates the gentleness of his features. He shrinks from publicity. He refuses all interviews.

Professor Steinach talked frankly to me because he felt that I was a seeker after truth who desired knowledge for its own sake, not for its sensational exploitation. He knew that before I came to him, I had discussed the topic with leading medical men and students of biology. Both in his studies and in his explanations, he is aided by Mrs. Steinach, his most able interpreter. Mrs. Steinach, by the way, speaks English with the ease of a native.

"I believe," Steinach remarked, "that many of my critics object to the term 'rejuvenation.' If I had called my book 'Reflections on Senescence in Ageing Rodents' there would have been no objection. If I had dealt with the physiological

structure of the left wing of the grasshopper, my efforts would have been highly appreciated. But to deal with phenomena of sex and to apply the knowledge gained from experiments with animals to human beings, seems to be an unforgivable sin.

"However, my offence was even greater. For millions of years all men have grown old and laid them down to die at the right time. To disturb this condition is to be marked a rebel against the most ancient of all conventions. Even if I upset cherished notions, is it not better to investigate my conclusions than to quarrel with them?"

"Perhaps," I remarked, "you should console yourself with Heine's observation that since Pythagoras slaughtered one hundred oxen to celebrate his discovery that the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides of a triangle, every bovine in the world trembles with fear every time a new truth is discovered?"

Many physicians who disagree with the Steinach theory, nevertheless perform his operation.

Steinach, to cite one of his disciples, Dr. Harry Benjamin, gives the patient a more or less massive and continuous dose of his own gonadal hormone instead of the hormone of another human being or of a monkey. The Steinach operation has nothing in common with the transplantation of monkey glands advocated by Voronoff.

The operation does not render the male sterile, if performed unilaterally. If performed bilaterally, needless to say, sterility results. Bilateral vasectomy is the method prescribed in several states for the sterilization of criminals. It is possible but not practical to apply this method to women.

It would be disheartening, indeed, if rejuvenation was confined to the male, if the Wandering Jew, renewing his youth, could not find a Wandering Jewess; if the Helen of Troy and the Blonde Marguerite of the future were compelled to join that chorus of aged sweethearts—

*Eves of an hundred years
Upon whose brow God's dreadful finger lies,*

while their mates, the Paris and the Faust of the twentieth

century, were having a new fling at life. But Steinach's most recent discoveries save us from this predicament.

"The idea of rejuvenating the organism by stimulating the puberty gland did not," Steinach remarked, "leap from my brain full-fledged like Pallas Athena from the head of Jove. It developed logically, step by step, from my work."

Asked to retrace these steps, first in broad outlines, then in detail, the great biologist summarized the remarkable experiments which inevitably led him to his conclusion.

"The first step was the permanent transplantation of gonads. The animal was emasculated, and the sex gland grafted upon another portion of his anatomy, usually, but not necessarily in the abdominal region. In the new location, the reproductive gland was unable to function. Nevertheless, the animal did not become an eunuch in appearance or action.

"This proved that the sexual development both of the organs and of the brain, and their erotization, does not depend on the function of the reproductive gland, but on the chemicals with which the hormones of the puberty gland are charged. Sex, in other words, is determined not by the reproductive tissues, but by the gland of internal secretion.

"The second step was an arbitrary experiment in masculinization and feminization. It was necessary to determine if the puberty gland possessed a specific sex, if it made a difference whether the male or the female principle was at work. It appears that there is a gland for each sex, each entrusted with its own and specific work. If, after castration, a female gland is transplanted upon a male, or reversely, a complete transformation of the original sex character of the animal takes place. It is possible to manufacture males and females.

"I succeeded in causing lactation in the male guinea pig by implanting a female gland upon its body after emasculation. Females thus made to order actually nursed the young. They are, so to speak, mother's helpers, females in every respect, except one.

"Similarly, female guinea pigs are converted into males after their own sex glands are eradicated. In some instances, I discovered a tendency on the part of the animal to adopt not merely the characteristic aggressive attitude of the male, but its external sex characteristics.

“The third step,” Professor Steinach continued, “was artificial hermaphroditization. If both a male and female gland are implanted upon an infantile organism or emasculated animal, an experimental hermaphrodite results. Both the appearance and direction of the sex instinct of the animal is bi-sexual.

“The fourth step was the practical application of the knowledge acquired.

“(A) Curing results of castration due to accident or disease (i.e. tuberculosis) by the permanent implantation of healthy gonads. The patient is no longer a eunuch, even if we cannot restore the power of procreation.

“(B) Operative treatment of inborn sex inversion. Where the sex impulse does not coincide with the external characteristics of sex, it is obvious that the puberty gland functions inversely. We have the case of a man not with a feminine soul but with a feminine gland. This condition has been remedied in several instances by the implantation of masculine gonads. The operation, to be successful, should be followed, as a rule, by psychoanalysis.

“(C) Experimental rejuvenation or regeneration. In the castrate, the puberty gland is absent. In the infantile organism, it is undeveloped. The ageing organism reveals retro-development of the gland. These three conditions are largely identical. Nature develops this gland in the infant. Science, in a measure, restores the emasculated individual to manhood. Such being the case, it should be equally possible for science to stimulate the ageing puberty gland.

“Once I reached this conclusion, all that remained was to discover the method. I ascertained that most phenomena of old age both in animals and in human beings are accompanied by the retrogression of the puberty gland. I also noted that the stimulation of the gland, in a large number of cases, affected the entire endocrine system, restoring the appearance and the instinct of youth. In many animals it restored likewise the power of procreation.

“This is true not only of my rodents, but of larger animals, like horses and dogs. My data included, among others, the case of a she-goat, in which, after complete cessation of all sex

functions for years, we were able to restore both maternity and lactation.”

What is more evanescent than youth? Yet Steinach and other biologists of distinction hold that youth is a measurable quantity. A boy's will may be the wind's will. Nevertheless, the degree of youthfulness existing in his body can be measured by dynamometers and proved conclusively by chemical agents. In demonstrating this theory, Professor Steinach explains not merely the secret of youth, but also the grim secret of death.

Steinach, by spurring the gland into action, puts Omar Khayám to shame.

*One thing is certain and the rest is lies,
The flower that once has blown for ever dies,*

says the poet. Steinach, however, reveals to us that science can force a second blooming.

The great Persian poet and pessimist tells us that we cannot lure back Time's moving finger, or cancel half a line from the scroll of Fate. Was the poet wrong? I am inclined to agree with him philosophically. Yet, Steinach's method undertakes to cancel the treacherous lines the Moving Finger writes upon our faces. It restores resiliency to the hardened arteries and to the muscles, invigorates metabolism, improves both the memory and the vision, makes hair sprout again from bald heads, and turns the old man's fancy not always gently to the thoughts that engaged him in the springtime of life.

It must be repeated that Steinach is the greatest living biologist, professor at a great university and head of a distinguished institution. His conclusions are no more subversive of accepted standards than wireless telegraphy and radium.

I cannot reiterate with too much emphasis Steinach's own statements to me: "I have discovered no cure-all, nor am I conducting a beauty parlour. Favourable results are not obtained in all cases. Success depends upon a number of circumstances and conditions, all of which are not yet completely understood. In fact, we are only at the threshold of the new science of rejuvenation."

Professor Steinach, as his most valued assistant, his wife, pointed out to me, verified through his experiments the theories of that eccentric young genius Otto Weininger, who died by his own hand after giving to the world "Sex and Character," a book that carried his fame like a blaze from land to land. According to Weininger, no human being is wholly male or female. The 100% male or female exists only in the limbo of theory.

Any individual, A or B, is never to be designated merely as a man or a woman, but by a formula showing that it is a composite of male and female characters in different proportions; for instance:

$$\begin{aligned} A &= a \text{ M (ale)} \\ &\quad a' \text{ F (emale)} \\ B &= b \text{ F (emale)} \\ &\quad b' \text{ M(ale)} \end{aligned}$$

Each of the factors, a, a', b, b', must be greater than zero and less than unity.

Weininger demonstrated his theory philosophically, but admitted that it was not susceptible of laboratory proof. Steinach's experiments reveal that physiology confirms Otto Weininger's speculative deduction.

"If," Professor Steinach asserts, "the complete male sex gland is removed, we create a eunuch. If the sex gland is re-implanted with the consequent shrinking of the reproductive gland, accompanied by an increase in the secretions of the puberty gland, we restore not merely the original masculine character, but induce an increased masculine eroticism or 'hyper-masculinization.' In the female, under similar conditions, we produce 'hyper-feminization.'

"The difference in the behaviour and in the appearance of the castrated and the restored animal, illustrates the influence of the puberty gland.

"If the sex gland or gonad is transplanted incompletely, the sex characters are only incompletely developed. The same occurs if it is improperly ingrafted. If the gonads are subsequently or partially removed, a retro-development takes place. The male loses its male, the female its feminine qualities. The animal again approximates the neuter.

“There is,” Professor Steinach insists, “a mathematical proportion between the mass or activity of the secreting tissue and effect on the development of the individual. Complete sexual development with adequate secretions of the puberty gland is attended invariably by youthful vigour.

“Inasmuch as the rising or the falling curve of life is dominated largely by the puberty gland, I concluded that it was possible to arrest the process of deterioration by rejuvenating the gland once, or more often, in the same individual.”

“Professor,” I remarked, “you said to me that you were interested only in facts capable of demonstration. Are the changes you state verifiable? Is it possible to ascertain with scientific precision the degree of youthfulness attained after the Steinach operation? Are not many of the phenomena purely subjective, coloured to a certain extent by the unconscious bias of the patient or the physician?”

“Fortunately,” Steinach rejoined, “my statements are susceptible of scientific proof. Youth is a measurable quantity. The degree of youthfulness can be tested. A man is not as old as he feels, or a woman as old as she looks. Neither can age be stated precisely in terms of time. If we wish to form a clear conception of the age of any organism, we must conduct an investigation with the mechanical devices and with the test tube. The microscope, too, is an invaluable ally.

“The age of an organism may be determined physiologically by the proportion existing between cells functioning actively and in different cell tissue in various organs. In young individuals the functional cells predominate in fairly constant proportions. After the operation we discover a distinct increase in the number and in the activity of the functional cells. Blood pressure, too, is an almost infallible indication. We invariably discover a decided decrease in blood pressure after the Steinach operation. Blood pressure, too, is a factor that varies with age, though, of course, it is also dependent upon other conditions.

“Muscular power can be measured. The dynamometer establishes the normal muscular power of the average age and the average person. The dynamometer clearly reveals the increase in the patient’s muscular power after the operation, and indicates the degree of youthfulness attained. Muscular

changes are often observed in the structure of the eye. In many cases nearsightedness, depending upon muscular degeneration, disappears after the operation.

“We also know the rate of absorption of oxygen characteristic of various ages. The amount is much larger in a young and vigorous person than in a person of advanced years. Complicated machinery for determining oxidation exists. Oxidation determines the rate at which metabolism proceeds in the body. Exact measurements before and after the operation show the physiological age of the patient. If a man of sixty shows after the operation that his oxygen consumption equals that of a person between thirty and forty, we know that we have lifted at least twenty years from his age.

“Finally, chemistry makes it possible for us to subject the age of living matter to a precise test that can be stated in definite mathematical formulæ. My friend, Professor Vladimir Ruzicka, head of the Institute for General Biology and Experimental Morphology at the University of Prague, employs protoplasmic hysteresis.”

“Professor,” I interrupted, “I have followed you through a maze of scientific terminology, but protoplasmic hysteresis is a little too much for me.”

Steinach seemed somewhat surprised that so simple a term should embarrass a visitor. “The substance of any living organism,” he explained, “undergoes from its earliest beginnings to the end a continuous process of progressive condensation. This progressive condensation, or protoplasmic hysteresis, is one of the causes of old age. It mechanically arrests metabolism and thereby produces senile atrophy. Finally, through the complete cessation of metabolism, protoplasmic hysteresis is the cause of ‘natural’ death.

“Protoplasmic hysteresis seems to hold the key both to Age and to Death. It also determines the degree of youth or rejuvenation. When we say that age creeps upon us, we merely mean that the channels of circulation, and the pipelines through which waste is eliminated, are slowly clogged up by the physiological by-products.

“The degree of condensation can be measured in several ways. We can determine the concentration of hydrogen in the

organism or the amount of alcohol required to dissolve it in certain solutions. Dr. F. Hajek, a colleague of Ruzicka, has determined the index number characteristic of various degrees of age. We can now test the effect of any physiological process upon the age of an organism by measuring the change in the condensation of tissue.

“There are many processes which increase or diminish the degree of condensation. For instance, inflammation first diminishes the density of the affected tissue, but afterwards, when scars begin to form, the condensation increases. Since protoplasmic hysteresis is a progressive process, beginning with the egg and reaching its complete equilibrium in death, it is clear that when the degree of condensation existing in any organ falls below the index characteristic of its age, we can speak of its rejuvenation.

“Professor Ruzicka took three pairs of my white rats. One of each couple had been subjected to my operation under my personal supervision. Ruzicka found that the liver, the heart, the muscle, kidneys, lungs and gonads, etc., of the animals that had undergone the Steinach operation, revealed a marked decrease, below the degree characteristic of the organs of rats untouched by the knife.

“There is no question in my mind that Ruzicka has discovered a method which, as our knowledge increases, will enable us to state with finality the physiological age of any organism. The physician of the future should be able to determine precisely how many years an attack of influenza took from a person's life and how many years were added by a successful stimulation of his internal secretions.

“I have opened one door to the palace of truth. Ruzicka has opened another. No doubt there are hundreds of gates I have overlooked, a hundred corridors that others, luckier than I, will discover. The greater part of my task is still before me. One lifetime is hardly sufficient to proceed more than a few halting steps toward the supreme sanctuary where, shrouded in by seven veils, broods the image of truth.”

Since my first visit to Steinach he has been so persecuted by orthodox medical old fogies that he no longer permits himself to be quoted. He feels that the unfavourable impression created

by newspaper discussions of his first experimental results seriously militates against the acceptance of his work by medical fundamentalists.

In my discussion of his later discoveries I paraphrase, as closely as possible, Steinach's utterances in medical publications, to escape the temptation of revealing, even indirectly, any personal confidence and to shield him from unjust professional criticism.

When I recently visited Vienna, Professor Steinach conducted me personally through the laboratory of his Biological Institute, where he carries on his extraordinary investigations. At the time of my visit to Steinach's laboratory, his assistants were engaged in the task of rendering the feminine hormone, which he has isolated, even more perfect.

"Where," I asked, "Professor Steinach, do you keep the Eternal Feminine?"

He looked at me somewhat puzzled.

"I mean," I corrected myself, "where is the Feminine Principle which you have isolated?"

He smiled.

"I would hardly," he replied, "use such language. We merely claim that we have produced from the feminine glands an extract which has been purified and freed of injurious mixtures to such an extent and which acts so precisely and specifically that every reason exists to speak of a hormone."

The hormones, the product of our ductless glands, known also as the glands of internal secretion, are discharged directly into the blood. They determine the constitution and the character of the individual. Modern science is inclined to believe that the essential difference between men and women is based primarily upon these hormones. Our glands are our destiny. They determine all functions of life. A disturbance of the glands is responsible for most diseases.

Each gland secretes a specific hormone. Some glands produce several distinct hormones. Together, the glands of internal secretion (thyroid, pituitary, gonads, adrenals, pancreas, etc.) constitute our endocrine system.

The hormones of some glands, such as thyroid, adrenal and pituitary, and now the feminine gonads, have been successfully "isolated." It is possible to obtain the active principle of these

glands without physiological or chemical impurities. Most gland extracts (thyroxin, adrenalin, insulin, etc.) are obtained from sheep and from cattle. Medicine uses these hormones for a variety of purposes.

Adrenalin controls circulation. The extract of the anterior part of the pituitary governs growth. Insulin increases the ability of the body to absorb sugar. The hormones of the thyroid gland control quality. The pituitary gland dominates growth and periodicity. The adrenals supply energy and prepare the pigment which colours hair and skin. The gonads activate sex; they are to the race what the thyroid is to the individual.

In some cases, hormones introduced into the system orally or subcutaneously, seem to produce a specific action directly. In the majority of cases, these extracts effect the result ascribed to them indirectly, by re-activating the corresponding gland in the body.

The glandular extract restores our endocrine equilibrium which may be disturbed temporarily, by stimulating our normal secretion. If the gland is seriously crippled, the system may need subsidies for a long stretch of time to wipe out the deficit in its endocrine budget. Where the gland has ceased to function, or is entirely absent, periodic injections enable the organism to survive in spite of this handicap.

The glands of internal secretion have been aptly compared to an interlocking directorate. Glandular extracts stimulate not only their corresponding glands, but, owing to the intimate connection between the various members of the glandular chain, they affect the entire endocrine system. Thyroxin may re-enforce the pituitary, whereas pituitary extract may stir the adrenals and the gonads into action, and so forth.

In view of the importance of our organs of internal secretion, science is at work everywhere trying to isolate hormones. The hormone of the male gonad has not been successfully isolated. Adam still eludes us, while Eve has apparently surrendered her secret to Steinach. If Steinach's claims are borne out by experience, the Eternal Feminine is no longer a riddle to science. Whereas in the past men had an advantage over women in rejuvenation, Steinach's new discovery reverses the situation.

The potency of the feminine hormones, prepared in Steinach's laboratory from sheep glands, is measured in terms of "M.U." "M.U." stands for "Mouse Unit." One fifty-thousandth of a drop of the Steinach solution is sufficient to induce in a mouse the physiological and psychic phenomena of the mating season.

If Steinach were more commercially and less scientifically inclined, he would not employ a designation which brings to mind an animal regarded with peculiar abhorrence by both the elephant and the fair sex. However, he might have blundered even worse psychologically. He could have measured his preparation in terms of Rat Units! The nomenclature, by the way, was invented by an American scientist and adopted by Steinach. Both M.U. and R.U. are familiar terms to investigators in the mysterious region of our ductless glands.

Other scientists working independently along similar lines have also succeeded in extracting the feminine hormone. For instance, Zondek, in Germany, Lagnew, in Holland, Allen Dorsey in America. But it seems that Steinach has succeeded in obtaining the most concentrated extract, the very essence of Eve!

In order to appreciate Steinach we must envisage him against the background of his biological research. The so-called Steinach operation and his investigation of rejuvenation were only by-products of other experiments.

The first transplantation of the glands of mammals for the purpose of rejuvenation was made by Steinach. It was the basis of all later efforts in this direction, including Voronoff's. Steinach's first experiment was performed in 1910. Voronoff published his first findings five years later.

In his early experiments Steinach relied mainly on transplantation. He grafted the glands of a young animal upon an old animal of the same species to induce rejuvenation. In the course of his experiments, Steinach stumbled upon the operation that bears his name. He discovered that vasectomy and vasoligature have the effect of stimulating the specific internal secretions of the male. Hormones pouring into the body with renewed strength, after the operation, stimulate the circulation of the blood and produce the state of hyperæmia which nature requires to regenerate tissue.

The Steinach operation takes hardly more than ten minutes. I was present at one in Berlin, performed with a local anæsthetic, while the patient smoked a cigarette and joked with me and with the doctor. The operation requires, nevertheless, high surgical skill to avoid the laceration of delicate nerves and blood vessels. Further investigations enabled Steinach to supplant and to supplement his operation with non-surgical methods. He still prefers the operation in men because of its simplicity and its immediate effectiveness. He never resorts to surgical methods of rejuvenation in women. In their place, he uses the X-ray and heat. To these agencies he now adds the isolated feminine hormone.

It was a thrill to see the mysterious tubes and capsules which contain the quintessence of femininity. I was equally thrilled when Professor Steinach showed me the first guinea pig which was born as a male and woke up as a female !

In the same glass case, I saw another wonder of the age, the first double-sexed guinea pig produced artificially according to the formula devised by Professor Steinach. All life is bi-sexual. Both sexes are inherent in us all. The preponderance of the male or the female element depends upon our internal secretions. Every individual may develop either along masculine or along feminine lines.

Inasmuch as it is possible to stimulate or arrest the action of these glands, the endocrinologist can activate male or female characteristics in human beings even after maturity. It is possible for Steinach to turn a sissy into a real boy. He can, by stimulating the glands with his new feminine hormone, turn the wildest tomboy into a blushing maid. He simply strengthens either the masculine or the feminine chain of glands in the patient.

In these experiments, Steinach sometimes invokes the aid of psycho-analysis. After activating the gonads in the desired direction, he calls upon Freud to disentangle faulty mental associations. The surgeon, co-operating with the psycho-analyst, restores endocrine and psychic harmony—a task that would be too difficult for either without the aid of the other.

VORONOFF : FROM SUPER-SHEEP TO SUPER-MAN

Walking in the footsteps of Steinach, Voronoff is now attempting to evolve the super-sheep. It is only one step from super-sheep to super-man.

After visiting Voronoff in Paris, I ventured to inspect his monkey palace in Mentone. It was there that I picked out my own monkey who, if the gods are propitious, may some day endow me with simian vigour !

“ I HAVE already produced the super-sheep. Some day,” Professor Serge Voronoff remarked to me, “ I may be able to produce the super-man.”

We were seated in the Hotel Claridge in Paris. Professor Voronoff was petting a little dog tenderly with his long tapering fingers, the hand, it seemed to me, of an aristocrat. His nostrils drew in the perfume wafted to him from a bunch of orchids on the table. Voronoff seems more at home in the salon than in the laboratory. In appearance, he looks more like a Russian grand duke than like a scientist.

“ Steinach tells me that he is experimenting not only with the sex gland but also with the pituitary, in order to restore youthful resilience to the ageing organism. Are your efforts confined to the sex glands ? ”

Voronoff smiled. “ The gonads,” he replied, “ are the vital force regulating not only sex activity but all physiological processes. They are the batteries from which all other glands draw their strength.”

“ Then,” I remarked, “ the poet, Walt Whitman, foresaw the conclusions of psycho-analysis as well as of those who labour like yourself to repair frail humanity. ‘ Yet all were lacking if sex were lacking, or if the moisture of the right man were lacking . . . ’ You will find the line in his ‘ Children of Adam.’ ”

The quotation seemed to please Voronoff.

"The super-sheep," Voronoff went on to say, "may eventually enable us to meet our debt to the United States. We are now able to duplicate in animals the miracles performed by Burbank with plants.

"There is no question in my mind that we can apply the same methods to human beings. The mother who entrusts her child to me for such an experiment may become the Eve of a new race of super-men. Unfortunately, few human beings are willing to dare. I must, for the present, therefore, confine myself to animals so far as the creation of a new race is concerned. But I continue my attempt to prolong human life and to arrest senility by borrowing the glands of our simian brothers for the needs of the human race.

"I take no money for my operations. I ask no money even for my experiments," he added. "I am fortunately so situated that I can afford my hobby and maintain my monkey farm in Mentone on the border between Italy and France. I am not, however, confining my attention to our simian cousins," and Voronoff laughed.

"I am experimenting with a new phase of transplantation in sheep. In the past, we always grafted the gland of a young animal upon a mature animal with the object of rejuvenation. However, in 1924, it occurred to me to discover what would happen if we grafted the gland of a mature animal upon an animal not yet fully developed. If a transplantation of this type could rejuvenate the ageing body, it should, it seemed to me, expedite and stimulate the growth of a young body.

"Unfortunately it is difficult to observe the results of such experiments in human beings. I turned to goats and to sheep, whose lives are short enough to enable us to trace several generations.

"In 1924, I first grafted a gonadal gland from a mature ram upon a lamb. The result was startling. Immediately after transplantation, the sheep grew tremendously. There was a great increase both in wool and in vigour. The animal reached a size far beyond the normal. This achievement was interesting. It was not in itself economically important. It would be too expensive if it were necessary to operate on each individual animal.

“Fortunately, it seems that the characteristics of the super-sheep thus produced by gland implantations are immediately transmitted to the offspring. The second generation of lambs produced by the super-sheep were on the average eight pounds heavier than normal at the age of five months. Their wool was much thicker.

“My experiments are carried out with the co-operation of the French Minister of Agriculture. The British Minister of Agriculture has expressed his interest in my work and New Zealand has asked me to send an expert to give instructions in my method of implantation.

“What is needed in animal breeding is quality rather than quantity, because the grazing space of the world is constantly decreasing. There is, at this moment, I believe, a deficit of almost twenty-five per cent. in the world’s wool supply. By raising super-sheep it is possible to meet this deficiency without increasing the number of animals or the space they need.

“I have experimented in this direction with hundreds of domestic animals in France, Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, Senegal, Italy, etc.”

“Do your experiments indicate that you prolong the life of the animals with your transplantation?”

“Undoubtedly,” Voronoff replied. “The old ram upon which I operated in the Physiological Station of the College of France in 1918 reached the age of twenty, which is six years more than normal. At that age, the superannuated ram became the proud father of five vigorous young lambs. Under ordinary circumstances, he would have been dead.

“I have made similar experiments with bulls and with stallions. The Italian government has adopted my method for the purpose of horse breeding. The results of its experiments in this connection were published by the chief of the military veterinary surgeons in Naples.

“France imports every year two billion francs’ worth of wool from England and Australia, in spite of the fact that we own no less than ten million head of sheep. Consequently, my experiments are of considerable economic importance.

“The government of Algeria is, at present, engaged in the application of my method to three hundred head of sheep owned

by the government in its breeding station in the desert, under the supervision of M. Trouette and the veterinary surgeon of the Algerian Government.

"M. Trouette informs me that the average weight of a sheep is sixty-one kilograms at the age of two, whereas the average weight of the animals thus treated is sixty-eight kilograms, an increase of over twelve and one-half per cent. One of the animals upon which he experimented reached a weight of seventy-four kilograms. The increase in the weight of wool was twenty per cent. The average weight of a five year old lamb is thirty kilograms and a fraction. The average weight of the progeny of sheep treated by my method was thirty-eight kilograms.

"If it was possible to achieve such results with the first generation, there is no doubt that by continuous experimenting and breeding, it will be possible to achieve startling results."

"How many Voronoff operations have been successfully performed on human beings?"

"Probably," Voronoff replied, "more than a thousand, chiefly in France, Spain, England and in the United States. One man in Italy alone performed two hundred operations. Many operations have taken place in the penal institution of St. Quentin in California, where, however, goat—not monkey—glands are used. Unfortunately, it is difficult to obtain monkey glands in America. The glands of other animals are less effective.

"Human glands are sometimes used, but they can be obtained only under extraordinary circumstances. In England, the grafting of a monkey gland upon a human being is illegal, owing to the laws against vivisection. In England, therefore, we are compelled to use human material."

"Would you say that the monkey gland was more efficient than a human gland, for the purpose?"

"My experiments point in this direction. The monkey is a vigorous animal. He has many times the muscular energy of a man. His glands are physiologically more powerful."

"Who," I asked, "are the chief exponents of the Voronoff operation?"

"In France," he replied, "Professor Tuffier, Professor Barrdet, Professor Dartigues, Professor Rocher, Professor Galtier, etc. In Italy, Dr. Marro (Turin) and Dr. Carvelli (Rome). In Spain,

Dr. Cardenal-Valasko ; in England, Dr. Walker ; in the United States, Dr. Thorek (Chicago).

“There are many others in Russia and in Australia, who work out my theories and employ my technique.”

“If I understand the theory underlying both your work and Steinach’s correctly, your main object is to increase the function of the glands. Why is it necessary to concentrate on the sex glands? Would it not be possible to achieve the same result by stimulating the thyroid or the pituitary gland?”

“I have transplanted all other glands, as the occasion required,” Professor Voronoff replied, “but the gonads or sex glands are most important physiologically. They are most important not because they determine sex, but because they control powerfully all metabolic processes.

“Why does a man grow old? Is it because of a thyroid deficiency? No! Or he would become an idiot! A child lacking a thyroid gland is an imbecile. Its intelligence can be awakened by injections of the secretion of the thyroid gland. If old age were induced by a deficiency of the thyroid gland, it could be checked easily by introducing thyroid into the organism. The secretion of the thyroid gland is readily obtainable and has been successfully isolated. If we could attack the problem by way of the thyroid gland, its solution would provide no difficulty at all. But evidently, the thyroid is not to blame, at least not primarily.

“What other gland, then, causes the mischief? Do we grow old because the adrenal gland is exhausted? No! If we did, heart action would stop. Of course, the adrenal glands grow weaker as we grow older, but they do not in themselves produce the phenomena of old age. If the adrenal gland were responsible for old age, every human being would die of heart failure.

“Shall we blame the para-thyroid? No! for if the para-thyroid were to cease to function we should all die under convulsions.

“Shall we throw the responsibility upon the pituitary? No! If the pituitary were responsible, respiration would stop. All these glands deteriorate, but they do not cause old age.

“All other glands,” Voronoff continued, “have a local or a partial effect. They rule over provinces of the body, they are

not its head, the monarch of our system. They are all part of a chain without which life could not go on. They make a desperate attempt to compensate each other for any deficiency, but there can be no satisfactory compensation for a deficient gonad. It is literally the source of life itself."

"To what extent does your operation lengthen human life?"

Voronoff shrugged his shoulders. Like Steinach he is unable to answer this question.

"What," he asked, "is man's age? Recently a man died at the age of one hundred and ten. Another man in Scotland died at one hundred and forty. The operation is too young and our lives are too short to test its effect on longevity.

"We can test the effect of the transplantation on animals. The operation seems to increase longevity by twenty-five per cent. But youthful vigour and efficiency are prolonged almost until the period of dissolution. A long and vigorous active period is followed by a brief period of enfeeblement and old age.

"The ordinary sheep grows old at the age of ten. Its old age lasts four or five years. Twelve of my sheep lived to be twenty. Their youth was prolonged four or five years beyond the normal. Then they died suddenly in five days. The period of senility, in other words, was reduced from five years to five days. This may be prophetic of what can be accomplished for man.

"The transplantation gives man more vigour to resist illness. Most people die prematurely because their weakened bodies cannot ward off the attack of micro-organisms. They succumb to influenza, to pneumonia, etc., before their race is run."

"What," I asked, "is the best age for submitting to transplantation?"

"Under ordinary circumstances, the operation should not be postponed beyond the age of sixty. After sixty, no matter how hale a man's appearance may be, the downward trend begins. Old age inevitably starts at sixty."

"What is the principal effect of your operation?"

"Increased brain power and increased physiological vigour. At seventy, sex is no longer appreciably affected by the transplantation. But muscular power and brain power may still be invigorated. However, this result is nevertheless achieved by

invigorating the sex gland. The sex gland or gonad is universal in its effect."

"Don't you transplant other glands?"

"Yes, but I transplant them only to meet a special deficiency."

"Is your operation always successful?"

"No, but the percentage of failure is small. Hardly more than three to four per cent. of all transplantations fail to increase the brain and body vigour, while fifteen to twenty per cent., it is true, fail to correct sex deficiency. The reactivation of sex, while valuable, is the least important aspect of rejuvenation."

"It seems to me," I remarked, "that in view of the difficulties of obtaining a supply of monkeys, the Steinach operation, which depends upon no resources, except those of our own bodies, would be more feasible."

"The Steinach operation," Voronoff replied, "is excellent so far as it goes. It makes the gland more efficient but it does not give us more strength. If you feed an old horse well, he can do more work with the remnant of his strength, but he does not become a young horse. Steinach improves the old horse. I yoke a young horse with the old."

"If the efficiency of the gonads is thirty per cent. of the maximum strength, we can maintain that efficiency by the Steinach method. We can extract the utmost work from these remnants, but you cannot expect thirty per cent. to do the work of one hundred per cent., no matter how stimulated. That is the reason why I supply a new gland, which, together with the old, should be able to function at par."

"Many men of science seem to think that the glands you implant are absorbed quickly by the system, so that the effect achieved is only temporary."

"This," Voronoff admitted, "was true in the beginning. The transplanted glands were quickly absorbed by the system and the effect disappeared. However, by my new method I have succeeded in implanting the new gland in such a way that it functions as part of the system and continues to remain active for five or six years. After that time, the operation can be repeated."

"Ten years ago the new transplantation was absorbed within six weeks. My new method differs from the old exactly as the

airplane that brought Lindbergh across the ocean differs from the primitive airplane of Blériôt.

“Some time ago I operated upon a Spanish physician who permitted me to take out the gland again after three years. This enabled me to demonstrate before the Society of Biology that after that interval the gland was functioning perfectly.”

“What happened to the doctor whom you thus deprived of his new-won youth?”

Voronoff smiled. “Another gland was immediately supplied.

“Once,” he continued, “a huge reward was paid for an airplane that succeeded in flying one hundred metres. To-day airplanes circle the globe. If people had fallen asleep after Blériôt’s accomplishment, they would not have believed Lindbergh’s achievement possible. Some scientists are asleep. I am not.

“I do not deny the priority of Steinach. I neither deny nor claim anything except the priority of my method. The technique which I have evolved is entirely my own.

“Before me, men tried to graft glands but failed mostly. They implanted the gland in any part of the abdomen or elsewhere, instead of following the order indicated by nature. I do not try to be wiser than God. The gland must be placed where the blood circulates freely. It is part of my technique to irritate the region where I plant it to promote circulation before implantation.

“Formerly I employed half a monkey gland for the implantations. Now I split it into four parts to facilitate the growth of blood vessels. Brown-Sequard is the predecessor of the idea, but there is no predecessor of my technique.

“All I claim, I repeat, is a new technique. Lindbergh succeeded not merely because he had courage and had the right idea, but because his apparatus was good and his technical equipment perfect.

“Steinach, when he does not employ vasectomy, but implants a gland from another body, departs from the order dictated by anatomy. He tries to be more clever than God. I follow humbly in God’s footsteps. I succeed because I am modest, because I conform with nature.”

“If it is possible to re-energize the body by implanting a part

of the gonad of one of our simian cousins, would it not be possible to produce a super-man almost overnight by endowing him with a whole girdle of glands from your human repair shop?"

The idea had occurred to me long ago. It seemed to me that Voronoff's gland food might take the place of the food of the Gods envisaged by H. G. Wells in one of his early fantastic works. I welcomed this opportunity to address myself to the scientist, who if his plan matures, may soon monopolize the accessible supply of monkey glands in the world.

What monarch, what dictator, what multi-millionaire would be more powerful than the licensed dispenser of the elixir of youth? However, it seems that this elixir cannot be thus abused. Too much is no more advantageous than too little.

When I explained my question, Voronoff smiled.

"Imagine," he replied, "a flower pot sufficient to nourish two plants—two roses. If you add two new plants what will happen? Not only the first but the other two are likely to perish. Why? Because there is a direct proportion between the surface and the number of plants which this quantity of soil can nourish. The same is true of transplanted glands.

"Nature abhors transplantations except in the organ which she herself designates for their purpose. This organ can nourish the original glands. It may, under special conditions and with the exercise of a special technique, sustain one additional gonad, but if you attempt to increase the burden the new gland will be reabsorbed.

"Even if it were possible to overcome this law of nature, it is very likely that the excess of any one internal secretion or hormone in the blood, beyond a certain point, would induce auto-intoxication."

"In all your discussions you confine yourself primarily to the rejuvenation of men. Is there anything in your storehouse that enables you to rejuvenate women?"

"The operation," Voronoff replied, "is feasible in women, but my cases are few because it is more complicated. Nature has endowed woman with a very complicated organism and the implantation of glands in woman's case constitutes a major operation. I have performed the operation successfully, how-

ever, in several cases. In fact, one woman, who is well known in the Anglo-American colony in Paris, was rejuvenated by me when she was sixty-eight."

"Is it true that several French statesmen have applied to you for the elixir of youth and that at least one of the great figures of the World War owes his astonishing vitality at eighty-six to your operation?"

"I am afraid," Voronoff replied, "that I cannot answer your question, for to disclose even indirectly the identity of one of my patients without his consent would be not merely unethical, but it would subject me, under the French law, to imprisonment for two years."

"However, at present, as I have already remarked, I am even more interested in my experiments with animals than in my experiments with human beings. My experiments with human beings are somewhat limited by the scarcity of animal glands. If my plans materialize, I shall girdle the world with a series of depots for human spare parts."

"During the War the French Government placed at my disposal a hospital where I substituted monkey bones for human bones. Many a French soldier goes without crutches to-day because I was able to supply a monkey shin-bone to take the place of a human one that was shot to pieces."

"The special military hospital, placed under my supervision by the French Government, enabled me to prove that it is possible to borrow divers organs, not only sex glands, from the monkeys. I saved a fourteen-year-old boy from idiocy by transplanting upon him, in 1913, the thyroid gland of a monkey. The operation was entirely successful and the lad was able to serve in the War."

"These experiences suggested the idea of a human repair shop."

"The ape, I repeat, is a depot for human spare parts. Humanity needs ape depots more than repair shops with spare parts for automobiles. I foresee a time when monkey service stations will be as numerous as Ford service stations are to-day in the United States. They are a reservoir of human strength, these ancestors of ours."

"The French Government, in recognition of the success of

my experiments, has forbidden the destructive hunting of monkeys. Monkeys are preserved for medical purposes in all French colonial possessions. King Alfonso of Spain and King Albert of Belgium have promised me to promulgate similar laws to safeguard the monkey supply.

"Africa, especially, is predestined to replenish the world, if we can obtain enough primitive denizens of the tree-tops! The monkey supply will be greater if we succeed in domesticating the animal."

"We must have more and better monkeys," I interrupted somewhat facetiously.

"At present," Voronoff continued, without permitting himself to be distracted, "the monkeys find food only half a year. At other times they perish like flies. They die by the hundred thousand in the jungle. In certain longitudes having the climate of Naples and Marseilles, monkeys can be cultivated. To demonstrate this fact, I established a monkey farm on the Franco-Italian border at Mentone. If my experiment succeeds, I shall establish a chain of monkey farms in Italy and in France."

"May I visit your monkey farm?" I asked.

"Certainly."

"And may I pick out my own monkey?"

He laughed. "You look too far into the future."

Armed with an introduction from Voronoff, I invaded the monkey preserves in Mentone, near Nice. I did not at first realize that Mentone was across the Italian border. However, after I explained my mission in bad French and worse Italian, I succeeded in crossing the border without a passport, on my promise to return within two hours. Voronoff's monkey farm is only a few minutes' walk from the border.

The customs official at the border told me that one of Voronoff's monkeys had died and that two had been sent to Paris a few hours ago to make a Gallic holiday for an American millionaire.

It is hardly fair to call Voronoff's establishment a monkey farm. He should call it a monkey palace. I was astonished when I saw the ancient castle of Grimaldi where Voronoff spends his summers and where he has established his depot for spare parts.

At first I could not believe my eyes when some one told me that this magnificent estate with its exotic flowers and its glimpses of the Mediterranean, with its palms and its roses, was the citadel which marks, perhaps, the starting place of the conquest of humanity by the monkeys. For as civilization wears us out we may have to depend more and more upon the replenishment of our strength from the storehouse of our simian kinsmen. Civilization in the past depended on slave labour. Civilization to-day depends upon machinery. The civilization of the future may depend on monkey glands !

A peasant woman smiled merrily when she saw me enter the citadel of the monkeys. I tried to engage her in conversation. "Do you," I asked, "believe in the Voronoff operation?"

She laughed. "The sunshine and the air are all I need to remain young."

In the castle I found workmen engaged in building a hospital and a nursery for the monkeys. Voronoff was compelled to establish his experimental station on Italian soil because he was less hampered here by his colleagues than on the French side.

Voronoff's monkeys are in charge of Charles Bartelt, a Dutchman formerly attached to Bostock's circus. Having been in the United States, Bartelt speaks English perfectly. He took me to the cages where many different types of monkey diverted themselves.

Bartelt loves his wards. He entered one of the cages and presented a peach, sweet with Italian sunshine, to Gaston, one of his favourite monkeys. Gaston accepted the gift, but with a gallantry which I have never seen rivalled, at least in the zoo, he immediately offered the fruit to Kiki, a winsome female of another breed, in the adjoining cage.

The simian Eve coyly rejected the tempting morsel. One would suspect that Gaston would now devour the fruit himself. However, this little monkey was too unselfish to think of himself. He generously offered it to his keeper. Only when Bartelt likewise refused, Gaston gaily devoured the fruit.

I wondered whether the disposition of the monkey is transmitted in any way with his glands. Bartelt was unable to satisfy my curiosity on that point. However, we do not imbibe

the disposition of a cow with her milk. Hence there is no reason for believing that the glands or the glandular extracts obtained from an animal are likely to modify our character.

"Are there," I asked, "many people who come here to choose their monkeys before their own operation?"

"Yes," he replied, "several men have come from Paris to make their selection. However, most people leave the selection to Voronoff."

At this moment I saw outside the cage a monkey baby gazing wistfully at me.

"Who," I asked, "is that?"

"Boo-boo," Bartelt replied.

I gave my little finger to Boo-boo, who immediately grasped it lovingly and would not let me go until he was persuaded to release my hand by the keeper.

"Boo-boo," I said, "and no other is my choice, if ever I feel that I am ready for Voronoff."

Bartelt laughed.

"How many monkeys," I asked, "do you keep here?"

"There are always about fifty in Castle Grimaldi, and fifty in Paris."

"What is the price of a monkey?"

"It varies between twelve hundred and six thousand francs. Unfortunately, the means of transporting monkeys to Castle Grimaldi from the jungle are not yet perfect. Of twenty-eight shipped only one arrived."

It seems that the monkeys indulge in race suicide when they leave their native jungle. At least it has not been possible so far to induce them to propagate in captivity.

"The climate," Bartelt remarked, "seems to suit them, but presumably the food they receive is not fully adapted to their needs. We feed them on a vegetarian diet but it is probable that in freedom they eat worms and grubs, in addition to fruit. It is likely, also, that they find in the forest primeval medicinal herbs of which we know nothing. These matters must be investigated carefully before it will be possible to breed monkeys in captivity."

"What happens to a monkey after a gland is removed?"

"That depends on the gland. As a rule he is all right after

two or three weeks. Males whose glands are extirpated become like females."

"How do you mean?"

"They are not so powerful, but they do not know what has happened to them. Voronoff uses them for his experiments with cancer, diabetes and other diseases, even after he extracts their glands for the purpose of rejuvenation."

"Do you believe in rejuvenation yourself?"

"I have seen remarkable results," the keeper replied. "I have seen almost blind eyes made to see again. I have seen halting steps invigorated. I have seen too many successes to doubt the Voronoff method."

"Do you expect to be rejuvenated yourself?"

On this point Bartelt seemed to be less decided. Voronoff, when I put the question to him, replied unhesitatingly in the affirmative.

At a little distance from the monkey cages I saw a goat upon which Professor Voronoff had performed one of his remarkable experiments. This goat, having been subjected to the same treatment as Voronoff's sheep, is likely to produce a long line of super-goats. Its temper is vicious and its sexual endurance, I am told, enormous.

In passing out I bade farewell once more to Boo-boo and to Kiki. In one of the cages I saw a monkey mother nursing her young, which had arrived with her from the jungles. In her eyes was the same expression which artists love to depict in the young human mother. Mother love runs through all nature, a golden band holding the world together. That glimpse of the monkey mother with the child confirms for me the unity of all life. We are not, after all, so very different from the monkeys. That is the reason why it is possible for Voronoff to substitute their organs for ours.

Who can tell what science may yet accomplish along the lines pointed out by Voronoff? Castle Grimaldi, first depot of human spare parts in the world, may become the birthplace of a new race.

HIRSCHFELD : THE EINSTEIN OF SEX

Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, chief of the Sex Science Institute in Berlin, espouses the theory of sex relativity. He is not the first to enunciate this doctrine, but he carries it to its logical conclusion. Hirschfeld looks upon homo-sexuality and other divergences from standardization not as pathological phenomena but as variations of the sex instinct.

A student of eugenics, Hirschfeld attempts to find a scientific basis for love. His experiments are as revolutionary as his conclusions.

I

“HAPPY marriages are not made in Heaven, but in the laboratory,” remarked Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld, head of the great Sex Science Institute in Berlin. “I do not see,” Hirschfeld went on to say, “how any sane young couple can risk the hazard of marriage, involving heavy responsibilities toward each other, their progeny and society, without subjecting themselves to the tests provided by chemistry, biology and psycho-analysis.

“Most people pick their partners for life with less care than their partners in business. They employ less discrimination in the choice of a mate than in the choice of a cook. They utilize less caution in the selection of a husband or a wife than in the purchase of a car or a cow.

“False pride and fear to be found wanting explain the disinclination of the ordinary exemplar of humanity to subject his matrimonial qualifications to the test of the laboratory. False sentimentality, the fear to offend, deter a man from exposing his chosen mate to the scrutiny of science.

“Another element enters. It is called ‘love’ by the poets. Freud speaks of it as ‘the overvaluation of the sexual object.’ Under the influence of our amorous emotions, the beloved



DR. MAGNUS HIRSCHFELD

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assumes an importance ludicrously out of proportion with the realities. His or her virtues are magnified, while we turn the blind spot of the mind upon our lover's faults.

"Unfortunately, the path of human passion and the path of marriage is strewn with too much wreckage to justify man's faith in the intuitions of love. In fact, if our affection is real, we should refuse to embark upon the sea of matrimony, steered solely by Cupid, without clearing papers from science.

"Several countries, including, I believe, some of the Western states of America, require a medical certificate of physical fitness before issuing a marriage licence. Parents occasionally demand a physical examination of the young man wooing their daughter before granting their consent. The ordinary physical examination is important in disclosing obvious faults or diseases. It is utterly inadequate in deciding the fitness of a candidate for marriage.

"Both the man and the woman should be carefully examined, not only with regard to their health, not only with regard to their fitness to marry, but whether they are fit to marry each other.

"One man's meat is another man's poison. The Jill that will make Jack the happiest mortal may make life a living hell for Tom. Hans whose presence is heart-balm to Gretchen may make Erinna wretchedly miserable.

"If Hans is married to Gretchen, they may rear a happy family of seven children. Married to any one else their lives may be childless. Delia may imagine that she is in love with Russell, a fair youth, inclined to stoutness, whereas every cell of her being calls out for William, long-legged and swarthy.

"Before making his final choice, the modern lover consults sex science. Like other sciences, it is not infallible, but it can prevent certain obvious blunders and repair others."

Dr. Hirschfeld's remarks are based on a unique practice extending over several decades. The Sex Science Institute established in July, 1919, has enormously increased the number of cases under his observation. In the first year of its existence, its record reveals 18,000 consultations, one-half of which were free.

Two-thirds of those who sought the advice of science in

affairs of the heart were men, one-third women. Dr. Hirschfeld, however, does not accept the ordinary classification of sex. He tells us that thirty per cent. of those who consulted the Institute belonged to the "Third Sex" or the "Intersexes." The number of persons fearing shipwreck on the ocean of love who attempt to steer their vessel by the compass of science increases from year to year.

While the Sex Institute is not affiliated with the State, Dr. Hirschfeld and his five colleagues are frequently consulted by the courts and by the police authorities. Among those who inspected the Institute, Dr. Hirschfeld names the Prussian Premier, half a dozen ministers and Secretaries of State, and many distinguished parliamentarians who desired information before introducing legislative measures affecting sex. More than eleven hundred medical men visit the Institute annually.

There is hardly an important trial, involving questions of sex or sex aberration, since the celebrated Eulenberg scandal, in which Magnus Hirschfeld is not cited as the principal expert. Upon his shoulders has fallen the mantle of Professor Krafft-Ebing of Vienna. He is regarded as the greatest authority on sex, especially its pathological aspects, in Central Europe.

Unlike Krafft-Ebing, Hirschfeld does not confine himself to theory. He heads the Scientific Humanitarian Committee, a group of distinguished men and women who attempt to extirpate antiquated sex prejudices from Germany's penal code. They succeeded in educating public opinion, not, however, without arousing violent opposition. Hirschfeld himself has been stoned by mobs. He was almost killed a year or two ago by anti-Semitic students in Munich.

Sex, Dr. Katherine B. Davis, Secretary of the Bureau of Social Hygiene, has said so well, is scientifically an unexplored country, except on the pathological side. Hirschfeld erred perhaps in that he devoted too much of his energy to the morbid or the exceptional.

With the establishment of the Sex Science Institute, he branched out into broader fields. The Institute is the dream of his life. The German Revolution enabled him to consummate his dream.

The building in which the Institute is situated was at one

time the property of Joachim, the great violinist. Subsequently it served as the palace of Prince Hatzfeld, from whom Hirschfeld acquired it, at a time when the air of the German metropolis was unhealthy for princes.

Above the gate of his Institute Dr. Hirschfeld has inscribed in Latin the legend : "*Amori et dolori sacrum*—Sacred to Love and to Sorrow." The object of the Institute, Dr. Hirschfeld explained, is first, the scientific exploration of the sex and love life of man and of all other animate beings ; second, the application of the knowledge so derived to mankind.

"Our Institute," he remarked to me and to a group of delegates of the Soviet Government, sent to Berlin to study the advisability of establishing a similar Institute in Moscow, "serves a fourfold purpose : to study, to teach, to cure, and to afford an asylum to those whom a misjudgment of their nature by their family or by society has rendered temporarily homeless.

"We strive to serve the state and to promote the progress of science, likewise the liberation of man from physical ailments, psychic suffering and social impediments in the sphere of sex, a sphere second to none in importance."

Czecho-Slovakia, Dr. Hirschfeld told me, has already created a state institution for the study of sex along similar lines. Students from every part of the world, including China and Japan, flock to Hirschfeld. Hardly a day passes when some Committee is not "conducted" through the Institute.

On the occasion of my second visit, a group of earnest young teachers listened with open mouths to Hirschfeld and his assistants. They examined the charts showing, by various mathematical devices and curves, sex developments and reactions. They gasped as they looked at the pictorial representations of scientific truths which to them must have seemed revolutionary.

The stairway and the halls of the Institute are adorned with the signed photographs of great explorers in the realm of sex, including such distinguished German scientists as Rohleder, Boelsche, Dr. Helen Stoeker, Grete Meissel Hess, von Schrenck-Notzing and Löwenfeld. Austria is represented by Eugen Steinach, Sigmund Freud, Paul Kammerer and Wilhelm Stekel ; England by Havelock Ellis and Edward Carpenter ; Switzerland by Forel and Bleuler. I am proud that Dr. Hirschfeld considers

my photograph worthy of a place in the Temple of Love and of Sorrow. There are also pictures with messages from celebrated scholars in Sweden, Denmark, Holland and Esthonia.

The teachings of these men may be summed up in the phrase: "To understand all is to forgive all." "We scientists," Hirschfeld insists, "do not inquire into the question of original sin. We look for the original constitutional flaw. We do not ask *Who*, but *What's* to blame? It is from this point of view that we study the love life of man and its pathological reflexes.

"Our endocrine expert," Dr. Hirschfeld remarked, "heads a special department for the study of internal secretions in their relation to sex. We also specialize in the study and application of psycho-analysis. I stand somewhat midway between Steinach and Freud. I study the physiological basis of every human activity without neglecting its psychological aspect.

"We are interested in the sex instinct, with all its vagaries, variations, both normal and abnormal. One department, devoted to the mother and the child, attempts to cultivate practical eugenics. Another department is devoted solely to persons about to be married. We advise married people who come to us with their troubles. We enlighten parents and guardians who are disturbed about various phenomena, inexplicable to them, in the development of the child.

"We have a lecture hall named in honour of my great teacher Ernst Haeckel, where we address ourselves both to the public and to the profession, and where we exhibit occasionally moving pictures and slides illustrating some special phase of sex and modern civilization.

"We have many unusual collections, including one hundred slides showing the life of the human being before birth. Some lectures are illustrated by films exemplifying the Importance of Internal Secretions for Human Beings, the History of Love, Love Life in Nature, the Teachings of Haeckel, and the Cause, Nature, and Prevention of Social Diseases."

Clinical demonstrations and lectures by Dr. Hirschfeld and his medical colleagues are part of the routine of the Institute. Distinguished students from other institutions and from Hirschfeld's own staff give courses of lectures on such topics as the theories of Freud and Steinach, on Sex Differentiation, Sex and

Society, the Cultural Importance of the Abnormal, Recent Developments of the X-ray, Sex and Education, Sex Life and Soul Life, the Sex Life of Animals, and the Sex Life of Plants.

"Finally," Dr. Hirschfeld continued, calling attention to another important division, "we have a legal department which helps persons in trouble with the law, mostly without compensation. My assistants and I have saved unhappy persons from prison terms amounting in the aggregate to many thousands of years by enlightening their judges. We frequently extricate men and women from the meshes of blackmail. This, however, is only incidental to our scientific work.

"Our path would be much smoother if we confined ourselves entirely to science. However, we cannot see human suffering without attempting to alleviate it by practical measures. I believe with Goethe that he who knows the truth and will not tell it is a poor specimen of humanity.

"The sexual constitution of man," Dr. Hirschfeld insists, "is determined largely by his internal secretions. Disturbances in their development are the basis of most of our own ills. Instability in the metabolism of sex, that is to say, the income and the expenditure of the glands regulating sex, leads to neurasthenia, hysteria, and other pathological manifestations. The cure cannot be purely physical. We must combine surgery or medical treatments with mental therapeutics.

"We may be able to heal disease. We cannot, ordinarily, change the sexual constitution of men and women. That makes it so important to study its make-up before marriage. We are frequently asked to certify a person's fitness for marriage. We are requested to mediate in marital difficulties, especially in cases of childlessness or where either of the partners fails to respond spontaneously to the advance of the other. We are called upon for expert testimony in suits for divorce or separation. The unprejudiced physician is able to determine the limitations of subjective 'guilt' and of objective conditions of body and soul, for which the individual cannot be held responsible.

"We sometimes succeed in bridging the psychological gulf which yawns between two dissatisfied married people. More frequently we are compelled to advise dissolution of the

marriage. We invariably advise divorce where no good may be expected for either of the parties, or for their progeny, from the continuation of marriage.

“We are in the position to see if a disagreement is merely a lovers’ quarrel, that can be adjusted with a little forbearance on either side, or if it rests upon fundamental psychic or physical differences so pronounced as to render reconciliation not even advisable.

“Where a marriage remains childless, in spite of the fact that both parents are in a healthy, normal condition, science hitherto has been at a loss for an explanation. Recent investigations seem to show that barrenness in such cases is due to the fact that the organism of the woman produces certain acids, antagonistic to the life-giving element in the husband. The action of the acids in question affects only this particular man.

“Any other man, whose bio-chemical structure is less delicately balanced, could probably make the woman a happy mother. Similarly, another woman with slightly different chemical reactions, would bless the man with heirs. By some inscrutable decree of nature the two beings, enamoured as they may be of each other, neutralize every effort on each other’s part to fulfil their biological mission.

“If we discover such a condition in a married couple, we explain the problem to them. At present science provides no remedy in such cases. Fortunately, the condition in question can be diagnosed by chemical analysis in our laboratories before marriage. It is one of the items to which we give special attention.

“Occasionally some malformation thwarts the ends of nature. It is possible at times to bring about normal motherhood nevertheless, if we are not afraid to apply to human beings certain mechanical methods, well known to breeders of animals. The matter is important where, owing to some clause in a will, an heir is required. The Institute used the method in question under the guidance of a great gynæcologist, Dr. Helmboldt.

“Mechanical fertilization is, of course, comparatively rare. Doubt with regard to paternity is a question that arises more frequently, especially in suits for divorce or alimony. Recently three suits for alimony were dismissed, and two divorces granted,

because we proved by chemical analysis that the putative fathers could not be the fathers in fact.

“Sterility in either the man or the woman can be determined without difficulty by our expert examining matrimonial candidates. The young people must then decide for themselves whether or not they can be happy.

“We have, of course, facilities for microscopic investigations and blood tests of every description. Electrical apparatus and appliances for various serums are at our disposal. These things are comparatively simple. Mere health tests are unsatisfactory. We insist upon scrutinizing the psychology of both the man and the woman before we advise their matrimonial union.

“We have prepared an elaborate bio-sexual questionnaire to which both confide their innermost secrets, their most personal idiosyncrasies and propensities. They tell the questionnaire things which they would not tell each other, which they would not orally entrust to the physician, except in a long course of psycho-analysis, secrets which, in many cases, they are reluctant to admit even to themselves.

“This questionnaire is read carefully by the physician. It is not seen by others. We do not reveal the secrets of the one to the other. Our lips are sealed by professional etiquette.

“Nevertheless, with their confessions of their innermost longings and experiences in our hands, we can literally compare notes, and can determine if in our opinion the union is desirable from the point of view of the individual and of the race.”

Dr. Hirschfeld gave me one of the questionnaires. It contained over one hundred questions. The questionnaires prepared by ecclesiastical authorities in the Middle Ages for the guidance of young priests hearing confession left little to the imagination. The confessional demanded by the scientific questionnaire of Hirschfeld exhausts every imaginable possibility. It embodies the experience of many decades of scientific inquiry along similar lines. The person who answers candidly, to the best of his ability, the questions asked, is compelled to search his soul, his past and his present, and to reveal himself in a fashion that holds surprises even for himself.

The Institute of Sex Science had collected over eight thousand questionnaires, available for scientific study, before it initiated

its Eugenic Department. It probably possesses the largest collection of intimate personal confessions in the world. No individual scientist can boast of material so rich and so varied.

Dr. Hirschfeld and his co-operators know how to read such documents, how to form their conclusions.

"These conclusions," Dr. Hirschfeld goes on to say, "are not based solely on what the patient writes, but on his physical and mental examination. In conjunction with the examination, the questionnaire reveals if the two candidates for matrimony should be joined in wedlock. Gazing into the depths of their souls, pursuing their most devious desires and experiences, the scientist can tell if the two types are made for each other, or if they are the victims of a false fire of passion which, will-o'-the-wisp like, will lead them to the abyss.

"They may believe they are in love with each other, whereas their temperament demands a partner of a fundamentally different type. Worldly considerations or previous disappointment may prompt their desire for marriage. Perhaps they look upon marriage as an escape from the toils of other more real, though less perilous, passions.

"We advise against marriage unless the two sexual constitutions complement each other, unless each, so far as can be ascertained with our imperfect human knowledge, can give happiness to the other. We demand no impossible perfection. But at least we try to point out impassable barriers.

"Occasionally we are able, by suggestion or by medical treatment, to overcome mental and physical obstacles. At times we can assure doubting lovers. In such cases we unhesitatingly advise marriage. But where we are convinced that a person is unfit for marriage to the person in question, where the physiological basis for marital felicity is absent, we unhesitatingly state our conclusions.

"At times we are consulted by persons who desire to marry relatives, such as first cousins. A careful examination of the individuals and of the family record is made. We examine the blood, and the physical condition of both. We also examine their mental attitude.

"Marriage between blood relatives, especially if both were brought up in the same environment, and are similar in type,

is apt to accentuate both the weakness and the strength inherent in the family. In some cases, there is no objection to such marriages. In other cases we oppose the union no less strenuously than the church. We oppose it, however, not on religious but on eugenic grounds.

“In some cases we discover curious variations of the sex instinct, and extraordinary idiosyncrasies. If we discover that the affianced of the person in question responds to these variations favourably, if, at least, no strong counter instinct against the idiosyncrasy of the other exists, we raise no objection to marriage.

“Sometimes, however, a thorough examination discloses powerful hidden antipathies in the one against fundamental instincts or desires dominating the other. In such cases we try to inhibit the marriage. Of course, we cannot prevent people from getting married against our advice. But we raise our warning.

“Science can forestall much unhappiness for the young people and for their progeny, if its advice is heeded. We also may restore happiness in a marriage between partners who are less well assorted, by sympathetic interpretations of their mutual difficulties in the light of our scientific investigations.

“We are contemplating a Surgical Department, specializing in feminine ailments, and in diseases of the nose, throat and ear, so closely allied with sexual disturbances.

“We experiment with the effect of the X-ray on interstitial tissues and secondary sexual characteristics. We study new methods of combating social diseases.

“We are also producing experimentally various sexual and intersexual variations. Our experiments with silk worms have been especially successful.”

II

The time-honoured division of mankind into two sexes is obsolete in the light of recent scientific investigations. It is “unscientific” to speak of two sexes. We cannot classify people merely as “men” and “women.” Nature has created an infinite number of sexes. No man, however virile, represents

one hundred per cent. masculinity. No woman, however feminine, can be rated one hundred per cent. female. The diversity of man's sexual constitution defies definition.

We may, nevertheless, roughly divide mankind into three main groups: the Male Sex, the Female Sex and the "Intermediate" Sex. The "Intermediate" Sex is a well-defined type. Its percentage, ascertained by scientific inquiries in many countries, is definitely established. This is the startling hypothesis to which Dr. Hirschfeld, Germany's foremost authority on the subject, has devoted more than thirty years of his life.

"Certain hormones or chemical agents, carried on by the blood," maintains Dr. Hirschfeld, "are characteristic of the major sexual divisions. We call the agent that predominates in the male 'andrin' from the Greek word for 'man.' The agent that prevails in females we call 'gynecin' from the Greek word for 'woman.'

"These hormones, it seems, never appear unmixed. They are compounded in various proportions. Our psychic conditions depend on our inner secretions, the chemistry of life, the chemical basis of love. Chemistry, not anatomy, determines sex.

"Nothing in nature is positive. There are only comparatives. A man is not wholly 'male.' He is more or less male. A woman is not wholly 'female.' She is more or less female, in accordance with the chemical proportion prevailing between the 'andrin' and the 'gynecin' in her composition.

"No one is wholly 'good' or wholly 'bad.' People are better or worse. No one is absolutely 'strong' or absolutely 'weak.' People are weaker or stronger. There are no positive standards.

"Many things highly honoured in antiquity are without honour among us. Many things lauded in war are criminal in times of peace. Even patriotism may some day be regarded as national egoism. Absolute standards apply neither in the sphere of ethics nor in the sphere of sex. Even mathematics has dispensed with the absolute.

"Rational thinkers must admit that sex is not absolute since we know that Steinach can turn a male guinea pig into a female. And only recently Professor Walter Fink, of the Biological Institute in Vienna, completely inversed the sexual behaviour

of the water bug by transferring, with marvellous operative skill, the head of a male upon a female body.

"He did not change their organs. He merely transferred the head. Experiments of this nature, while theoretically possible, are not, in the present state of technique, feasible in the case of human beings. I cite them merely as an illustration of the fact that sex is not determined solely, if at all, by external characteristics."

Eminent scholars before this have uttered fantastic doctrines at variance with the common sense of mankind. Dr. Hirschfeld is the head of the celebrated Sex Science Institute at Berlin. Not only students but official commissions from other countries travel thousands of miles to seek his advice. His clinical material exceeds that of any contemporary student of sex.

Hirschfeld is called upon as an expert by the courts. The authorities accept his conclusions. Upon his verdict they have altered the classification of hundreds of persons.

While they provide no rubric for the "Intersexes," Police Headquarters in Berlin have repeatedly given permission to men in whom the feminine element predominates psychically, to wear feminine habiliments. Similarly, individuals registered as women by the cruder methods of the past, on presenting a certificate from Dr. Hirschfeld, received sanction to appear in public and private in the habiliments of the masculine sex. Clothed in the garb of the opposite sex, they attract less attention than in their own.

Both State and Municipal authorities take cognizance of Hirschfeld's theory of the "Intersexes." While refusing to recognize "marriages" of an intersexual type, they concede that a certain fixed percentage of human beings cannot be classified physically or psychically as "male" or "female."

The bureaucrats in charge of such matters allow individuals whose sex seems to be dubious to assume neutral names adaptable to either sex. Thus "Anton" becomes "Tony," "Mary," "Marion," "Alexander" or "Alexandra" is abbreviated to "Alex." Gertrude is re-christened "Gert."

Hirschfeld's arguments must have been conclusive before he was able to sever the red tape of German officialdom. It must be remembered that Germany, before the War, jealously guarded

the obligation to military service of her male population. Every "Anton" who became a "Tony" in this fashion was lost to the army, whereas the "Alexandra" who adopted the first two syllables of her name did not thereby become available for cannon fodder!

In many cases, Dr. Hirschfeld relates, members of the "Intersexes" take the law into their own hand. They "correct" their birth certificates and their passports and personal papers by adding or dropping a syllable from their Christian name. The youth whose endocrine constitution impels him to seek feminine occupations and to wear feminine attire finds it difficult to get a job as maid-of-all-work while his name remains "Charles." So, with a stroke of the pen, he changes it to "Charlotte."

The maid who, birth registers to the contrary notwithstanding, prefers to don trousers, is more likely to obtain work as a mechanic, if "Georgine" blossoms forth into "George"!

It may be argued that men have always known of certain physical malformations. We are also familiar with personal eccentricities of conduct looked upon as "abnormal." Society ascribes these phenomena to viciousness or disease.

The novelty of Hirschfeld's interpretation, an interpretation accepted by so great an authority as Professor Krafft-Ebing in his latter years, by Havelock Ellis in England, and by many distinguished writers in the United States, consists in the fact that he regards such individuals as "varieties" of the norm, produced by nature in her infinite capacity for experimentation. They are, in his opinion, neither criminals nor degenerates, but "intermediate sexual types."

"Nature," he said to me, "takes no sudden leaps. She proceeds step by step. Having created the male and the female, both extreme types, it would be unnatural if she created no transitional or intermediate types."

The experiments of Steinach, the analyses of Freud, clearly reveal the bi-sexual element, existing in one form or another, sublimated or unsublimated, conscious or unconscious, in every human being.

"We note that certain men, though masculine in appearance, nevertheless have the internal secretions of a woman. Or,

rather, in their bio-chemical constitution the feminine element predominates. We note that in some women the masculine element rules. We note that in others the two elements are equally mixed.

“We note that in still other types we are faced by an endocrine instability, which gives, at times, predominance to the masculine chain of glands; at other times the feminine chain assumes ascendancy over the other. A person may be entirely masculine in appearance, nevertheless he may have the soul of a woman. Again, a youth may seem effeminate, yet his sexual constitution may be entirely ‘normal.’

“If you study the laws of permutation and combination in mathematics you know that it is possible to seat eight people round a table in many thousand different ways. Think of this; then consider the infinite complexity in the make-up of a human being. It is impossible for human ingenuity to catalogue the various elements that go into the structure of man.

“Science has taught us that in the whole realm of nature no two leaves are exactly alike. They may resemble each other, nevertheless nature’s omnipotence has stamped each with a different design.

“The layman who looks at a herd of sheep cannot distinguish one animal from another. He is unable to differentiate between two ants in the same ant-hill. Yet the student of nature can tell him that each sheep and each insect is indelibly and individually marked.

“The imprint of a man’s thumb is sufficient to tell him apart for all time from his fellow-beings. The ear, the nose, the palm of the hand, any part of the body is sufficient to differentiate a man from his fellows.

“The sexual constitution of man is as varied as the possible number of combinations and permutations of the cells that make up his being. In addition to these natural variations, other elements enter. Education, disease, accident, arrested development, each plays its part in making infinity more infinite.

“Certain variations immediately strike the eye. Among the persons who came for advice to the Institute was the Chief of Police of a Central European town, married and father of several children, who, while normal in every other aspect, was never

happy unless he could wear feminine attire. He used to spend his vacations in Berlin dressed as a woman.

"A large number of persons have this peculiar craving. In Berlin as well as in New York and all large cities there are under-world balls where such people disport themselves among persons similarly inclined.

"One of my patients was a bearded lady, who appeared in dime museums. In spite of her appearance she was a tender and self-sacrificing mother. I remember when she had her fourth baby, the midwife, suddenly called, mistook her at first for the father.

"In the first case the deviation from the accepted convention was psychic, in the second case, it was physiological. Both cases are extreme. Yet in both the patients were living perfectly normal lives. The police head was a 'male' in the accepted sense, without doubt. The bearded lady was unimpeachably 'feminine.' The vast majority of cases is less obvious."

"Is the great majority of human beings normal?" I ventured.

"Every human being is 'normal,'" replied Dr. Hirschfeld, "for no one can escape from his own nature. He is 'abnormal' only if illness, accident or social pressure compels him to act in a manner at variance with the law of his being."

"Doctor," I replied, "permit me to recite a story from a recent medical journal which bears on this point. A Frenchman and an Irishman were arguing as to the total number of beverages, alcoholic and otherwise, which existed in the world. The Frenchman held that there were eighty-two, while the Irishman insisted there were eighty-three.

"A wager being laid, the Irishman began to enumerate the lists of drinks in his mind. 'First,' he said, 'there is water.' 'Ah,' exclaimed the Frenchman, 'you win. I had forgotten all about that one.'

"Special investigators, as the editor of the medical journal in question points out, devote so much time to the pathological and the abnormal, that they forget that most people, after all, are perfectly healthy and normal, to use the word without quibble."

"You are perfectly right," Dr. Hirschfeld replied. "In fact, the most pleasing result of all my investigations is the

assurance that an overwhelming preponderance of people are either predominantly 'male' or predominantly 'female.'

"However, the percentage of those who obviously belong to the 'intermediate' sex seems to be constant in all countries and climes. Some years ago, with a group of others I made an inquiry to ascertain the exact percentage of persons whose sexual constitution contradicted their anatomical structure.

"We prepared a questionnaire which we sent to thousands of men in every sphere of human activity. We omitted only two classes, the aristocracy and the artists, because we believe that in those groups the percentage would be exceptionally high. We favoured men who sustained themselves by hard work, iron workers, mechanics, labourers of every description.

"The result of the inquiry showed that two per cent. were distinctly and consciously intermediate types. The men had no reason to 'guy' us or to conceal the truth. Our purpose was serious and scientific. The questionnaires were unsigned. Their identity was unknown to us.

"Subsequent inquiries among other groups and in other countries yielded exactly the same percentage. My studies in recent years have convinced me that to the two per cent. so obtained we must add at least one per cent. in whom sex is unstable, who are distinctly dual in their sexual constitution. The same percentage holds true among women.

"This means that approximately ninety-seven per cent. of all human beings are what you would call 'normal.' It also means that about three per cent. are distinctly, avowedly, and consciously members of the unclassified or 'intermediate' sex."

"Don't you admit," I remarked, "that you are sacrificing too large a part of your time and energy to the three per cent.?"

"No," Hirschfeld replied. "The exceptional teaches us to understand the ordinary; the 'abnormal,' to use your phrase, helps us to comprehend what you call the 'normal,' just as a study of disease enables us to safeguard health.

"Moreover, the three per cent. embrace, qualitatively, many noble human types, great statesmen, great poets, great generals, great inventors, great captains of industry. Nevertheless, the 'intermediate' sex is subjected in an unusual degree to suffering and duress. In the Middle Ages persons of this type were

burnt at the stake. This persecution continues to this day. The best they may hope for from society is ostracism.

"If the percentage stated holds good, there are almost one million eight hundred thousand people in Germany whose life will not fit into the recognized mould. In the United States, according to the same figuring, the number of persons who must be classified as intermediates reaches the astonishing total of 3,300,000; in the British Empire, by the same standard, 12,000,000.

"Zola sacrificed his career for the sake of one victim of human injustice. Do you blame me if I consecrate my life largely to the task of liberating so many millions from the curse imposed upon them by ignorance and tradition?"

"Will you name some of the great characters in history and literature who, in accordance with your theory, belonged to the 'intermediate' sex?"

"Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Ludwig II of Bavaria, Plato, Socrates, Sappho, Shakespeare, Walt Whitman, Michaelangelo, Oscar Wilde, Chopin, Rosa Bonheur . . . Their name is legion, their variety without number.

"Let me repeat, that even those who are classed as 'normal' cannot entirely, in body or in soul, escape from the fact that man was originally bi-sexual. Several modern students of sex quote in support of the bi-sexual theory the Biblical sentence: 'Male and female created He them.' They stress the connective *and*. 'Was,' asks Edward Carpenter, 'Adam perchance like this, ere Eve from his side was drawn?'

"Plato, in his celebrated 'Banquet,' puts forward the theory that originally human beings were divided into children of the sun, men; children of the earth, women; children of the moon, who were half male and half female. All human beings possessed two sets of organs, two faces, four hands, etc. Jealous of their strength and insolence, Zeus cut them into twain. Since that day each half is for ever seeking its other half. . . .

"The children of the moon must have been most numerous, for they make up apparently 97 per cent. of all human beings. In their case the masculine half seeks its feminine counterpart. The children of the sun and the children of the earth constitute the intersexes.

“The Biblical story and the Greek fable are simpler than the facts. Weininger claimed, Steinach proved, Freud verified, the contention to which my own investigations have so largely been devoted, that the sexual constitution of man is so diversified that to divide sex into two or even into three groups is no longer possible. It is like attempting to measure microscopic quantities with a yard stick.

“The civilization of the future must take the findings of science into account. Civilization should provide the greatest possible good for the greatest possible number and for the greatest possible variety of human beings. . . .

“The French Revolution was inspired by the slogan that all men are born ‘equal.’ This is based on a misconception. All men are entitled to equal rights and opportunities, but they are certainly not born ‘equal.’ In fact, it is their variety—the infinite nuances of nature—that make life a perpetual fascination.

“The pursuit of happiness, however, is a trait common to all human beings. We all desire agreeable experiences. We shun the unpleasant. In every human being the law of inertia struggles with the law of action, repression with self-expression.

“The forces of inertia are greater than the forces making for action. Men of action easily prevail over the passive majority. They impress their stamp upon life. It sometimes takes centuries for mankind to free itself from certain impressions imposed upon human thought by strong, self-assertive men. Therefore the struggle for freedom, self-expression, independence, goes on for ever. It is the hardest of all.

“The American Melting Pot shows how not only clothes, the manner and the language, but even the appearance of an immigrant change in one generation. In every state, in every community, individuality is sacrificed to the mass instinct, the ‘collective soul’ of the group.

“All living beings are subject to the law of mimicry enunciated by Darwin. They assume the colour of their environment. They do not wish to be conspicuous. They hide their peculiarities to escape all manner of persecution.

“The average man takes his opinions and his religion with the air he breathes. He is royalist under a king, a republican in

a republic. He is only excited or angry if his personal routine is disturbed.

“If, as Forel remarks, a man of genius so annoys the herd, that, partly in obedience to his suggestion, partly in order to quiet him, they change their opinion, the change of opinion is immediately fossilized into a standard that cannot be changed except by a new revolution.

“In addition to the law of mimicry, there is the law of ‘psychic infection,’ the effect of mass suggestion. Our brain, without independent cerebration, vibrates in unison with others. Excitement, laughter, yawning, grief, even convictions, are infectious.

“We become worshippers of a shibboleth, slaves of a phrase. This being so, man achieves neither political nor sexual freedom. The ideal state is one in which each may unfold his individuality unharmed, provided he himself brings no harm to others.

“The civilization of the future, while recognizing the diversity of individual constitutions, will also recognize the essential oneness of mankind. The citizen of the future will be a citizen of the world.

“Berlin and London, London and Paris, Paris and New York, New York and San Francisco, are closer to each other to-day than Sparta and Athens, the two great cities of Greece, were in antiquity. Space need not divide Man.

“I refuse to draw even the colour line. The differences between individuals are greater than differences between races.

“The savage wears rings in his nose. Our women wear two rings in their ears. The savage pays a compensation to the father of his affianced. The modern European accepts a dot from the girl’s family. The savage calls himself Strong Lion, Brave Wolf. We drop the adjective but keep the name.

“The savage adorns his hair with the feathers of birds. We do the same, although we interpose a piece of felt or straw between our persons and the pilfered plumage. The savage wraps himself up in the skin of an animal. We imitate his example, but we first cut it into pieces.

“Asiatic women cripple their feet. Our women cripple their diaphragms and their abdomens with corsets. Some of us eat the carcasses of any dead animals. Some object to the pig, but

eat all the others. Some inhale the smoke of tobacco. Some obtain stimulation from other plants.

“The savage kills his enemies with pieces of stone. We kill them with shrapnel. The differences existing between nations and races, between ourselves and the savage, are not such as to justify conceit.

“The earth, in the eloquent phrase of Barbusse, bears only one species of human beings. We should not differentiate between groups. There is only the individual, and the world; only Man and Mankind.

“Perhaps I am a Utopian. Utopia, as Lamartine says, is frequently only a premature vision of the truth.

“Let us waste less vitality in repressing the individuality of others, or in attempting to impose our own moral, sexual or political idiosyncrasies upon the world at large.

“Let us utilize forces now wasted in futile friction, for the common weal, for the advance from our present primitive stage to sublimer phases of evolution.

“Instead of attempting to reduce all things to a common level, let us recognize the right of every human being to complete his harmonious individual development, using, instead of abusing, the infinite variety of man's sexual constitution and the infinite diversity of human nature.”

PARA-PSYCHOLOGY: THE SCIENCE OF SPOOKS

Schrenck-Notzing attempted to look at spooks through the spectacles of science. He referred to himself as a student of para-psychology and para-physics.

Unlike his dauntless opponent, Professor Moll, Schrenck-Notzing agreed with Sir Oliver Lodge and accepted occult phenomena as authentic.

Shortly after the death of Schrenck-Notzing mediums in London and Washington announced that Professor Schrenck-Notzing was communicating with them from the other world.

“THE superstitions of one generation are the science of the next.” The late Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, to whom I am indebted for this epigram, was Europe’s most eminent scientific investigator of occultism.

Schrenck-Notzing did not call himself a spiritualist. He preferred to refer to himself as a student of “para-psychology” and “para-physics,” sciences devoted to the exploration of the borderland between the natural and the supernatural. He did not believe in “ghosts.” But he attested the authenticity of table rappings, telekinesis, elevation, materializations from ectoplasm, and other occult manifestations.

Like his chief scientific opponent, Professor Albert Moll, who espouses science in its most sceptical mood toward the claims of mediums, Schrenck-Notzing was a medical man. Both Schrenck-Notzing and Moll established world-wide reputations as students of sex psychology. Moll ranks in his special field with men like Forel and Krafft-Ebing. He is a practising physician. Schrenck-Notzing permitted the study of occultism to divert him from his medical practice.

In his student days Schrenck-Notzing discovered that he was able to hypnotize three persons in succession with a few slight



DR. ALBERT VON SCHRENCK-NOTZING

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strokes of his hand. He concentrated upon the investigation of what was then known as "mesmerism."

From hypnotism Schrenck-Notzing turned to the study of occult phenomena and spiritualism. He worked with Richet in Paris, with Myers and Sidgwick in London. He conducted numerous telepathic experiments in Munich. A famous surgeon, Professor Esmarch, the royal oculist Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, and the Queen of Naples participated in these experiments.

Thomas Mann, the celebrated German novelist, Willie Seidel, the exotic writer of fiction, and other literary men, who are at the same time trained observers, frequently foregathered to attend seances with Willie Schneider and other mediums, in Professor Schrenck-Notzing's laboratory.

It was not easy to make Baron von Schrenck-Notzing speak. He would probably not have received me at all if I had not been introduced to him by an intimate friend. In spite of the indorsement which I presented, Schrenck-Notzing was inclined to be suspicious of my intentions. His behaviour grew somewhat less frigid when I reminded him that many years ago he knew my father.

Over forty years ago Schrenck-Notzing founded the Psychological Society of Munich which works along similar lines to the various organizations for psychical research in England and the United States. Baron von Schrenck-Notzing did not wish to be looked upon as a dreamer dealing with fanciful abstractions.

"I am," he said, as he faced me in the study of his palatial villa in Munich, "a scientist and a business man. I am a director in two great chemical factories. I am active in the management of a great publishing house and of a great metal concern. I am a member of the supervisory board of the greatest chemical concern in Germany.

"I cite these facts only to dispel any impression that I am not a man of the world. One can stand with both feet in this world, without ignoring that other mysterious world which borders on ours, the world of metaphysics and para-psychology. It not merely borders on ours, it frequently collides with us.

"The history of mankind is shot through with miracles. It

seems to me that these occult occurrences, harbingers of mysterious powers around and above and within us, deserve the same attention from science as the star dust and light waves which bombard our earth daily and hourly.

“When man’s scientific equipment was more limited he noticed only the crude phenomena, the comet that appeared in the skies, the shooting star that projected itself from the heavens. To-day we explore stellar space and our astronomers can accurately analyse occurrences that may have taken place a million years ago somewhere in the universe.

“Invisible psychic forces, too, subject us to a constant bombardment which, for the most part, escape our unaided and untrained attention. As our instruments and our powers of observation grow, we may be able to interpret more adequately the phenomena of the psychic universe. Where we now hear merely raps or dimly vision more or less shapeless ectoplasmic manifestations, we may be able, in time, to formulate the natural laws of the unknown world. We shall learn to interpret their message.”

“But, Professor,” I interrupted, “it seems to me most unfortunate that the messages which reach us from the other world through alleged spirit manifestations are invariably so trivial. You yourself inspect haunted houses, but what new truth do you bring home for your trouble? Nothing except reports of mysterious rappings in stables or the overthrowing of a bucket of water by some malevolent *poltergeist*!”

Schrenck-Notzing refused to admit the validity of my contention.

“The music which is transmitted to us over the radio is often equally trivial. It is not the music that matters, but the fact of radio transmission.

“Communications of mediums may be lacking in depth or importance. That matters little to me. I am interested solely in the mechanics and in the physics of the transmission of thought and in other occult psychic phenomena. I am not an advocate of spiritualism. I do not affirm the subsistence of the individual soul after death.”

“It seems strange to meet a student of the occult who does not believe in personal immortality.”

Schrenck-Notzing stroked his beard and smiled somewhat condescendingly.

"The soul," he said, "is like a bubble upon the ocean. Bubbles appear and reappear. Who can say that it is the same bubble? I am not a spiritualist. I am a para-psychologist.

"I study and attempt to interpret para-psychology in my books. My most important work deals with the phenomena of materialization. This was written before the War. Since the War my most important publications discuss the physical phenomena of mediumism and experiments in telepathy. Many of my books have been published in French and in English. I am a pioneer, a student on the threshold of a new science."

"To what extent," I asked, "is this new 'science' recognized by the universities?"

Von Schrenck-Notzing gazed at me amazed by my ignorance. Para-psychology has a place in the schedule of lectures of many distinguished schools of learning. Gruber in Munich, Verweyen in Bonn, Oesterreich in Tuebingen, Dessoir in Berlin, Driesch in Liepzig, Fischer in Prague and Schneider in Riga, give regular courses of lectures in this new branch of science.

"Nineteen distinguished scholars are associated with the magazine for para-psychology published in Leipzig. They include Carl Blacher, professor of chemistry at Riga, Eugene Bleuler, professor of psychiatry at the University of Zurich, August Ludwig, professor of Catholic theology at Freising, Richard Hoffmann, the distinguished Protestant theologian in Vienna, Enrico Morselli, professor of psychiatry at the University of Genoa, the philologist Gilbert Murray of Oxford University, the psychologist Gardner Murphy of Columbia University, Charles Richet, professor of physiology at Paris, Hans Thirring, professor of physics at the University of Vienna, and other distinguished names.

"Philosophy, biology, physics, theology, even zoology are represented. I could expand this list. I mention only a few names to illustrate the varied groups of students and scholars of many lands who, in spite of ridicule and malice, steadfastly devote themselves to the study of phenomena beyond the realm of conventional psychology and conventional physics.

"We call our science para-psychology because it makes no

pretence to be 'above' psychology. The para-psychologist works 'side by side' with the psychologist. Germany leads in this field because German scientists participate freely in the investigation of occult phenomena."

"What is your explanation of 'ghosts'?"

"I am interested solely in real problems. I have no ghost theory. I prefer to confine myself to the mechanics of ghostly manifestations. Americans conceived the trumpet medium. They are interested in what the medium says. I am interested in ascertaining how the trumpet moves."

"Do you believe that spiritualism is based on a fallacy?"

"I hold no brief for or against the religion of spiritualism. It may be wrong or it may be right. But it is not a science. We approach our subject scientifically, after enlisting the aid of both chemistry and of physics. We collect the facts. We do not attempt to construct a philosophy until the basis of fact is definitely established."

"What is the mechanical equipment with which you explore the occult?"

Schrenck-Notzing graciously conducted me to his laboratory.

"I have," the Baron explained, "five cameras with which I can take simultaneously five photographs of the medium or of any phenomenon that is taking place. There is a flashlight apparatus with which the room can be immediately illuminated. A dictaphone records every whisper.

"The curtain in front of which the medium stands is phosphorescent. The pyjamas of the medium are supplied with phosphorescent stripes so that every move can be observed, even if the room is dark. We have phosphorescent ropes with which the medium is tied and we attach little bells to her clothes as well as to the limbs, which enable us to detect any motion.

"The medium is subjected to a careful physical search to prevent the concealment of any articles upon his or her body. The precautions taken to prevent fraud include even a gynecological examination."

"But how," I said, "can you prevent the medium from using her arms, hands or legs, in order to produce various spurious phenomena?"

"Krall, the owner of the famous calculating horse Hans,

has devised a new system of electric control which is connected with the feet and with the hands of the medium. If she moves a limb, the electric contact is broken and her action is immediately betrayed on an indicator especially constructed for the purpose.

“Four coloured lights on this indicator correspond with the left hand, the right hand, the left foot and the right foot of the medium respectively. The moment a contact is broken in any manner the light fades out. This device renders fraud almost impossible.”

I detected a number of thermometers near the experimental table. These, Schrenck-Notzing explained, are used to determine the changes in temperature which seem to occur invariably in the environment of the medium. They are so arranged that they record the highest and the lowest temperature registered during a session.

“Do all your séances take place in the dark ?”

“Not in the dark,” he replied, “but mostly under a red light, which seems to be most favourable to psychic manifestations.”

“What are the most important phenomena which you have observed under such circumstances ?”

“The elevation of the medium, in which either the medium herself or a chair rose into the air, and the formation of idioplasmic limbs. My files also record innumerable telekinetic manifestations. That is to say, an article far removed from the immediate environment of the medium would suddenly move or drop to the floor or a bell would ring. Frequently hands materialize out of space.”

“Have you ever attempted to seize an ectoplasmic hand ?”

“I have, although the greatest caution is necessary because such contacts subject the medium to nerve shocks.”

“How do you explain the ectoplasm ?”

“The medium exudes ectoplasm. When she gives out this matter she loses in weight proportionately. But after a little while this matter is reabsorbed. You cannot hold it for any length of time. It evaporates, it disappears. The manifestation, in other words, is ephemeral. Nevertheless, an ectoplasmic hand was sufficiently robust to draw a ring from my finger right

under the red lamp in the presence of all participants in the séance."

"What would happen if you did not let go?"

"The ectoplasm would vanish. It would somehow find its way back into the organism from which it came forth."

"What is ectoplasm?"

"Ectoplasm, or teleplasm as we prefer to call it, seems to be a greyish white substance of varying density, somewhat slimy, but it is not, as some have suggested, mucus, and our chemical tests of such traces of moisture as are occasionally left have not enabled us to identify it with any known substance."

"How do you explain the formation of faces and hands?"

"It seems to me that they are materializations of the memory of the medium. Ectoplasm, as Richet suggests, may be the basic substance of living matter.

"The caterpillar changes its form and becomes a chrysalis under the protection of its cocoon, which shields it from light and disturbances of external influences. The muscles, the largest part of the intestines, the nerves, all are reduced to the basic life stuff.

"Then suddenly the substance organizes itself and a new materialization takes place which differs completely from its first incarnation. The cocoon resembles neither the caterpillar nor the butterfly which will evolve from it eventually. It is merely living matter, life stuff, which some thought, some intelligence or some force which we do not understand, fashions into the likeness of a butterfly.

"In the same manner some manifestation of the subconscious thought or the subconscious will of the medium forms the idioplasm or ectoplasm into a limb or a figure. I cannot explain why, just as no naturalist can explain the miracle of the butterfly. Life itself is a miracle which defies analysis. We can only observe and record isolated physical phenomena."

"Do you think that some outside spirit aids the medium in this manifestation?"

"No. I am not a believer in spirits. A medium may honestly believe that a spirit is manifesting itself through her or through him when, as a matter of fact, the manifestation is directed solely through a subdivision of her own ego in the subconscious."

“Who are your most interesting mediums ?”

“At present Willie and Rudi Schneider. In the past I obtained extraordinary phenomena with Eva C, who is now the wife of a wealthy French manufacturer. I have met most of the great mediums, including Paladino. I have experimented with Professor Bert Reese and other distinguished mind readers, including the Polish clairvoyant, Stephan Ossowiecki.”

“Investigators have repeatedly exposed and duplicated tricks of these mind readers. If I am not mistaken they ask you to write a number of sentences or words on various slips of paper which you can conceal on your person. They then tell you what you have written without apparently gaining physical possession of the paper. But Moll, Birnbaum and others have shown that these mind readers invariably manage to obtain the slips and to exchange them for others while they divert the attention of the observer with their patter and their tricks.”

When I mentioned the name of Moll, Schrenck-Notzing smiled.

“Moll,” he said, “is impossible. He does not wish to be convinced. It is perfectly feasible to duplicate some of the experiments to which you refer by sleight of hand, but it is not possible to reproduce them all. And it is not possible to reproduce them under the conditions of the original experiment upon which trained observers of the occult insist. I myself have described many such experiments with Reese and with others. I never rely solely upon my own powers of observation. I check my notes against the observation of others.

“Many of my observations are corroborated so effectively that they would be accepted as evidence in any court of law. In fact, several spooks, including the spook in the Hopfgarten in Munich, and at Grosserlach, have been subjected to legal scrutiny.

“It is surprising,” the Baron continued, “to what extent the phenomena observed coincide with what was once called ‘superstition.’ For instance, in the Hopfgarten case a dog was exceedingly disturbed and depressed whenever the phenomena manifested themselves. Dogs are known to have an extremely sensitive nervous organization. It is possible that they have

perceptions which elude our more uncouth senses and our imperfect instruments."

"If I am not mistaken both Paladino and one of the Schneider boys were detected in fraudulent tactics?"

"It is curious," Professor Schrenck-Notzing conceded, "that under certain conditions a medium is apt to lose his or her sense of moral responsibility. Fraud is sometimes practised unconsciously. At other times it is provoked by the scepticism of unsympathetic participants in an experiment, whose inimical attitude interferes with the delicate forces involved in producing occult phenomena.

"Even great scientists have occasionally resorted to improper methods, such as the changing of a drawing, in order to convey to others a truth which they had already established. There is no question, unfortunately, that the history of occultism is rife with fraud. Charlatans, swindlers of every sort take advantage of human credulity."

"Even great scientists," I said, "have been duped."

"All this," Schrenck-Notzing replied, "is true. I, too, frequently exposed frauds. I have recorded my failures as faithfully as my successes. I had to learn the tricks of the prestidigitator in order to detect fraud and to forestall deceit. It was necessary for me to study the psychology of the professional juggler, the psychology of the man who resorts to deliberate trickery.

"The object of those who study these problems must be to create conditions where fraud is practically impossible. You have seen my laboratory, which I constantly strive to perfect.

"My friend Krall has transformed his house in Munich into a para-psychological experimental station. His laboratory, ten metres in length and six metres in width, is supplied with every possible automatic and electric device, galvanometers, telegraphones, etc. In fact no psychological laboratory of any university in the world is more perfectly equipped to detect the slightest deviation of behaviour or the most minute muscular contraction. We who have worked in this field for forty years have reached a point where we can detect fraud almost without instruments. With such instruments, however, I believe that our observations are almost infallible. They are

as infallible as the most ingenious devices of modern science can make them.

“The Schneider boys never attempted any untoward action under my supervision. I confine my experiments at present primarily to telekinetic phenomena because these can be most easily checked and determined by scientific observation. They are associated in no way with superstition and are not distorted by any emotional reflex on the part of the observer.”

“It would be easier for the ordinary man to accept your conclusions,” I said, “if the psychic phenomena did not always take place under extraordinary conditions, usually determined by the medium, and in the absence of illumination.”

“You are mistaken,” Schrenck-Notzing replied somewhat indignantly. “The conditions are no longer laid down by the medium. They are laid down by us. It is true that we will not imperil the life and the health of the medium by subjecting her or him to unnecessary shocks. I myself have not hesitated, however, to take drastic measures where I had reason to believe that fraud was practiced deliberately.”

“Why is it necessary for the medium to stand in front of or behind a black screen? Why not conduct your experiments in broad daylight?”

“Why,” Schrenck-Notzing replied, “do we not gaze at the stars in broad daylight? The invisible universe, like the visible world, has its laws which we are unable to circumvent. The forces called into play are so subtle and so elusive, that it is impossible to observe them at all except under certain conditions established by experience.

“Various chemical changes take place only at specific temperatures. Others are profoundly affected by light. Your radio will not receive except under specific conditions. The equipment of the medium is far more complicated than any radio. He or she is subject to laws, whose actions we observe, even if we cannot explain their cause and their nature.

“We know sympathy is a potent factor. Sex is another. The radiations of a person loved by the medium are apt to stimulate the hidden forces of the subconscious.

“We have only succeeded so far in lifting ever so slightly the transom that divides us from the unknown. I cannot tell

if we shall ever be able to open the door that leads to the invisible world.”

“Do you think that if para-psychology succeeds in opening the door it will lead us to the abode of the World Spirit, the Life Force—God?”

“I do not know,” Schrenck-Notzing replied, shrugging his shoulders. “I am a physicist, not a philosopher.”



Herrn Georg V. v. D. Albert Moll

beantwortet

D. 13. Nov. 29 Berlin

DR. ALBERT MOLL

[August Scherl.]

[Facing p. 271]



DR. SERGE VORONOFF

[Mund Evres.

[Facing p. 226

ALBERT MOLL : THE SHERLOCK HOLMES OF GHOSTLAND

Professor Albert Moll, one of Germany's most renowned students of sex, has made a hobby of occultism. Unlike Schrenck-Notzing, he looks upon all occult manifestations with extreme scepticism. Nevertheless, he considers the subject sufficiently important to devote to it a lifetime of investigation.

“FOR thirty-five years I have attended séance after séance. I have personally examined mediums and clairvoyants of every description. But I have not witnessed a single manifestation of occultism under conditions which complied strictly with every requirement that science must impose upon such experiments.

“I have studied the history of occultism from the beginning, without discovering a single ghost story sufficiently corroborated by unimpeachable testimony to warrant its acceptance.

“It is possible that ghostly hands may reach out from an invisible world into ours. It is possible that the human mind may possess mysterious psychic powers unknown to science. But before I acknowledge the validity of such contentions I must insist upon proofs as convincing as those which I would require from the physicist or the chemist.”

The speaker of these words, Professor Albert Moll, celebrated throughout the world for his studies of sex, is the terror of all commercial exploiters of occultism. Professor Moll is the Sherlock Holmes of the spirit world. A practising physician, as well as a detective on the trail of spurious ghosts, he may be said to be both Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson in one. Moll has made spiritualism his hobby. Carefully, patiently, he investigates every claim submitted to him. He is frequently called into court as an expert in cases involving fraudulent mediums.

Unlike his lifelong antagonist in this field, the late Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, Moll is an avowed sceptic. Nevertheless, he conducts his investigations without prejudice. "In fact," he explained to me on the balcony of his home overlooking the Kurfuerstendamm in Berlin, "I have been taken to task by other scientists for the readiness with which I examine divers claims to supernatural gifts. Wundt, the great psychologist, upbraided me because I considered clairvoyance and telepathy open questions.

"The twentieth century has revealed the scientific basis of many fantastic conceptions of medieval alchemists. The transmutation of metals is no longer an unrealisable dream. Steinach, Voronoff and other students of endocrinology have discovered an elixir of life in the secretion of our glands. The magic mirror which enables a lover to behold his sweetheart over the hills and far away has become almost a commonplace. Television enables us to gaze into the distance. The telephone and the radio carry our voices across an ocean of space.

"A century producing miracles such as these cannot refuse to examine the evidence presented by telepathy and clairvoyance. The science that penetrates the core of the atom may be able to establish the existence of ghosts in the laboratory. But unless we can test the supernatural under laboratory conditions, we cannot permit it to influence our calculations.

"The fact that a phenomenon is contrary to experience does not justify its denial. Everything that exists, the universe itself, is subject to the laws of nature. But our conception of nature's laws may be faulty. No scientist should be slave to a formula. He must be ever ready to revise his formula in the light of new experience.

"If para-psychology and para-physics succeed in establishing the case of the occult, it will be incumbent upon us to embrace their conclusions, even if they compel us to rebuild our universe. The X-ray, radium, radio transmission, were revolutionary discoveries, forcing us to reformulate our previous conceptions of science. But so far no evidence justifies the claims of occultism.

"There is hardly anything in the literature of occultism that I have not carefully digested. I have not, I repeat, come upon

a single experiment which complies with all scientific requirements. If there are one hundred loopholes for self-deception or fraud, the utmost precautions taken by investigators rarely stop more than fifty or sixty. They may close ninety-nine out of a hundred. But I have never read the record of any experiment where at least one loophole did not remain open !

“ We believe in the X-ray, not because of Röntgen’s pronouncements, or because he experimented in the dark, but because we can invariably duplicate the same phenomena under the same conditions. The parallel with the radio is equally inadmissible for, given certain conditions, we can produce the same phenomena with practical uniformity in any laboratory. These conditions are definitely established. They have been tested again and again by experience. This does not hold true of occult phenomena.

“ The personal honesty of the occultist is not a substitute for scientific proof. To demand blind faith is both arrogant and unscientific. If a table rises into the air, if flowers drop from the ceiling, if a face materializes out of ectoplasm and other extraordinary phenomena take place, I have a right to insist upon conditions which make it impossible for any participator, no matter what his station may be, to produce the phenomenon in question consciously or unconsciously.”

“ Are you able to explain every phenomenon that you have witnessed in various séances ? ” I asked.

“ It is not necessary,” Moll replied, “ for the scientific investigator to explain every possible legerdemain. His task is not to discover how a possible trick is worked but to create absolutely scientific conditions for his investigation. The burden of the proof is upon those who record observations which upset the known laws of nature. Formerly they called themselves ‘ spiritists.’ Now they prefer to be called ‘ occultists.’ It is a new word, not a new idea.”

“ But,” I remarked, “ many distinguished men of science believe in the reality of occult phenomena, Sir Oliver Lodge in England——”

“ We scientists,” Moll replied, sweeping away my contention, “ are as a rule the easy victims of professional conjurers, because we do not anticipate deliberate fraud. Scientists are accustomed

to accept certain premises without question. It was necessary for me to equip myself with the armour of scepticism in order to make myself invulnerable.

"It is not easy to deceive me," Professor Moll continued, "because I am myself an experienced juggler. I had to be in order to conduct my investigations methodically. I know many tricks. But I can still be fooled. In spite of my experience I don't know all tricks. Nor is this surprising.

"Frequently professional magicians are unable to explain some of the artifices employed by their rivals. I gave an exhibition of telepathy before a professional magician and completely convinced him that the performance was genuine. In spite of his alertness he did not notice a code of signals which I had devised for the occasion."

"Baron von Schrenck-Notzing," I remarked, "asserted that he conducted his experiments under scientific conditions which practically precluded the possibility of deception."

"Baron von Schrenck-Notzing," exclaimed Moll, "was a tragic figure. Like Conan Doyle, he consciously or unconsciously deceived himself. The wish was father to the thought. The wish was so strong that it killed his critical sense.

"In most of the experiments in Schrenck-Notzing's so-called scientific laboratory, the medium stood behind a curtain which concealed his tricks. Schrenck-Notzing had induced in himself a state of auto-suggestion which enabled him to believe anything that justified his conclusions.

"Every case reported by Schrenck-Notzing, by Richet, by the various societies for psychical research in England and in the United States, leaves innumerable loopholes open. Too many statements remain unchecked.

"Was the room, were all the guests, the experimenter and the medium searched before the experiment? There may be something in the medium's sleeve, or in the sleeve of a fellow-conspirator. Every student of criminology can tell you that the human body itself offers unsuspected hiding-places for occult paraphernalia."

"But," I said, "Schrenck-Notzing trained five cameras on his ghosts. I have seen photographs in his collection showing the elevation of a medium, rising into the air apparently without

possible means of support. I have also seen a picture of a table floating several feet over the floor."

"Double exposures and other tricks explain most spirit photographs. I have examined several photographs showing the alleged elevation of a table. But no photograph of this type carries conviction unless it shows the object floating in the air freely, without the possibility of being supported by a hand or a wire. I have vainly searched for such a photograph.

"Even if the reports of the various persons present at a séance are made in good faith, we have no guarantee that the procedure during the entire séance was scientifically correct. Frequently the medium is examined in the beginning. Then the séance goes on without subjecting the medium and her assistants to a new examination at every step in the procedure.

"There are frequent gaps in the description of what takes place. Every experiment should be described in detail from beginning to end.

"We must take into account the possibility of hallucinations, which come to us in our waking hours as well as in our sleep. When Luther hurled the inkwell he believed that he saw the devil!

"Our powers of observation are limited. Psychological tests yield astonishing results in this connection. How few of us can read in the book of nature! We are surpassed by the savage in this respect. The Indian sees traces of game where our untrained eye sees nothing at all.

"In most séances the observers fail to notice circumstances which would be detected inevitably by keener eyes. Frequently they see things that exist only in their imagination. Their attention is diverted from essentials by the patter of the performer, by appeals to the emotion, and by deft sleight of hand.

"I have frequently acted as an expert in legal cases in court. Experience tells me that most people, even in bright daylight and under conditions where their emotions are not called into play, cannot describe what they have seen. Every psychologist, every judge will confirm this statement. They are hopelessly at a disadvantage in the artificial light and under the peculiar conditions of a séance, where their own imagination plays them

tricks, not to speak of the frauds perpetrated, consciously and unconsciously, by the medium and by their fellow observers. The memory, too, is by no means an infallible guide. It is distorted by our own expectations.

“Richet, the great French occultist, admits that we cannot rely on our memory. Yet in his own recital of facts he fails to allow for this. Most observers consciously or unconsciously tend to colour their observations. Richet says that the great Ampère once gave a demonstration of his apparatus to demonstrate the nature of electric deflection. When the apparatus for some reason failed to function, he deliberately manipulated the indicator in the desired direction. If this happens to real scientists, why should occultists be secure from suspicion? Being convinced themselves, they sometimes cheat to convince others.

“Too many cases of this type have come to my attention. Too many mediums have been caught in deliberate trickery. I am not obliged to admit their good faith. My friend Dr. Birnbaum exposed Professor Reese, and showed how most mind readers of this type achieve their results by adroit substitution.

“Reese has been exposed repeatedly both in Europe and America. He was extremely plausible. So plausible that he even convinced Thomas Edison. He used the method which is also employed by his colleague, the German mind reader Kahn, of asking his patrons to write sentences or questions on small pieces of paper. He then asks you to fold these papers and conceal them in your pocket or hold them in your hand. He invariably managed to secure one of the papers and to exchange it with another which he rolled himself. The dexterity of Reese was surpassed by his remarkable personality and by the ingenuity with which he diverted the attention from his own actions. He groaned, he perspired, he almost had an attack of epilepsy, he walked up and down the room, he opened and closed the window, occasionally he burned up one of the slips. All these tricks serve the purpose of distracting the attention.

“Reese read the sentence or the word written on the slip which he had extracted while engaging the attention of his

client elsewhere. In the same manner he possessed himself of all other slips in succession. He had neither the X-ray eye nor occult mental powers. Sleight of hand explains his performance. The trick is not as difficult as it seems. The human eye is not so keen nor the human skin so sensitive as we imagine."

"But, Professor," I remarked, "I myself have been present at several private performances given by Reese and I could swear that he was unable to obtain the slips on which I had written my questions. I held them firmly in my hand."

"That," Professor Moll replied, "is very deceptive. We often imagine that we hold a thing after it has been taken from us. This is an experiment which we made again and again in séances. The person thinks that he is holding the hand of the medium when, as a matter of fact, it is only one finger or maybe the hand of another person substituted by the medium while withdrawing his own. Did not Reese compel you to lift your hand with the slip to his forehead?"

"He did."

"Did he put his hand over your hand?"

"I think so."

"Under those circumstances any prestidigitator of far less experience would be able, without detection by you, to make the exchange. Undoubtedly there are other means in addition to substitution which clever mind readers adopt. They obtain information about you from your friends, they watch every movement that may betray your thoughts and they acquire the skill of the deaf and dumb in reading your lips. Most people unconsciously move their lips in a manner that corresponds with their thought.

"The devices adopted by mediums are often surprisingly simple, because they count upon your unconscious assistance even more than upon sleight of hand. With the aid of your imagination a sheet of linen becomes a ghost!

"I knew Pinkert, the great materializing medium. At one of the performances at which I was present several ghosts appeared from the vasty deep in response to his summons. I noticed that he wore black gloves and no cuffs so that his hand could not be seen in the dark. I seized one of the ghosts and sprayed it with my red ink, which I carried in a little syringe.

The ghosts escaped but in the cabinet of the medium we discovered sheets of linen with suspicious red splashes !

“ Some of the spiritualists expressed their gratitude to me for having exposed the fraud. Others, however, said later that the phenomena were authentic. Red stains, they maintained in all seriousness, were the imprint of evil spirits !

“ The logic of the occultists is peculiar. They assert that certain manifestations have taken place through the occult power of certain mediums and invite you to repeat the experiment under your own conditions. If the manifestations fail to materialize they say that the failure is no proof that the medium cheated the first time. This may be so, but it is also no proof that the medium did not cheat.”

Many writers who are doubtful about spirit manifestation believe in clairvoyance and premonitions. We all know of some case of this type from our own experience. “ What,” I asked the great sceptic, “ is your attitude toward mysterious forebodings of death or disaster? Are you inclined to deny the possibility of such premonitions ? ”

“ By no means. Usually, however, confused associations are responsible for our so-called premonitions. We dream of somebody’s death. A month later we may hear that Mr. X has mysteriously died in Africa. Immediately our mind unconsciously combines the two isolated facts and we are convinced that we dreamed of the death of Mr. X whereas, as a matter of fact, X did not figure in the dream at all.

“ Such adaptations of memory explain many stories told apparently in good faith. If we have a definite premonition or a dream we should immediately make a specific record of its nature and contents, stating the date and the time of its occurrence.

“ One medium told me that she always predicted eruptions of Mount Pelée and noted them in her diary. She also said, ‘ I knew I would meet you.’

“ ‘ Did you record this premonition in your diary ? ’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ Did you describe me ? ’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ May I see the diary ? ’

“ ‘Certainly.’ ”

“ ‘May I see it at once?’ ”

“ ‘Unfortunately I forgot it.’ ”

“ I never saw the diary in question. She gave me an extract from the book, and explained that she had burned the original.

“ If we trace every assertion immediately to its source very little of the supernatural remains. In most cases there is no nucleus of fact at all. It is all consciously or unconsciously produced by the imagination. The part played by self-deception is even more important than the part played by conscious fraud.

“ When I went to spiritualistic meetings and took part in table rapping, I realized how one unconsciously helps the table to rap. The conscientious student of spiritualism must carefully analyse his own actions.”

“ But,” I said, “ surely Schrenck-Notzing’s claim that an ectoplasmic hand actually stripped a ring from his finger could hardly be merely a subjective phenomenon ? ”

“ Schrenck-Notzing,” Moll sadly remarked, “ either lied consciously or he could no longer differentiate between fact and fancy.

“ The very paraphernalia with which Schrenck-Notzing equipped his laboratory served to distract his attention from frauds taking place under his very eyes. In spite of his pseudo-scientific precautions his reports are inadequate and inexact. Things do not happen as he describes them.

“ Though himself a hypnotist, Schrenck-Notzing entirely ignored the possibility of subconscious action in accordance with a previous hypnotic suggestion.”

“ Do you consider the time you have spent on the study of spiritualism wasted ? ”

“ Emphatically, no,” Professor Moll exclaimed. “ It is the duty of science to make every possible test before rejecting the existence of the occult.

“ In spite of the frustration of all my efforts, I am still hunting ghosts, still fumbling for the knob of the door between the known and the unknown. Nothing is more important to humanity than the discovery of that door—if it exists !

“ A lifetime devoted to such investigation is not wasted, even if it leads to the complete negation of our hopes.”

THE ACERBITIES OF ISRAEL ZANGWILL

This interview, given to me by Zangwill some years before his death, would make interesting reading for General Ludendorff.

Zangwill was a splendid and courageous soul, never afraid of espousing a minority.

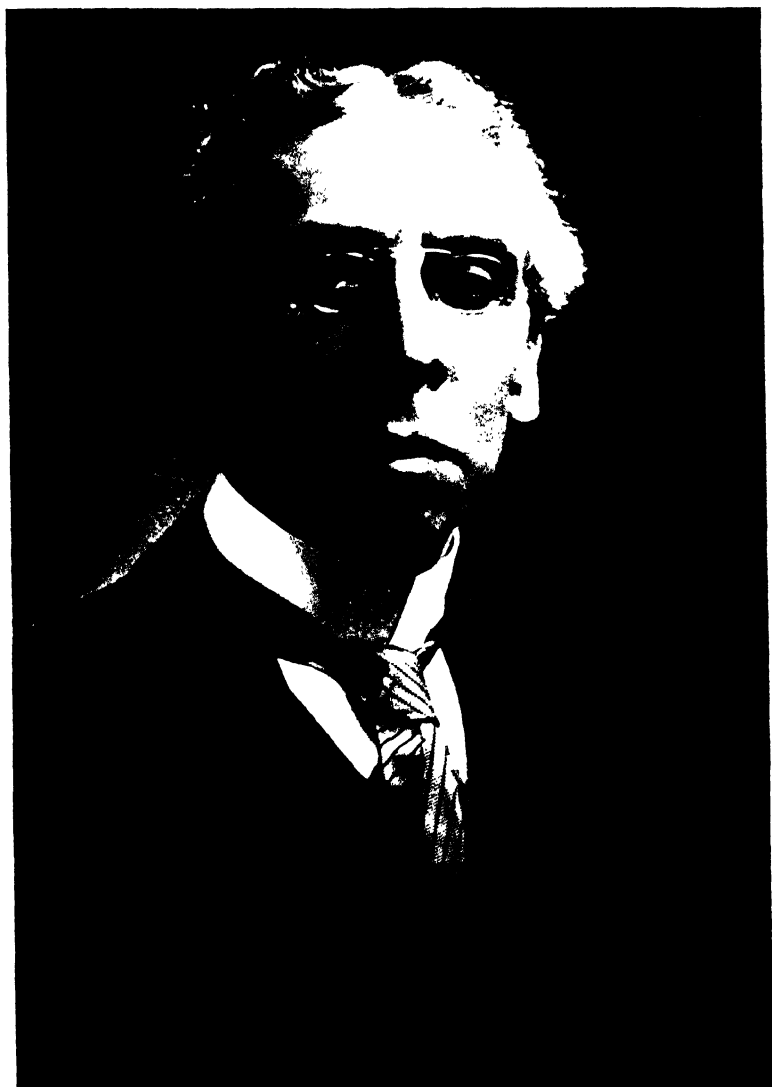
“**W**E are like passengers in a train driven by mad engineers.” This is how Israel Zangwill, the most sparkling Jewish writer since Heine, described the plight of the modern European after the War. Mr. Zangwill invariably took the unpopular side and was almost invariably right. “Europe,” he insisted, “has no statesmen, but a succession of gamblers.”

Mr. Zangwill was speaking in his apartment in Hare Court, Temple, an edifice more than twelve hundred years old, once the headquarters of British crusaders going forth to wrest the Holy Land from the Turk. To-day it is inhabited chiefly by legal functionaries.

“The world’s troubles cannot be cured,” Mr. Zangwill continued, his swift mind leaping from one topic to another on epigrammatic stilts, “because no nation will face a true diagnosis of its disease. The doctors who try to cure us are all liars. Lack of lucidity, lack of charity, lack of ability to envisage the facts, are the root of all evil.

“Look at Poland. Hardly freed from the oppression of three centuries, she in turn persecutes others. Federation would solve her race problem. It would also solve the problems of Czecho-Slovakia and other states begotten or misbegotten at Versailles and St. Germain. But the men in power over the nations, large and small, have forgotten much and learned—nothing.

“The War was fought ostensibly for the principle of nationality. I wrote a book on nationality. When I had finished the



[Elliott & Fry.]

*Yours faithfully
Israel Zangwill*

book I tried to find out how others defined the term. Who can describe my surprise when I discovered that the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, that quintessence of wisdom, devoted eight lines to the subject. Nationality was described as a 'vague concept.' For a vague concept millions of people had to be killed. For a vague concept millions more will be sacrificed.

"Nationality, patriotism, can be made to mean anything that suits the lunatics at large who govern our countries and edit some of our papers. I do not know which is to be feared more, these journalists or the politicians.

"I sometimes feel that the chief object of education is to prepare our children for the sort of journalism they must face when they grow up. If the press, with few exceptions, had not aided the politicians, it would not have been possible to engulf the whole world in a whirlpool of hatred and falsehood."

"If you object to nationalism," I remarked, "why do you favour the establishment of a Jewish state?"

"Because," Zangwill quickly replied, "one people cannot stand out alone against a world system. Moreover, I do not object to nationalism. I object to it only if it is aggressive. I do not even object to imperialism if, instead of demanding the mere extension of territory, it fosters the intensive cultivation of the people's noblest ideals.

"The object of imperialism should be to create a fine, wholesome people in a splendid environment. Competition in armament was the aim of the old nationalism. Competition in ideals should be the aim of the nationalism of the future."

"Was not such the professed aim of Woodrow Wilson?"

"Alas, poor Wilson! He was not, unfortunately, a fellow of infinite wit. He did not think clearly. He got his articles mixed. He asked for *the* League of Nations. Sharper wits at the Peace Conference gave him *a* League of Nations instead. He proudly carried it home as the genuine thing, refusing to admit that he had been bamboozled."

"You do not think that the League, like good wine, grows better as it grows older?"

"I stand by my original definition. I said it was a league that pulled the leg of nations. I was right. When Mussolini defied it, it helped him to pull the leg of the world."

“ I believe you expressed yourself even more drastically.”

“ I did. I called it the League of Damns. It is damned. It damns small nations to servitude, great nations to hypocrisy. If its covenant were more than a scrap of paper there would be no need of a Reparations Commission. There would be no need to discuss ‘ security.’

“ The pseudo League debates a lot of little problems. It leaves important questions severely alone. It does not dare to touch disarmament. The world is not ready to debate this question honestly. No nation is ready for disarmament.

“ Diplomats may sit down and gravely discuss the amount of poison that may be mixed with poison gas. However, everybody knows some one is going to cheat.

“ As a matter of fact, all nations cheat in this matter. All are rivalling each other to produce the most deadly poison gas to be thrown in the most devastating fashion over sleeping cities by the most formidable of air fleets.

“ When it comes to big questions the League is not there. It condemns itself by its silence. Its virtues are few. Its sins, both of omission and commission, are many. It never failed more signally than it did in the Ruhr.

“ It always amuses me when I hear that France is seeking security from Germany, that France was ‘ invaded three times in the course of a century.’ France is the military nation par excellence. German militarism and French militarism are twins, except that French militarism is, and always was, more aggressive.

“ German militarism was no worse than French militarism. But France cannot forget that Germany beat her at her own game.

“ To-day French troops hold the bridgeheads of the Rhine. Germans in the occupied territory are subjected to barbarous punishments by their French conquerors.

“ As a result of this situation, England is alarmed. She was alarmed seriously only once before ; that was in March, 1918. French imperialism threatened England for centuries. She was never more threatened than now.

“ I was called ‘ pro-German ’ when I pointed out the humour of the Entente. I refused to take our new-found love for France very seriously. It is ridiculous to speak of friendship

between nations when the next shuffle of cards is sure to find us on the opposite side. Diplomats, like professional dancers, are accustomed to changing partners.

"The gentlemen who pushed us into the conflict told us that we were waging 'a war to end war.' As a matter of fact, it could be described more truly as 'a war to end peace.' From August, 1914, there was not a day without massacre, not a moment when armed forces were not arrayed against each other somewhere in the world."

"Don't you think that it devolves upon England to restore the balance of power?" I asked.

"England cannot save the situation by writing notes. She is not afraid of France, but on the other hand, she is afraid of the great effort of going to war. We have more than a million people out of work. They want a job. But not the job of killing. There is only one way that may lead to salvation."

"That is?"

"A true League of Nations."

"When an Englishman says that," I remarked, "he usually means that he wants Uncle Sam to shoulder Europe's debts and to play the sheriff whenever bad men refuse to do what England thinks should be done."

"I do not," Mr. Zangwill replied, "urge the United States to join the League at Geneva. No useful purpose would be served if they joined this league or any league—alone. That would not establish an ideal balance. Let the United States demand a new deal and a new league which she is prepared to enter with Russia.

"A league that pretends to represent the world without doing so is worse than no league at all. It is a dangerous nuisance.

"Irreparable harm will come to the world if Germany is not restored to her place in the sun. I am not a pro-German. I am swayed solely by my sense of justice and my knowledge of civilization.

"I am not," Mr. Zangwill continued, "a monarchist or a Kaiser-lover. But I have a sense of the dramatic. I can visualize the tragedy of the German people and of their Emperor. It is one of the tragedies of the ages, fit for the deathless pen of some

Shakespeare to come. Unfortunately, not only soldiers at the front but the artists at home seem to suffer from some sort of shell-shock."

"Is it not surprising," I asked, "that the Great War has inspired so little great literature?"

"Great literature may produce a great war. There is no reason why a great war should produce great literature. Mere size is of no importance. The Avon is a little river. Yet the Avon gave birth to Shakespeare. The Hudson is a much bigger river. If mere size counted New York should give birth to twenty Shakespeares.

"The War," the author of *The Children of the Ghetto* sarcastically continued, "certainly produced great fiction in the form of propaganda. Aside from that it has inspired no work of art, poetry or play of the first rank. The modern drama suffers not only from shell-shock. It suffers most from the theatre."

"Have you noticed an increase in the ranks of anti-Semitism?" I asked.

"Have you?"

"Yes, the aftermath of the War seems to have brought a wave of intolerance to victor and vanquished alike."

"Lessing said: '*Tut nichts, der Jude wird verbrannt.*' Whatever happens, the Jew must pay the forfeit. He is the universal scapegoat."

"Anti-Semitism," I observed, "is sometimes explained by the fact that the Jews play an important part both in the camp of the revolutionists and in the camp of the profiteers."

"Certainly," Mr. Zangwill admitted, "persecution has scattered the Jews over the face of the earth. They are an intelligent people. You will find them everywhere, in every camp and in every movement. That is evidence of their versatility. Also of their lack of cohesion.

"Centuries of intolerance have left an indelible mark on the human mind. In times of stress, the old prejudice breaks through the varnish of tolerance and understanding.

"If a Jew misbehaves, his enemies will not say: 'The dishonest scoundrel.' They will say: 'The dishonest Jew.' If an American or a German were guilty of the same offence, they

would be content to damn him as a scoundrel. They would not associate his nationality or his race with the crime.

“There are as many different kinds of Jews as there are different kinds of all other people. It is a mistake to generalize.

“We Jews were persecuted at first for having crucified Christ. Now we are sometimes persecuted for having produced him. Christianity is a great inconvenience to some Christians. It is merely a convenience to others.”

“Possibly,” I said, “some of us resent the superior cleverness of the Jew. When I was in Germany people pointed out to me how the Jews dominate everywhere. The Jews, they said, control the newspapers, the banks and the movies.”

“But,” Zangwill replied, “there is no such thing as *the* Jew. These newspapers, these movies, these banks, are controlled maybe by Jews. They are not controlled by *the* Jews. Stinnes was not a Jew. Rockefeller is not a Jew. Morgan is not a Jew. Henry Ford is certainly not a Jew.”

“However, people, especially in Europe, seriously believe in a Jewish conspiracy to control the world.”

“If there were such a conspiracy,” Zangwill replied, “I should know of it. I know that there is no secret Jewish Internationale, pulling the world’s financial and political wires.

“There is very little fraternization or even co-operation among the Jews. How often have I vainly tried to get Jews of different groups, representing different interests, on one committee!

“Hitler and Ford and other extremists of anti-Jewish propaganda make us responsible for the War. Why should we want war? If the whole world suffers, we suffer, too. In fact, we are likely to suffer more than the others.”

THE FRANKNESS OF FRANK HARRIS

The outspokenness of Frank Harris has lost him successively almost all his friends. It endears him to me. I should like to live in the world created by Harris, provided Harris himself does not insist upon the rôle of Jehovah.

THE great Mediterranean sun dipped into the ocean, suffusing the hills and the water with red. The tide softly caressed the rocks guarding the garden of the little villa where we were saluting the sunset with cocktails. Something of the eternal rhythm crept into our conversation.

"Cruelty is the keynote of the universe." The resonant accents of Frank Harris vibrated in our ears.

"Both death and birth are agonies," he added musingly, lingering on each word as if to listen to his own echo. His statement pinioned the wandering attention of the gay company upon the speaker, the foremost literary portraitist of his age. Even measured by the giants of the Victoria age, Harris is a figure of no mean dimensions in the intellectual world.

"Think," Harris added in the most powerful voice that ever proceeded from so slight a body—a voice that has charmed princes and poets alike—"think of the infinite sum of human misery and that of the lower animals, and indeed, of all vegetation and probably of all creation. That great Hindu in Calcutta, Bose, has proved that flowers enjoy and suffer. Even steel has sensations.

"Read Maeterlinck's *The Life of the Bee*, where love brings death, or his *The Life of the Ant*, carrying the same lesson."

"If you were endowed with omnipotence, if some divine accident enabled you to re-write the Book of Genesis, how would you refashion the world?"

The idea seemed to please Harris. A beatific smile crept up

from the corners of his mouth and spread itself over his countenance.

“Every nerve in the human body is capable of inflicting upon us the most excruciating punishment. If you doubt this, spend an hour or two in the agony of the dentist’s chair. Every illness invokes new twitches, new pangs, and new torments of startling intensity, in unsuspected regions of the human anatomy. The potentialities of suffering are unlimited.

“Nature has given man over a hundred organs for pain and hardly any for pleasure. Had I been God I should have done just the opposite. I would have given one hundred organs for pleasure and one, or perhaps two, for pain, as a warning to protect life.

“But even the niggardliness with which the Divine Author has endowed us is not my most fundamental objection to His scheme of things. Surely it was possible for a god to give existence some majestic purpose, and to include the lowest forms of life in his scheme of development. I see no such design. Human life lacks both dignity and purpose.”

“What is the meaning of life?”

Frank Harris looked at his wife. The sea was in her hazel eyes and the red sunset endowed her hair with metallic lustre. His voice grew more mellow.

“I am doubtful,” he said, “whether life has a meaning. Growth is the meaning of life if it has any meaning at all. Growth in heart and mind is the best thing in it, not omitting whatever enjoyment and pleasure we can get on the way. But this desire for enjoyment must be limited by the fact that we should be careful to do no harm to others.”

“What,” I asked, somewhat surprised by the meekness of the creed of a man reputed to be the supreme egotist of his generation, “is the meaning of life—after seventy?”

“The meaning of life after seventy is to me exactly the same as the meaning up to seventy, except that, unfortunately, the pains and disabilities increase and the pleasures diminish. After three score and ten nature forces us to pay debts that we never knew we had incurred.”

Frank Harris has lived many lives. Perhaps he has also died several deaths. But life has not conquered him. His fiery

soul defies destiny just as his bristly black moustache and his black curly hair seem to mock the years. He is the same combative Frank Harris that he was in London and New York—the stormy petrel of literature. Wherever Harris moves is the centre of a typhoon.

In spite of his amazing gifts Harris has the ability of always putting the wrong foot forward. In the World War he refused to be carried away by war psychosis. His magazine was suppressed. He himself was hounded. After the War he lived an adventurous life in Paris and Berlin. Now he lives a picturesque exile in Nice.

His autobiography is so truthful that it has cost him the friendship of most of his respectable friends. Even his radical friends turn up their noses or hold them when they speak of its audacious self-revelations.

Harris has the unique distinction of being prosecuted for writing immoral literature in France, at the instigation of powerful influences across the Channel. His French literary friends rallied to his aid and the case was dismissed. A few friends, including myself, were willing to add their protest to that of his French colleagues. I obtained the signatures of Dreiser, Cabell, Hergesheimer, Upton Sinclair, and Mencken, but I added one name which, for some reason or other, aroused the ire of Harris. Hence he tossed our protest aside, although at that time both his liberty and his livelihood were at stake.

Harris is the most irritable of men. Like most men of small stature he is pugnacious. He deliberately trained himself as an athlete and made his voice boom, to overcome what Adler would call “a sense of constitutional inferiority.” Frank Harris is the living over-compensation of an inferiority complex. This over-compensation endows him with amazing vitality.

In spite of this irascibility Harris has a genius for friendship. He is capable of phenomenal generosity. He is equally capable of colossal selfishness. His egotism is a defensive mechanism. He deliberately emphasizes the dissonance in his character.

No one can predict his reactions. He is capable of wounding his best friends—though never with a stab in the back. But his pen is so sharp, his tongue so ferocious, that he stings and

stabs to the quick. He has served, and perhaps betrayed, many masters. But he has always been true to his intellectual convictions.

Harris, whatever the ultimate verdict of his recording angel may be, has never betrayed literature. His story of Oscar Wilde, his book on Shakespeare, his *Contemporary Portraits* and half a dozen short stories are his passport to immortality. He combines, in an extraordinary degree, the creative as well as the critical faculty.

If his star is eclipsed to-day it will rise again to-morrow. His indiscretions will be forgiven when time turns his autobiography into a classic. The future will link it with the confessions of Rousseau, with the autobiography of Cellini and with the memoirs of Casanova. Harris himself does not regard this comparison as a compliment. This is a point on which I refuse to quarrel or to agree with him.

It was a delightful temptation to probe the heart and the mind of a man who himself has sounded the depths and the shallows of our greatest contemporaries in the realm of letters. The most intrepid interviewer of his generation, he could not resent my own curiosity.

"What," I inquired, "gave you most pleasure in life in the past? What gives you the most pleasure now?"

"Woman," he replied without hesitating, gazing tenderly at his wife. But his roving eyes rested no less appreciatively on his charming hostess. Neither did he fail to appraise the robust lines of the rustic French maid who appeared in the door with a new tray of drinks.

"Woman's love," he continued, without interrupting his appraisal of feminine loveliness, as if to confirm his statement, "has been my compass in life.

"One does not alter as one grows older, except that the importance of books and works of art and, above all, the meeting with men of fine minds, becomes more and more valuable."

Was that a sigh from Mrs. Harris, whose affection for her brilliant husband has weathered so many storms, or was it the murmur of the sea? Mrs. Harris is herself a famous beauty and a singer of considerable distinction.

"What," I continued, "was the supreme thrill of your life?"

Harris looked at me scornfully. "If I answered this truthfully you would not publish it. Intellectually, spiritually, if you will, the greatest thrill in my life came when I read Meredith's opinion on one of my first stories, 'Montes.' He wrote: 'This story is far greater than "Carmen" because Prosper Merimée painted the bulls with the sombre French agglomerate "brutes" whereas Harris has given individuality to the animals as well as to the men and women. The conduct of the story is surpassingly good, and if there is any hand in England that can do better, I don't know it.'"

"Which books do you consider your greatest?" I asked.

"*The Man Shakespeare*, then two or three of my short stories such as 'The Miracle of the Stigmata,' 'An English Saint,' 'Mad Love' and 'Montes,' and then the most important work, my autobiography, but I have not finished this yet. The fourth volume of it, suppressed in every English speaking country, has just been published."

The autobiography can be obtained only surreptitiously even in France. Senator Borah, his fellow graduate of Kansas State University, to whom Frank Harris sent a set of this book, deliberately consigned the four volumes to the furnace.

To Harris the autobiography is the darling of his heart. To me it seems more important as a human document than as a work of letters—a statement which Harris will probably never forgive. He refuses to admit that literature has certain conventions which we cannot transgress except at our peril.

"What made you write your biography?"

The question seemed to surprise Harris. His eyes blazed. "My contempt for English and American prudery," he replied, "and an absolutely fixed and firm belief that the only salvation for men and women was through knowledge of the truth."

"In what respect," I asked, "does your autobiography differ from your other works as literature and as self-revelation?"

"I think my autobiography goes deeper than any of my books, certainly in its self-revelation, and it is not ended yet."

The autobiography of Frank Harris is important not only in its self-revelation but in the light which it has thrown upon others, men like Maupassant, Lord Curzon, Heine, Carlyle. It is a fluoroscope of the soul.

"Have you anything to say about Shaw, Wilde, Shakespeare, that you have not already expressed in your books?"

"I have nothing new to say about Wilde. I have a great deal to say about Shakespeare still, and I still hope for some new work from Shaw."

"How do you define literary greatness?"

Harris looked at me quizzically. "I don't define it. I look upon Jesus and Heine and Goethe and Shakespeare and Cervantes and Turgenev as the greatest of the sons of men, and almost all of them have added generic figures to the Pantheon of humanity."

"Who are our greatest contemporaries?"

"It seems to me," Harris sadly replied, "we are living in a dearth of noble natures. Alas! There are no new mountain tops to be discovered. But Russell—A. E.—interests me greatly and Willy Yeats and Sassoon and, of course, Lord Alfred Douglas in spite of his temper, and Shaw in spite of his humour, and Gerhart Hauptmann and two or three in France, such as Maeterlinck, Octave Mirabeau and Marcel Prévost, and in America Upton Sinclair, in spite of his prudery, and Dreiser and Bullitt."

"What are your hopes for American literature?"

"It is difficult," Harris replied, "to predict anything, though some of the young writers like William Bullitt fill me with hope of a great novel. In any case, Sinclair, Dreiser and Bullitt are the equal of Wells, Bennett and Somerset Maugham."

Harris as a critic was never carping; he was always constructive. Many reputations which now overshadow his, first blossomed under the sunshine of his approbation.

I wondered to what extent he himself had been helped in his career by his critics.

"I have already given you an instance," Harris replied, "of the encouragement I got from Meredith. Carlyle's advice, too, and a personal knowledge of Wagner and Turgenev did me good. Praise, like food, has always been a help to me. The fault finding of the critics has always seemed to me childish."

"What quality, for better or for worse, made you an exile most of your life?"

"I don't feel myself more at home in one country than in

another. It is climate that chiefly determines my place of abode."

"How would you live if you had your life to live over again?"

His eyes travelled out to the sea.

"I love ease and a certain dignified luxury," he replied. "I love to make life happy for those who love me. If I had to live my life over again I would take much more care of the money I made.

"I have made and lost many fortunes. It is easy to make money. At least it was easy for me in my younger days. But fortune is a wench who rarely smiles upon us after seventy.

"Money does not give us heaven, but life without money is Inferno. All the ways of the world are too rough for bare feet and no climate is kind to the shirtless."

"Which country and which century would you choose for your birth if you had your choice?"

Harris was born in Ireland, of English parents, ran away to sea at an early age and became an American citizen. Although he does not take kindly to American Puritanism and to a Post Office Department that officially ordered his autobiography to be destroyed, Harris nevertheless prefers America to England.

"I think," he said, "I should choose America. I should want to be born in an English-speaking country. It is impossible to learn English if one does not suck it in with one's mother's milk. English is to-day what Latin was in the Middle Ages. It is the language of the world.

"Don't ask me what century I would choose. The stream of every century is red with blood and brackish with tears. I would wish to be born in that coming century in which men have wiped out poverty and have forgotten prostitution."

"What does the future hold?"

"I cannot answer that without writing a book. The future of humanity will depend more upon America, I think, than upon any other country. But there is new development probably in Germany and in China, growth that inspires one."

"How would you sum up, in a few words or in a phrase, your philosophy of life and your message to posterity?"

I expected some scarlet phrase, some bold challenge to all

accepted conventions. Harris startled me by quoting the Golden Rule.

"I am afraid," he said, "I cannot go beyond the advice of Christ, 'Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' That is the half of it. The other half is to neglect no opportunity of growth or enjoyment. Jesus, too, has told us not to neglect our opportunity, not to bury our talent."

Jesus, to Harris, is not merely the most luminous personality in the annals of mankind, but the most inspired of authors. He mentions Jesus in the same breath as Turgenev and Shakespeare and Goethe, and he regards the parable of the woman taken in adultery as the greatest short story in the world.

Harris acclaims Christ without accepting Christianity. He rejects faith in immortality and scorns the shadowy world soul, hailed as a last consolation by Shaw, Hardy, and Hauptmann. Reincarnation does not ensorcell his fancy.

To my question, "Do you believe in the subsistence of personality in any form after death?" he responded:

"I do not. To me death is the end as birth is the beginning."

"What is your religion, your intellectual creed?"

Harris hesitated.

"Can man live without a religion?" I ventured.

"I should say he could live without one much easier than with one," he answered. "My religion I have already given you. To neglect no occasion of growth or enjoyment or of helping those who deserve help or need it greatly."

EMIL LUDWIG : A DUEL

*My interview with Emil Ludwig developed into a duel.
It is published here, nevertheless, with his permission.*

“I BELIEVE in great men. I do not believe in princes. Great men who shape the destiny of nations rise from the people. They are not born to the purple. Napoleon, Goethe, Lincoln, Edison, all were sons of the people,” remarked Emil Ludwig, biographer of genius, journalist de luxe, lecturer and author, clenching his well-shaped hands emphatically.

We were facing each other like duellists. We had crossed swords at various times on the subject of William II.

It was only natural that our discussion turned almost immediately to the subject of the royal exile in Doorn.

“You must forgive me,” Ludwig exclaimed, “if I abstain from any debate on the Kaiser, which may reverberate beyond the confines of this room. I have written a book of five hundred pages about the Kaiser, which was published in eight languages and broadcast throughout the world. If I were to indulge in reiterations of the same theme on a smaller scale I should be accused of continually harping on the same string.

“I am happy,” Ludwig went on to say, “that my book on the Kaiser has achieved only one-fifteenth of the circulation of my book on Napoleon in the United States. My book on the Kaiser was written only for the Germans. This is a fact which I should like to be recognized throughout the world.”

“But your portrait,” I replied, “has been discussed in every country of the world. It has strengthened the prejudice against the Kaiser and has given ammunition to his foes. It is a caricature, not a portrait.”

“My book,” Ludwig excitedly shouted, “may have injured the Emperor, but it has served the cause of the German nation.



EMIL LUDWIG

[Vaughan & Freeman.]

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For more than ten years I and my friends have condemned without mercy the old German Government, because this was the only method at our disposal to demonstrate to the world that the maligned Germans were completely innocent as a people. The Germans were efficient, honourable and excellent, but they were misguided and misled.

"If precedent were needed I could evoke one great example. In March, 1871, Victor Hugo, addressing the French Parliament at Paris, declared with fiery eloquence: 'We are grateful to the Germans because they have freed us from our Emperor. To express our thanks we shall some day free them from theirs.'

"You see," Ludwig continued, "that was a noble utterance. It was spoken like a Roman."

I shook my head.

"To the friends of Germany in foreign countries the Emperor was the symbol of Germany. The myth of Germany's guilt was so closely associated with his person in the minds of his foes that an attack on him was an attack on his people."

"You are mistaken," Ludwig replied. "The defenders of the old régime and its head, who refuse to discriminate clearly between the German people and the German Government, perpetuate the prejudice of the world against the Germans. They attempt to becloud the splendid German deed of November, 1918. They should hail with pride the resolve of the German people to emancipate themselves from ancient shackles and to assume a man's estate among nations."

"Niemann and others," I remarked, "look upon the German revolution in a different light. However, whatever our attitude on that subject may be, the fact remains that to the world at large the Kaiser stood for Germany. To the well-wishers of Germany in foreign lands it seemed hardly fair for a German like yourself to join in the attack of his enemies."

"Do you know," Ludwig retaliated, "what a relative of the Emperor in England said to me? 'Nothing has been as effective as your book. Now at last public opinion in England realizes that William was not a "Hun," a "Mad Dog" or a "War Lord," but an unfortunate human being who attempted to conceal his weaknesses by braggadocio and thus, entirely contrary to his will, precipitated the ruin of his country.'

“Two other relatives of the Emperor have said to me: ‘We regret the publication of your book; unfortunately it is only too true.’”

“It seems to me,” I replied, “that the persons who made such a statement have no understanding of the Emperor’s psychology. If his maimed arm affected the development of his character, it was not a source of weakness but of strength. It taught him to overcome his handicap, to wrestle with himself until he had mastered his soul.”

Ludwig shook his head sadly. “He seems to me the tragic embodiment of what Adler calls ‘the over-compensation of an inferiority complex.’ I owe this wisdom entirely to you,” Ludwig continued, “for I borrow the expression from your review of my book, in which you attempt to convict me of being the victim of an inferiority complex. I have never read either Adler or Freud, and I only learned from you that I suffered from an inferiority complex.”

“It seemed to me,” I replied, “that you were concealing your racial forbears under a pen name.”

“Never,” Ludwig said, “have I attempted to conceal my origin. I am proud to belong to the race which gave birth to Jesus, which gave us Spinoza and Einstein.”

“Your change of name——” I asked.

“I never changed my name. My father, realizing the handicap imposed in imperial Germany upon any Jew, however patriotic and however able, legally altered my name before I was one year old. Emil Ludwig was my name all my life under the law. I could not legally adopt any other.”

“I deeply regret,” I replied, “if I have wronged you unwittingly. My remark was not provoked by any possible prejudice against the Jews, a race which I have always admired and to which my sympathy goes out. It merely seemed to me that it was psychologically of importance if you were denying your origin.

“I received my information from one of your intimate friends. Friends are not always the most reliable sources. In fact, I pointed out that your own book was all the more biased because you drew so largely upon the so-called friends of the Emperor. I will admit that when I wrote about you I

did not quite visualize your personality. I treated you as an abstract problem, not as a human being."

"But I am a human being!" Ludwig exploded. "I have no objection if a critic questions my style, but he has no right to challenge my honour, to question the integrity of my motives."

"Did you," I remarked, "when you wrote the book about the Kaiser, consider that he too was a human being, that he might read your book and that it might cause him pain?"

"I," Ludwig replied, "am an author. The Kaiser is a historical personage as well as a man. I considered it my duty to draw his portrait as I saw him, to prevent the German people from ever placing so much power in the hands of any hereditary ruler."

"Then your book is, after all, a political document?"

"In a larger sense, perhaps," Ludwig admitted. "My primary motive was to voice the bitterness of my own feelings. I had to write the book. I did not think that it would make a sensation. My publisher printed only a small edition. The book was made by its enemies. When it was attacked by partisans of the monarchists, it became the book of the German Republic. Some of those close to the Kaiser were enraged by my book, not because my portrait was not true but because it was too true."

"Many of those who are close to a great character," I replied, "do not always see him in the proper proportion. No man, it has been remarked, is a hero to his valet, not even Napoleon."

"Something of Napoleon's greatness appears even in the accounts of his valets. Napoleon was a great man. Even his friends can hardly claim the same for the German Emperor."

"It seems to me," I observed, "that you do not appreciate sufficiently the constitutional limitations imposed upon the Emperor by Bismarck. Bismarck made the post of chancellor to fit his gigantic stature. He made the Emperor impotent politically. The Emperor could not act without a chancellor. It was his misfortune that he did not find a Bismarck."

"If," Ludwig remarked, "Germany had produced another Bismarck, he could not have lived in the atmosphere of the imperial court."

"That," I rejoined, "is a hypothesis which it is impossible

to discuss. Was not," I added, "the conflict between the Kaiser and Bismarck due largely to the fact that the Kaiser championed liberal labour legislation and opposed the so-called exception laws against the Socialists? My own father was a Socialist member of the Reichstag who was expelled by this legislation from Berlin, as a young man."

"The Kaiser," Ludwig admitted, "was spasmodically a Liberal. He was right on the Socialist question. It was the Emperor's misfortune to be right only in matters of comparative unimportance. It was Bismarck's genius to be right on all matters of large importance."

"Can you deny," I remarked, "that the Kaiser constantly strove for peace, that he maintained the peace of Europe for twenty years?"

"He strove for peace," Ludwig replied, "but he talked war."

"Are you," I said, "opposed to a just war?"

"I agree with Benjamin Franklin, that there never was a good war or a bad peace. I told you before that I was not a politician. There is only one thing in which I ardently believe, which I crave with all my heart—peace. I am first of all a pacifist."

"A pacifist," I said softly to myself, "who glorifies Napoleon."

Ludwig, whose hearing is as keen as his intuition, caught my phrase. "Napoleon was a genius, not because of but in spite of his wars. After his thirtieth year, war was forced upon him again and again by the monarchs of Europe. Napoleon foresaw the dream of Pan-Europe. He first envisaged a League of Nations."

"The present League of Nations," I replied, "seems to me largely a 'pirates' club' formed by pious robbers who desire to retain their plunder."

"Even the present League," Ludwig retorted, "is a great beginning. It is an experiment, however feeble, which points the way to world peace."

"But peace, world peace, as the Kaiser once remarked to me, is impossible while God creates men and not rabbits."

"A new age is rising. It may be slow, its aspirations may still be inchoate. Nevertheless the new spirit is perceptible. It appears even in the din of diplomatic controversy. I can

see it even between the lines of bloodthirsty newspaper editorials. I know well enough that at heart we are all close to the savage. Civilization is our attempt to overcome the savage within us.

"The other day I stepped, in my Italian garden, on a lily snail, a snail which destroys our most beautiful flowers, and which serves no useful purpose whatever. My little son, who watched the incident, said to me, 'Papa, won't you lend me your shoes the next time when we see one of these snails. I would like to crush it.'

"I cannot deny that I committed murder in this case. I cannot deny that the murder lust existed even in my little boy, brought up on the doctrine of pacifism. I am not yet prepared to urge, like a Hindu philosopher, the absolute denial of man's right to take any life. Nevertheless, I am opposed to those who urge mass murder in the name of patriotism or in the name of economic necessity. The very fact that the murder urge lurks within us is a reason for combating it to the limit."

"Now," I remarked, "you are talking pure Freud."

Ludwig seemed to resent this suggestion. "Permit me to repeat that I had no acquaintance with the doctrine of psychoanalysis before writing my books. After their publication I met Freud once and had it out with him. We talked for three hours. I respect his age and his achievements, but he is the very antithesis of the things for which I stand."

"For what do you stand?"

"I am a pupil of Goethe. Goethe anticipated Freud by a century. In Goethe I revere the great personality, the great humanitarian, the genius of letters and of life, who achieved his greatness not by inheritance, not by good fortune, not by robbing others of their birthright, but by a painful struggle with himself."

"Goethe," I said, "like yourself, bowed before Napoleon, but he also gave his allegiance and his services to his native prince."

"You cannot," Ludwig remarked, "compare William II with Karl August, the grand Duke of Weimar. In those days princes were still a necessity, an aid to culture. To-day they are a hindrance. Evolution sweeps them away."

"Like yourself," I remarked, "I am not a monarchist."

Nevertheless, I believe that the Kaiser's greatest misfortune was the fact that his personality was too great for his job. He is a far more complex, far more gifted personality than is realized by his enemies or by his friends. Neither you nor I can determine his ultimate standing. I think that history will confirm the justice of my contention."

"A great man," remarked Ludwig, "does not run away."

"Frederick the Great," I remarked, "carried poison which he intended to take in case of defeat. He, too, considered flight, even flight from life! Napoleon deserted his armies in Egypt and in Russia. The Emperor's decision to leave Germany, based upon the advice of Hindenburg, was a sacrifice—the supreme sacrifice he could make. It would have been much easier for him to die."

"Great men do not reason thus. They know how to live and how to die. They never turn a deaf ear to the summons when destiny calls."

"Yet," I remarked, "Professor Ernst Jaeckh, a democrat like yourself, in his lectures on the New Germany says, 'This indeed was the best he could do, for his departure averted civil war and saved Germany's union.'"

Emil Ludwig shook his head. "I do not know what Professor Jaeckh writes, but I prefer a genuine royalist to a pseudo democrat."

Before departing I asked, "Do you look upon yourself as a man of letters or as a journalist?"

"It is difficult," Ludwig replied, "to make a distinction between the two."

"Count Keyserling," I said, "in a conversation with me, referred to you as a 'retrospective journalist,' a journalist who writes of the past in the same manner in which other newspaper men write of the present."

"This opinion," Ludwig remarked with a sarcastic smile, "interests me solely as a symptom. I do not wish to engage in an intellectual wrestling match with Count Keyserling. Like all his opinions, his statements lack originality. I have encountered the same point of view half a dozen times in criticisms of my works. Repetition does not transform falsehood into the truth.

“When recently I had the pleasure of meeting Gilbert K. Chesterton I was delighted that he stressed the fact that he was a journalist. If the smallest penny-a-liner considers himself an author, it is only just if so great an author should call himself a ‘journalist’! Unfortunately we Germans have no word like ‘writer’ or ‘écrivain.’ The word ‘Schriftsteller’ is a verbal monstrosity.”

“It may amuse you,” I interrupted, “that Arthur Schnitzler, to whom I recently talked in Vienna, put the ‘poet’ at the top and the ‘journalist’ at the bottom of the literary scale.”

“Such an arrangement,” Ludwig remarked, not without amusement, “is typically German. In other countries a poet may intervene in the arena of politics by writing articles on issues that stir his people, without staining his laurel with the dust of the street. In France, for instance, there is hardly a poet left who confines himself to his lyre.

“In England, the greatest creative spirits divide their work between prose and verse. Byron, Wordsworth, Swinburne, Hardy, did not disdain to take a vital part in the discussion of great political questions.

“The most representative spirit of our times, Bernard Shaw, told me that he is proud of being a journalist in the sense that he writes for the day. Voltaire’s plays and poems are largely forgotten but his pamphlets and his forensic discussions live, for it is to these, together with a few other books, that Europe owes the French Revolution.

“It is extraordinary that I am reproached for being a journalist chiefly by journalists. Among such journalists I also number the Baltic Count. This attitude exemplifies an ‘inferiority complex.’” Ludwig slightly bowed to me as he used this expression. “It springs from the unwarranted feeling that an author loses caste if we call him a journalist!

“I was the first of all German authors of my generation who made the leap into journalism, even before the War, namely in the spring of 1914. I realized that something was lacking in my equipment which the lonely woods where I had made my home could not supply. I went to London as the correspondent of a daily paper. Up to that time, my thirty-fourth year, I had never seen an editorial room from the inside. I had never sent

a news item over the wire. I had never even contributed a single 'stick' to a daily paper.

"My experience in four years of active newspaper work was greater than my accomplishments. To be a newspaper correspondent is the best means for a young poet to see the world and to educate himself by new contacts. It resembles the 'grand tour' which, in the eighteenth century, was essential to complete the education of great nobles and princes.

"I stuck to my post for four years but I was never active in an editorial room. I was not made for the co-operation required by this type of work. When I left newspaper work, I wrote my plays and a novel. Until I was thirty, I had never written a word of prose.

"I confess in every country on every possible occasion how proud and glad I am to have won my spurs as a journalist. However, my work of to-day is essentially different from my journalism. Journalism enabled me to see the world, to meet men and to understand the under-current of politics; to-day I attempt to create full length portraits of great characters, drawing whatever ability I possess to a large extent from my experiments with the drama.

"It is hardly possible to compare my books—books of seven hundred pages or more—with journalistic performances. A copper etching may be worth more than a huge painting. A classic feuilleton of the Vienna school, an essay by Alfred Polgar, may be worth more than my 'Napoleon,' but there is no basis of comparison between the two types of work.

"I visited six universities in the United States. I found that the majority of specialists were with me. The young men at the American universities are not so deeply imbued with snobbery, arrogance and pedantry of office as to mistake dryness for profundity, like our German Knownothings. In America it is still permissible to be entertaining. It is no offence to coin an epigram. An author may write well without forfeiting the respect of scholars.

"In Germany it is the privilege of professors to be heavy and unreadable. They mistake muddiness of expression for depth. Yet not one of those dry-as-dusts has been able to impeach a single word in my four elaborate historical portraits as false.

In vain a learned society in Berlin devoted an entire session to my book on Bismarck. The mountains moved and brought forth not even a mouse! The culmination of their argument was a narrow-minded manifestation of anti-Semitism.

“If journalism means producing an immediate effect upon one’s contemporaries, then I plead guilty to being a journalist. Both Chesterton and Shaw glory in this description. I, like yourself, follow, however humbly, in the same path. If”—Ludwig’s dark eyes flashed—“I may claim fellowship, however remote, with such masters, I feel that my labours are not in vain.”

THE SCINTILLATIONS OF KEYSERLING

“Never,” said Keyserling to me, after reading my sketch, “has any one caught my meaning with such instant sympathy.”

“By all means,” he wrote to me later, “put your interviews into a book, including the perfect one with me.”

“THE problem of America,” remarked the peripatetic philosopher, Count Hermann Keyserling, to me, “is not to emancipate woman, but to emancipate man. But it is even more important to emancipate the unique individual soul from the yoke of standardization.”

It had been our intention to discuss this German philosopher’s theory of life while taking a walk, but inclement weather chained us to the house. The Count feels that he can talk best when walking. In that respect he resembles Socrates and other itinerant teachers of wisdom. However, even under unfavourable conditions, his words rushed from his lips like a mountain torrent upon which coloured lights are playing constantly.

Keyserling’s conversation is a cascade of epigrams. His eyes flash, his whole being is alive when he talks. No wonder pupils travel from every point of the compass to that centre of intellectual concentration in the small German city of Darmstadt which he calls his “School of Wisdom.”

Keyserling’s birthplace is Livonia. He is a descendant of the German knights who defended the Baltic against the Turks, the scion of an ancient family, rooted in Germany and in Russia. His wife is the granddaughter of Prince Bismarck.

Until he was twenty, Keyserling scarcely read a book. “I was too busy with other things,” he confesses. His books, especially the *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, won for him



COUNT HERMAN KLYSERLING

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world-wide prestige. Critics link his name with Einstein and with Nietzsche.

He is concerned with eternal values, and permits his mind to dwell on the timeless.

"Remember," the Baltic Socrates declared, "I did not go to America in order to criticize. I went to learn as well as to teach, to stimulate and to be stimulated. But I like, now and then, to hurl an intellectual bombshell. Such a bombshell was my remark that America was a matriarchy, a country where feminine civilization prevails. This is in accordance with the theory of my friend Frobenius, the great African explorer, who has established a remarkable centre of investigation in Frankfurt, a few miles from my home.

"The preponderance of feminine influences impairs the creative faculty of the American man. The American woman, too, has lost, to a large extent, her creative intellectual function. She has many attractions. She may be an Amazon, she may be a powerful social factor, her beauty defies denial, but her creative endowment has suffered."

"What," I asked, "is a woman's creative function?"

"To inspire, to enchant, to charm," the Count replied. "Charm is not strong enough, unless you take the word from the ancient sense of weaving a charm, a spell over man. French women possess this quality to an astonishing degree. The old proverb, '*Cherchez la femme*,' holds true not only in matters of sexual relationships; it is true of every intellectual or artistic adventure in France. In every great movement it is safe to ask, 'Who is the woman behind it?' This, it seems to me, is not true in America."

"Do you mean to say that the American woman is inferior to her sister in Europe?" I asked.

"By no means," he hastily replied; "she is different. She has the same potentialities as the European woman, but she places the accent of her life upon a different phase of activity."

"Is it possible to shift this accent?"

"Of course. But—here we come to the core of the problem. Both men and women in America suffer, because American civilization is standardized. It tends to promote social service,

not the development of the individual soul. America stresses the ideal of social activities, we stress the ideal of unique individual achievements.

“Jesus established the immeasurable value of the individual soul. Develop social contacts between individual souls, but do not degrade this contact into a charity organization.

“Think in terms of the individual, not in terms of a collective concept of humanity. Too much stress is placed upon the general education instead of encouraging unique individual growth. Yet every forward step is achieved by unique individuals, not by collective masses.

“America and Bolshevik Russia both espouse the same ideal from opposite points of view. Both emphasize the collective man and social service, instead of the individual: Russia, from the point of view of the poor; America, from the point of view of the rich. Both systems are inimical to the unique individual.”

“How can we save ourselves from becoming slaves of standardization?” I questioned.

“Possibly,” Count Keyserling replied, with a smile which always accompanies his most paradoxical statements, “by continuing to standardize everything that can be standardized and socializing everything that can be socialized until both functions cease to be conscious, and initiative can fling itself unhampered into other channels.

“American civilization is predicated upon riches. It may be that it is possible to produce a civilization in which everybody is rich without losing one’s soul. If so, this will be possible only in America. It will not be possible elsewhere.

“Standardization has its limits. You can never standardize life. It takes two minutes to produce a Ford car. It takes nine months to produce a child. Mechanical advantages in themselves are no proof of superior humanity.

“Everybody can strike a match, but that does not make him a Prometheus. It took a Prometheus to snatch the fire from heaven. In the end your contribution to civilization will be judged by the production of men like Prometheus, not by the consumption of matches!

“To us in Europe, Ford seems the symbol of America. I realize that he may be less important there, because there are

other men of his calibre. Ford's theory seems to be that you can make a man an automaton for eight or nine hours, and permit him to be a human being in his leisure hours.

"But human nature is constituted differently. If you standardize a man's working hours, you also standardize his leisure time. If he is an automaton in the day time, he will be an automaton at night. It is this that Europe fears in American civilization."

"It seems to me that, in spite of such fears, Europe is trying to Americanize herself," I interjected.

"Such a thing will never be possible," the Count replied. "Europe will always be Europe. America will always be herself. Greek civilization flourished in Greece. It did not function as Greek elsewhere. It became something else. American civilization ceases to be American elsewhere. The abyss between races is greater than most people realize."

"Many," said I, "believe that, owing to new means of transportation and communication, the world is becoming one."

"The distance between two nations grows psychologically as it diminishes geographically," the Count replied. "France and England were never so close geographically as to-day. Nevertheless, France was never more French, England never more English. There seems to be a law, which I call the Law of the Historical Counterpoint, which brings about this paradoxical situation.

"America was never less understood in the Old World, notwithstanding the constant interchange of visitors and of news. America can develop her own culture. She cannot transfer it to Europe. Transplanted, it becomes something different.

"There is a point when mutual understanding between nations ceases. Europe looks upon America as the greatest imperialistic power in the world. It realizes that her ammunition is money. Europe can match her bullets. It cannot match her dollars. It cannot fight the cheque. America spells the supremacy of the cheque.

"I do not accept this point of view but I recognize the tension existing between the United States and the rest of the world. In itself, this tension, reproduced by different environments, standards and philosophies, is perhaps a fortunate development.

Only out of tension—physical, moral, intellectual, or commercial—are great deeds born.

“The tension between America and the rest of the world may stimulate and benefit both. But we must never permit the tension to break out into actual conflict. Statesmen cannot prevent tension, but they must never allow it to unload itself in the thunders of war.

“The catastrophe of new world wars can be avoided, if nations as well as individuals concede to each other the right to exist in their own fashion. America has the right to produce her own civilization but she must not attempt, even from the noblest of motives, to impose her own standards upon others.

“Rome succeeded for a while in such an attempt, with the result that the world was divided into privileged beings, or Romans, and slaves. This must not happen again. Culture, I repeat, is the property of individuals. It is possessed collectively, it is not general, but unique.

“We know to-day that every living thing differs from every other living thing. Every cell is unique. This is true both in the physical and in the spiritual world. There is a correspondence between the physical and the psychic. My friend, Dr. Hans Much, of Hamburg, has established this correspondence in a series of startling experiments in which he has collaborated with me.

“Much has discovered that the blood reflects our psychic as well as our physical condition, and has invented a device which he calls the ‘Blood Mirror’ to determine its exact composition. He also discovered the truth of the old adage: ‘One man’s meat is another man’s poison.’ One man’s health is another man’s disease! Every cell differs from every other cell.

“Hence, no standardization in this sphere is possible. By a method which he calls physio-analysis, and which he employs in combination with psycho-analysis, Much has changed people’s characters as well as their physical components.”

“Have you,” I asked, “experimented with yourself in this respect?”

“I have,” the philosopher admitted. “Much has shown that old Hippocrates, upon whom the moderns look with contempt,

was right in many respects. His theory of 'humours' corresponds with the modern theory of internal secretions."

"Do you consider physio-analysis more important than psycho-analysis?"

"I refuse to make comparisons. Each is unique. Freud is, to me, the Copernicus of the soul—the great pioneer of psychological research."

"Which book of yours expresses your philosophy most perfectly?"

"My book called *Men as Symbols*. I like to dwell especially on the chapter, 'Jesus, the Magician.' Of course, I use the term 'magic' in a special and philosophical sense."

"What do you think of *Jesus* by Emil Ludwig?"

"Emil Ludwig?" Keyserling shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. "I look upon him not as an author but as a retrospective journalist who writes about the past in the same superficial manner in which other newspaper men write of the present. I am tired of people who write too much and I am tired of writing books for the many. I prefer to talk to the few."

"When the printing press was invented, everybody seemed to think it would carry wisdom and culture to the masses. The reverse is true. Neither the radio nor the printing press has succeeded in that respect. Now that message after message is shouted at us through the ether and thrust at us through every possible channel, everybody hears, but nobody listens. I prefer individuals who listen."

"Are you in search of disciples?"

"No. I want no disciples. I once said, 'Plagiarize me, but do not quote me.' I am content to stir up men's minds. I do not care where the seed falls, if it flourishes somewhere. I am tired, also, of being bound to a particular group or a particular country. As we grow older, we become intellectually more homeless. We are possessed by the urge to wander."

"Are you," I remarked, "intellectually a modern impersonation of the Wandering Jew?"

"The Wandering Jew," Keyserling replied, "is a concept that interests me immensely. He is the symbol of Israel, always stirring, always moving. Jews are the most motive element in the world. They have discovered ethics, because they defined

the tension between man and God. They established a covenant between man and his Maker, in which each party to the contract is an equal partner. That is their greatest achievement.

“They cannot accept Jesus, because if Jesus is the Messiah, their continuous motion and their wanderings become futile and meaningless, but they are a great race. I am not the Wandering Jew, but, if you please, the Eternal Wanderer.”

Count Keyserling is forty-nine years old. Man, he thinks, does not begin to live until he is forty. It is fortunate that the soul remains young, while the body ages. Until we are forty, we rarely find ourselves. We must discover our unique and individual qualities. We must learn to emphasize these, without robbing others of their own birthright by kindness or by compulsion. Our watchword should be not social service, but individual distinction.

“Think of yourself not of others,” says the Count. “The more you think of yourself the more you benefit others. America has immense dynamic qualities but she has not discovered her own soul. If she can shift her accent from standardization to individualism, from the collective to the unique personality, without sacrificing her mechanical advantages, she may achieve a golden age unequalled hitherto in the history of civilization.”



Sergent-major des Miroirs
in Fortsetzung
seiner Hauptmannschaft
1901

GERHART HAUPTMANN

THE MYSTICISM OF GERHART HAUPTMANN

Hauptmann is as significant a figure as Hindenburg.

I had the pleasure of being his guest on various occasions and spending a week with him in his villa facing the ocean.

I

FEW German reputations have survived the fall of the Empire. Two figures loom even larger in the New Germany than they did in the old—that of a soldier and that of a poet—Hindenburg and Hauptmann. The roots of both are buried deep in the soil of the Fatherland.

Hindenburg is the reincarnation of the faithful Hildebrand of German legend. Hauptmann is the spiritual descendant of Faust, student and necromancer, around whom the greatest of all German poets has woven his masterpiece. He embodies the philosophic and poetic phase of the German temperament.

Both Hauptmann and Hindenburg are essentially dynamic. Neither is content to thrive on his old reputation. Hindenburg completely re-orientated his mind when, at seventy, he laid aside the baton of the Field Marshal. Hauptmann, at sixty-seven, constantly strives to create new values. He still experiments with life, with art, with himself.

Both men are of comparatively humble lineage. Hindenburg springs from a line of small country gentlemen. Hauptmann's father was an innkeeper in the Silesian mountains. His father's father was one of the weavers whose stories and sufferings the poet described in the greatest play of his early manhood.

"We Germans," the poet laureate of the German Republic insisted, "are strong because our roots go deep down into the soil from which we have sprung. We are autochthonous, *bodenstendig*, like the Dutch. So long as we cling to the soil,

we are invincible ; we cannot be destroyed. Like the giant Antæus we gain new strength whenever we touch Mother Earth. I attribute whatever strength I have to my propinquity to the soil."

We were walking through the forest near Hauptmann's Silesian home. Hauptmann stepped carefully so as not to tread on a wild flower in the moss at his feet. With the same care he avoided the demolition of an ant-hill across his path.

"To you," remarked Hauptmann, "Germany may seem no larger than this ant-hill. But it is a very respectable ant-hill, peopled by most formidable ants. No sooner is it destroyed than the ants are already at work to build it up again !

"The German people are characterized by unique perseverance and unique idealism. Throughout the World War, we were portrayed as ruthless destroyers. That is a libel on our people. Our deepest need is to create, not to destroy.

"Goethe's *Faust*, in the face of darkness and tragedy and death, still tries to create new land and to rear a new civilization. Goethe was not a German patriot in the narrow sense. Nevertheless, he envisaged the most perfect embodiment of the German soul in his *Faust*.

"The German soul has variety as well as depth. In that respect, it is the mirror of Germany. Germany has as many diverse parts as the United States, although Germany is a small country and the United States is half a continent."

Hauptmann inhaled the fragrance of the foliage, expanding his chest with the delight of a creature at home in the forest. "Like my Teutonic ancestors, I worship trees. I would never be surprised to meet God in a bush !

"I am glad that my first glimpse of Bismarck was in the forest. I met the greatest German of my generation only once, shortly after his fall. In those days I was opposed to him. I was not merely a Liberal, but a Radical. I saw his greatness, but I was also aware of his faults.

"I was walking in the Grunewald, not far from Berlin, when Bismarck suddenly appeared in a little carriage and got out, perhaps to take a walk, perhaps to commune with himself and with nature. He stood among the trees like an oak among oaks.

"I forgot my youthful prejudices, amazed by his gigantic stature and his gigantic personality. It was an event to meet such a man face to face. The head, the eyes, the hair! I can see them still in my memory. The picture was overwhelming.

"In his presence other men seemed like pigmies. Shortly after Bismarck's dismissal, a group of celebrated painters in Munich came together to pay homage to him. By some mischance, the great man entered the room before he was expected. When his huge form appeared suddenly in the door, his hosts were so stunned by the apparition that they forgot to greet him. They gasped!"

"I wonder," I said, "how Bismarck would gasp, if his ghost were to visit, by chance, the capital of the German Republic?"

"Bismarck himself," Hauptmann replied, "predicted the Republic in the third volume of his memoirs. The German Republic did not grow overnight like a fungus. We were familiar with the idea of self-government. The free cities of Hamburg, Bremen, and Lübeck kept alive the tradition of republicanism in the German Empire.

"We Germans have a talent for the republic. Switzerland is an ideal type of German republic. It is one country, yet each part possesses a high degree of self-government and independence. The tradition of freedom was never lost in Germany. Even the government of the Empire of William II was based on manhood suffrage.

"In spite of the exaggerated deference shown to officialdom and to the military, our minds were completely emancipated. Our manner was still imbued with the old spirit, but our hearts were free. There were no cobwebs in our brain. Every thinking German knew in his heart that monarchy was an anachronism in the twentieth century.

"We did not start a revolution, partly because we were too prosperous, partly because we were already inwardly free. When the revolution came, it was not violent because it did not mean a complete change of mind, it merely meant putting away the tinsel of empire.

"For the same reason, our republican leaders were moderates. Ebert himself did not object seriously to a monarch exercising purely perfunctory duties. The step from the crown to the

silk hat, from the empire to the republic, was not as momentous as it seemed. It required no drastic internal adjustment. That is also the reason why monarchy could crumble overnight without the slightest resistance.

“Measured by centuries, the republic was due in Germany. It is due everywhere. I do not think that monarchy can return. Certainly not as a permanent institution. Evolution has passed beyond the stage of monarchy. We Germans would have been willing to accept a crowned republic based on the British model, a purely decorative hereditary king. Rathenau might have helped to establish a moderate monarchy on the British model in Germany if conditions had been propitious. Now the time for such changes is past.”

Hauptmann never concealed his admiration for England. He is fascinated by the ideal of Anglo-Saxon-Germanic co-operation and united action wherever possible between the three great Germanic countries, Germany, England and the United States. Hauptmann, like Hindenburg, does not believe that France will be a permanent stumbling block to German union. “In the long run,” he said, “things right themselves. One hundred million people, inspired by the ideal of unity and self-determination, cannot be kept apart indefinitely by thirty million Frenchmen or by any other power in the world.”

Like Hindenburg, Hauptmann looks his part. A tall, towering figure, deep blue eyes, a face criss-crossed with many lines. His step is elastic, his hand steady, his heart imperishably young. Face and mind are equally mobile. Hauptmann's appearance is so imposing that people turn to look after him on the street when they see him. He looks like a Greek god in disguise. One might take him for Zeus in modern clothes. “Where,” some one asked, impressed by Hauptmann's Olympic aspect, “does he carry his lightning bolt when he travels?”

Gerhart Hauptmann is not merely a poet. He is deeply interested in statecraft. Goethe was prime minister of a small German state. Hauptmann was mentioned seriously as a candidate for the Presidency of the German Republic. The poet waved aside the suggestion.

The revolutionary spirit of Hauptmann's early plays is responsible for the antagonism of the Emperor toward the poet. It

was the Emperor's veto which denied to Hauptmann, in his younger days, a much-coveted prize. But no imperial command could withhold the laurel of popular approbation from the poet's brow. When the republic was founded, it hastened to pay to Hauptmann the official recognition refused to him by the Empire.

Hauptmann became a personal friend of President Ebert. "Ebert," he said, "was a wonderful man whom I greatly admired. He was worthy of the great part for which destiny cast him."

"You never," I questioned, "admired the Kaiser?"

"I did not," Hauptmann replied, "but I never lampooned him. In the controversy aroused by the notorious Haldane interview, I even took William's part against his Chancellor, Prince von Bülow. If I had been in the place of the Imperial Chancellor, I would have been sufficiently Machiavellian to protect my sovereign. But I considered the Emperor's activities in general prejudicial to the Fatherland.

"I am, however, one with the Kaiser on the War Guilt question. I know that Germany was not responsible for the origin of the War. Although I am a profound pacifist, I see no reason why I should falsely accuse our own militarists of a crime which they share with the militarists of all nations.

"The Emperor is innocent of the charges made against him in the preposterous Peace Treaty of Versailles. If the Allies had attempted to capture him in order to try him, all Germany would have risen in his defence. But the moment he crossed the border, he was no longer of interest to us, except as the father of some of our misfortunes. He should have offered himself for trial. It would have been a great gesture.

"I have suffered through William II, but the handicap which he placed in my way only helped me. On my fiftieth birthday, when the student body of the University of Berlin escorted me to the University in a festive procession, I was greeted by the public almost like a king, in spite of imperial disapproval. I have no bitterness in my heart against him.

"Life," the poet hastened to add, "is so complex that it is difficult to interpret one's moods. The picture of the Kaiser, like that of every other man in the public eye, changes constantly.

I may see him from one angle to-day. I may see him from an entirely different angle to-morrow. There are a thousand different approaches to every subject in every human situation."

II

"I make no pretence," Hauptmann explained, "to pass judgment upon my contemporaries. Truth is a hard bird to snare."

"Are you paralysed by the knowledge that the truth so often eludes us?"

"The knowledge of life's complexities does not paralyse me. It merely makes me more tolerant toward others."

"Does your tolerance include Soviet Russia?"

"Why not?"

"Do you see hope for the world in the triumph of Bolshevism?"

"No," Hauptmann replied. "I reject Bolshevism because it means the complete elimination of personality. At Lenin's funeral an orator said: 'He was a personality, but we hope that it will no longer be necessary to evolve personalities in the future.'"

"What," I asked, "in your opinion, is the future of American civilization?"

"It is more than thirty years," the poet replied, "since I was in America. It seems to me that America, like Bolshevik Russia, is in danger of being enslaved by a mechanical conception of civilization. Man enchains the machine only to become its slave. He becomes a machine himself. I think of Henry Ford sometimes as a gigantic machine, not as a man.

"Some people contend that America's greatest gift to civilization is its quantity production—its Fords and its General Motors. I say no. Americans have preserved their humanity. Whether small or great, one may call them truly human beings, truly carriers of civilization. They seek and err. They err and seek. But they have unerring simplicity and singleness of purpose from which spring gigantic inventions, gigantic thoughts.

"The eminent men translate these thoughts and inventions into reality, not afraid of pursuing an idea to its ultimate conse-

quence. Americans crave neither glory nor Mammon. They remain simple, almost colonial. One is tempted strongly to live in America.

"Edison is a prototype of the great American. Unostentatious and happy, in spite of occasional discomforts due to a defective membrane of the ear, he has helped to create things which added to the happiness and comfort of all mankind.

"However, to turn to another phase of the fascinating problem which is America. Among the greatest contributions to the world I would count the works of Edgar Allan Poe and modern dancing."

"Poe?" I said, somewhat surprised.

"Poe," Hauptmann replied, "is not merely a poet, but a great spiritual truth finder. His 'Eureka,' misunderstood by most of his critics, touches the mystery of all things. In certain aspects, Poe anticipated Einstein."

"But what beauty can you, a countryman of Wagner, discover in syncopation?"

"America's dances are as lovely as the poetry of Poe. I adore them for their pagan quality. It is important to save the soul: but it is equally important to redeem the body. These dances teach the body to take pleasure in itself. They emancipate it from ancient taboos and traditions.

"America can rule the world if she knows her power and works this power. But it is better, perhaps, not to know. Power is a double-edged sword. The master is also the slave.

"The Rockefellers and Morgans are the slaves of their machines and of their money. What can they do with their riches? They can endow libraries and colleges, but education does not make us happier. Books do not heal. Science can, perhaps, make us healthier. But it cannot give us happiness."

"What can make us happy?"

"Beauty. The yearning for beauty bridges the gulf between the beast and the god. We must rear the new generation in beauty. Beauty is more important than material comfort. That is my message."

"Your countryman and friend, Emil Ludwig, declares that he is more interested in business men than in poets."

"I admire Emil Ludwig," Hauptmann replied, "but that is no reason why I should agree with him."

"Another compatriot of yours, Count Keyserling, in a conversation with me, called Ludwig 'a retrospective journalist,' a journalist who writes not of the present, but of the past."

"It is impossible," Hauptmann replied, "to differentiate between the poet and the journalist."

"But," I said, "a journalist writes for the day!"

"Would you expect him to write for the night?" Hauptmann asked with a smile. "I write for the day. We all write for the day. Every blossom on the tree of life lives and functions for its own day. By doing so, it fulfils its duty not only to the present but to the future."

A bird, perhaps a thrush, sang in the distance. "He, too," Hauptmann smiled, "sings only for the day." A thousand voices in the depth of the forest seemed to cry: "Amen."

"In America," I remarked regretfully, looking at the rich green of the foliage that screened us from the world, "they are in the habit of destroying forests, but they are learning from Germany how to safeguard them."

"Inherent respect for growth and nature," Hauptmann remarked, "taught us to preserve our trees. Not very far from my home is the beautiful estate of Prince Pueckler-Muskau. Pueckler lived in the days of Napoleon I. His name still appears to-day on German menus in the shape of an ice named in his honour. He was a soldier, as well as an author. His real claim to fame, however, is the skill with which he developed the park on his estate. He was Germany's pioneer in the art of landscape gardening.

"The Prince married four women and ran through four fortunes to build the most beautiful park in all Germany. If he saw a beautiful old lime tree in front of an inn, he bought it and had it transplanted—an expensive procedure. He usually succeeded, although the science of forestry had not reached its present degree of perfection."

"It seems strange," I interjected, "that a man should sacrifice four wives and his own life to create a park."

"To him who loves them," Hauptmann replied earnestly, "trees tell their secrets. I have almost a maternal feeling toward

them. I understand their language. Thus, it seems to me, mothers have a deep intuitive understanding of their children.

"The mother looking at a child is like a branch looking at its blossoms. The branch may not understand the meaning of the blossom, nor its aspirations, still there is a sympathy between the two deeper than anything else in nature.

"The trees Pueckler planted gave him a sense of immortality. Moreover, he loved the trees for themselves. Every man tries to create an earthly paradise for himself. Pueckler's paradise was his garden. Perhaps he never achieved his ideal, or he would have tossed this paradise aside for another. In that respect Pueckler was a typical German—a countryman of Faust. Once we realize our ideal, we must go forth in search of a new dream."

We must have been walking in a circle, for suddenly, through a clearing in the forest, Hauptmann's home rose in the distance like a small Gothic castle, filled, as were the strongholds of the great lords of the Renaissance, with treasures from many lands.

Hauptmann's most precious treasure is his wife, who bears the name of Faust's true love—Marguerite. Frau Marguerite is the embodiment of the wood-sprite Rautendelein in Hauptmann's *Sunken Bell*. . . . In her soul lives the mystery of the German forests glorified by a pagan Italian sun. Mrs. Hauptmann is an artist in her own right, being an accomplished violinist. It is significant that Hauptmann bestowed on the son of his love for Marguerite, his helpmate and wife, the Italian name Benvenuto.

Mrs. Hauptmann conducted us to the poet's workroom. "Do you," I asked him, when we were seated among his books, "regret the creative energy which you have poured into politics?"

"I regret the needless conflicts of my youth. It is not necessary for poets to subject themselves to ceaseless attacks. Some of the great poets, Goethe, Shakespeare, Homer, escaped participation in acrimonious political discussion. My temperament impelled me to enter the fray."

"Do poets make successful politicians?"

"Why not? There is no reason why a poet should not be a politician. The function of the poet is to emphasize personality against the tyranny of a mechanical civilization. For

that reason poets are needed in politics. They are needed in Germany. They are also, I believe, needed in the United States.

"A poet may be a statesman. Because I am a poet I am not, necessarily, an idiot. I know at least a dozen writers who would have made better chancellors than any premier Germany has had since Bismarck. Every one of them could have done twenty times as well as the well-meaning but ineffective Bethmann Hollweg. Plato banishes poets from his republic but," Hauptmann asks, "could the poets have managed worse than the politicians?"

III

"There is something beyond life, greater than life, a mystery. We know nothing about it. We call it by different names—Buddha, Christ, World Spirit, Creative Evolution. I cannot define it, I cannot describe it. In supreme moments of life, in supreme ecstasies of art, we may catch glimpses of it. I do not know where it is. I do not know what it is. I merely know that it *is*."

The rhythm of the ocean, eternal and elusive, seemed to merge with the voice of the greatest living German poet. The speaker was Gerhart Hauptmann. It was the German sea, the Baltic, that supplied the chorus to our conversation.

Hauptmann had invited me to spend the week with him and his family in Hiddensee. This small German summer resort, situated on a little island washed by the tides of the sea, is in a sense a discovery of the poet's own. It allures him a few months every summer.

Hauptmann at the seashore is different from Hauptmann at home. When I had first met him he looked like Goethe in the uniform of an Anglican bishop, with a high vest and a stiff standing collar. The immense forehead, the blazing eyes, made the illusion of walking with Goethe complete.

Hauptmann is an imposing figure even in his bathing suit, or in knickerbockers. After our daily swim with Mrs. Hauptmann and Benvenuto, his youngest son, we played golf on the meadows, along the shore. Marguerite Hauptmann is so lithe and slim that she and Benvenuto are sometimes taken for brother and sister.

On one of our walks, we were thoroughly drenched by the rain. This somewhat damped my enthusiasm, but it in no way diminished Hauptmann's good humour. He accepted the rain as a gift of the gods.

"I often get drenched to the skin," he said, "when I take my two or three hour walks."

I confessed that I had not been so thoroughly drenched in all my experience.

"But what do you do when it rains?" he said.

"I take a taxi," I replied.

This seemed highly amusing to Hauptmann, who cannot understand an existence so remote from nature that a taxi is always around the corner.

To prove that I, too, could defy the forces of nature I plunged immediately into what is the heart of every philosophic discussion. "Is life worth living?" I asked, and wiped the rain out of my eyes.

The poet did not evince the slightest surprise at the suddenness of my question.

"I am sixty-five, but I have never lost my sheer animal joy in existence. Merely to lie in the sun reconciles me with fate. I derive from my peasant ancestors an almost vegetative joy in living, which I have not lost to this day.

"Life is worth while so long as the pleasure premium which it affords us is greater than its pain. It may be that when the pain becomes too great, life ceases to be worth living. I do not know. I only know the rapture of being alive. I enjoyed life as a child running wild in the wind. I enjoy it as much to-day—almost.

"Life is enjoyable if we exercise a little moderation and common sense. It may be that something else may be more enjoyable than life. It may be that not-being is preferable to being. It may be that Nirvana gives us more than mundane existence. I do not know the hereafter. I know only the now.

"The world is my oyster. The earth is my home.

"I travel because every new country endows us with a new soul. Some day, I shall take a trip round the world with Marguerite, my wife. I can understand Tolstoy's strange last

pilgrimage. You remember how, shortly before his death, he went forth in search of a great final adventure? The soul must have change and space to grow. One cannot live, nor throb in unison with the cosmic rhythm, in a flat or in a hotel room.

"Once, at the age of thirty-five, I proposed to my brother Karl to leave everything behind, to escape from boredom and sophistication, by beginning life anew in America. I longed to be one with the people, to live as many lives and to experiment with as many professions as possible.

"I sometimes envy the snake. What a voluptuous sensation it must be for an elderly python to slough off its skin! I wished to slough off my soul, put on a new personality, to vibrate in response to some new emotion.

"My brother refused. Now it is too late for such an experiment!

"I have had everything a man can wish for. Love. Fame. A wife. Good living. Comfort. Power. I love my Silesian mountains. I love the sea. The sunshine of Rapallo quickens my thoughts like strong wine. But I still yearn for heights unscaled and unglimped, for depths unsounded and unsung.

"Yet my desires are not complex. I obtain most satisfaction from simple things. I like to eat well and to drink well. I have a predilection for wine because it loosens the tongue and emancipates us from inhibitions. I don't think I shall visit America again," he added with a smile, "until they overthrow Prohibition."

I replied, "Prohibition does not prohibit. It stops short at the cellar door of the rich."

"I love champagne," Hauptmann went on to say, "because it is sunshine imprisoned."

Like Goethe, Hauptmann carries his liquor well. It makes him sparkle, but it does not make him drunk. Having known dire poverty, he loves to surround himself with an air of luxurious ease. Hauptmann dresses for dinner in his forest home every night. This seems to him an assertion that man carries his culture with him even into the heart of the wilderness.

"I could not," he admitted, "live for any length of time in squalor. Still, most of my pleasures, I repeat, are simple. I

require nearness to nature, sunshine, rain. A green meadow sprinkled with flowers gives me supreme satisfaction.

"Man needs comrades; he also needs solitude. I have known both. You can read my character and the story of my life in my books. All my works are self-expression.

"Shakespeare wrote chronicles which had comparatively little relation to his own life. Balzac indited novels apparently far removed from his own experience. Nevertheless, the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of Balzac are charged with their personality. Whoever touches the book touches the man.

"My work is even more personal. I never wrote a line that was not in some way autobiography."

"Even *The Weavers*?"

"Even *The Weavers*. In my childhood, I was a daily visitor to the sheds where the weavers worked over their looms. The poet may experience a thing in his heart even if he does not go through the actual performance. Unless he experiences it in his heart, he cannot recreate it in words. He cannot deal with the eternal, unless he writes with his heart.

"*The Weavers*," Hauptmann added, "is not merely the play of a period, it is not merely a play carrying a social message or propaganda; it deals with eternal problems. Unless a poet deals with eternal problems, he is not a poet. Unless he expresses these problems in eternal symbols, his work will not outlast his own generation. *The Weavers* is effective even as a film because it carries a timeless message."

"Do you," I asked, "approve of the moving picture as a medium of artistic expression?"

"The screen," Hauptmann replied, "necessarily flattens a work of art. It vulgarizes the story in order to visualize it for the many. The artist may translate his message into grosser symbols, but he can still be an artist. He must either repudiate the moving picture entirely or he must surrender to the new art on its own terms and accept its standards.

"I accepted its standards when I permitted *The Weavers* to be put on the screen. I again accepted its standards when I wrote the captions for the cinema version of Goethe's *Faust*. I have not yet made up my mind if I shall permit other plays of mine to be screened.

“For, as I have said before, every play of mine represents a personal experience. The drama, like the lyric, is always the interpretation of a personal mood. *Florian Geyer* may seem impersonal, but it is no more impersonal than any of my plays. It expresses my intimate association with the fate of my country, with the social message of Christ. The play is both a confession and an attempt to dramatize the truth.”

“What,” I asked, “is the message of your play *Emperor Charles’ Hostage*? I was always fascinated by the figure of Gersuind, the corrupt and lovely young slave whose youth enthralled the ageing Emperor. Is Gersuind, too, the expression of a personal experience?”

Hauptmann smiled indulgently. “I wrote *Emperor Charles’ Hostage* at the age of forty, when most men realize with sudden anxiety that youth is behind them. This anxiety engenders a Steinach complex, a sudden yearning for rejuvenation. At such times, a man needs a new experience in love to confirm his faith in himself.

“To-day, at sixty-seven, I feel that I have recaptured my youth. I am young, because my mind is ever restless. I seek new themes and new motives everywhere. I wrote the story of Gersuind twenty years ago. Gersuind is the fruit of a romance that came to me in maturity—a love I struggled to subdue. I wrote the play *Emperor Charles’ Hostage* to overcome it.”

“And Rautendelein?” I asked, remembering Julia Marlowe’s wistful loveliness in the part of the wood-sprite who loved a mortal.

“Rautendelein is the child of my love. Her case is different. I need not vanquish her memory in order to live, because, in a sense, she is still part and parcel of my life to-day. We must write in order to free ourselves from the tyranny of our hearts. Suddenly, as in a dream, out of sunshine and reverie, is born the poem that liberates us. We sublimate our emotion; we express the anguish of our hearts; we are free.”

“Has the World War, which has churned the very depth of human emotion, inspired you to create?”

“Yes,” Hauptmann replied. “Read my *Till Eulenspiegel*. You will then be able to decide yourself whether or not I should answer your question in the affirmative. However, my epic

reflects necessarily only a fragment of the War—the canvas is too immense. Dante's *Inferno* is only a small detail compared with the hell of the World War. Livy, master of concentration, describes Hannibal's Crossing of the Alps in a few pages. It would take thousands of pages to do justice to this most terrible of all catastrophes that ever befell mankind.

"The human mind tries to forget. It will not bear a recital of horror without relief. In time the mind can digest anything, but it must disappear below the threshold of consciousness before it lends itself to the recreative processes of art.

"If all the war poems, written anywhere, even by obscure school boys, were collected, if we could select a line from a ballad here, a page from a diary there, we should perhaps be able to accumulate a work of appalling universality. But who has the patience to collect, who has the patience to read?"

"A great war can be treated only in the manner in which I attempted to treat Napoleon in my *Festival Play* 1913 or in the manner in which Hardy wrote *The Dynasts*."

"Were you," I interrupted, "influenced by Hardy when you wrote your *Festival Play*?"

"I had not read *The Dynasts*. I did not know of its existence until I read in a dissertation by a German student that I had plagiarized Hardy. It is characteristic of the German to jump to conclusions unflattering to his own countrymen."

Hauptmann reads English and French, but he speaks them only indifferently. He does not attempt to write in those languages. It seems more than an accident to him that the supreme poets create only in one language.

"What," I asked, "is your most important work?"

"How can I tell?" Hauptmann replied. "Perhaps my *Emanuel Quint*, and my epic *Till Eulenspiegel*. This novel represents my final adjustment to Christianity."

"You accept Christianity?"

"There are depths beyond words, where all religions meet. Christianity has much in common with Buddhism. But Buddhism goes beyond it in deviating from anthropomorphic conceptions of God. The Hindu depersonalizes life.

"Nevertheless, by one of those paradoxes which always set our reasoning to nought, India has given birth to a host of gods

and endows every force of nature with a human form. Each day has its own god. British Hindu officials set aside certain days on which they worship the god of paper and the god of ink."

"It is not only in India," I interjected, "that red rape may become a fetish. However, you have not quite answered my question. Do you accept the historical existence of Jesus and do you recognize him as God?"

A mystic light blazed in the poet's eyes. "I believe in a historical Christ," he replied. "I see God in Christianity. I see Him in Buddhism. I see Him in a flower. God must exist. If He does not exist the human mind will evolve Him."

"In that respect," I replied, "your religion resembles the gospel of Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw."

Hauptmann listened, but made no answer.

"Do you think that we shall ever solve the ultimate riddle? If we cannot solve it, what is the object of philosophy?"

"We may not solve the riddle of life, but while its contradictory aspects baffle us, no matter how long we live, we may at least grasp them. Life passes through our head—the entire universe passes through our head. Everything that is, mirrors itself in the human mind. That is a compensation for the incompleteness of human knowledge.

"Possibly everything contains a germ of every other thing. Every microcosm is a macrocosm. Every Tom, Dick or Harry is a Hamlet. Every plain Jane is a Juliet. Every work of art may be in itself all art. But," he mused—"one must not be too literal in enunciating such creeds. The most unhappy idol worshipper is the worshipper of words."

"How," I asked, "did you discover the road from realism to mysticism?"

"I am both a realist and a romanticist. Both realism and romance tend toward mysticism, because in the end both reach truths too profound for utterance.

"The incomprehensible can only be expressed in symbols. Goethe delivers the ultimate message of his life in terms of Catholic mysticism. I sometimes regret that I was not born a Catholic, because of the world-symbolism of the Catholic Church."

"Your works," I remarked, "contain so many possible interpretations that it is often difficult to grasp their meaning."

"Life," Hauptmann replied, "is the breath of a god. He exhales and inhales. Poe expressed this thought in 'Eureka.' The poet, like the divine Author, exhales and inhales life. His breath, like God's, assumes many shapes. But there is unity under it all.

"Certain obscurities in my plays reflect my mystic belief that there is nothing complete, no absolute answer to any question."

"Are your characters only symbols?"

"I speak in symbols, but my characters are not merely symbols. They also embody the mystery of feeling. It is this which gives them flesh and blood."

"To what extent," I asked, "do you probe your own subconscious? To what extent do you accept psycho-analysis?"

"I do not agree with all of Freud," Hauptmann replied, "though I admire many of his most recent essays, especially 'Beyond the Pleasure Principle.' It will interest you to know that I may be the father of psycho-analysis. Freud's first associate, Bleuler, told me: 'You are responsible for it all. You started it with your dream play *Hannele*. That gave Freud the idea and the stimulus for his dream interpretation.'

"I do not share Freud's belief that dreams can be interpreted only in terms of brutal sexuality. There are many factors which Freud and the Freudians neglect.

"Like every poet, I use my own method of psycho-analysis in my work. I resort to various methods for probing the inner layers of the mind in an unpublished work in which autobiography and romance merge.

"I shall call it 'The Book of Passion.' Passion denotes suffering as well as love. The book may not be finished for years. It will be to me what *Dichtung and Wahrheit* (Romance and Truth) was to Goethe."

Hauptmann carries the notes for this book with him on all his travels. The typewritten manuscript, which has already reached a respectable size, is beautifully bound in secessionist covers.

“Will you publish ‘The Book of Passion’ in your own lifetime?”

“I hope so,” Hauptmann replied. •

“Have you,” I asked, “any message for the world for which mankind is not yet ready?”

Hauptmann looked at me cryptically.

“I presume,” he said, “that you refer to my epic in the metre of Dante’s *Divine Comedy*, in which I try to express some of the bitter truths that life has taught me. Mindful of Goethe’s warning, I shall not publish it in my lifetime. It will not be published until I have been dead for one hundred years.”

Meanwhile the rain had stopped. I had completely forgotten that I was drenched to the skin. Hauptmann walked beside me, fresh as the dew, the golf club thrown negligently over his massive shoulder.

On our approach to House Seedorf, Mowgli, Hauptmann’s little dog, joyfully leaped upon him. Hauptmann talked to him as if he were a human being.

“Do you think,” I said, “that the dog understands you?”

“I think,” he replied, “that dogs understand their master’s thoughts. Perhaps the soul is a smell. That was Jaeger’s theory—the Jaeger who invented the underwear. Perhaps my dog smells our thoughts.

“I had another dog who, when old age crept upon him, reproachfully eyed me when I went out for my walks. But he made no attempt to follow me. He knew that he was not strong enough to keep pace with me. One day I made up my mind to visit a nearby neighbour whom I had not seen for almost two years.

“The dog must have guessed my thoughts. He wagged his tail and ran out of the gate ahead of me, arriving at my neighbour’s place before me. Having scented my intentions, the dog evidently thought, ‘I can go as far as this. It will be pleasant to visit his friend’s house and to see what’s going on there.’

“I am convinced that animals think. Animals have a soul, if the French philosopher, Descartes, is right, who says, ‘I think, therefore I am.’”

“Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?”

“Everything that has a beginning,” Hauptmann thoughtfully

replied, "must have an ending. Life can have no end because it has no beginning. We cannot escape eternity. We escape the consciousness of eternity only because the human memory is an imperfect instrument."

"Do you believe in the survival of personality?"

"I believe in reincarnation. I believe that we have lived before. Having lived lives in the past, we shall no doubt live other lives in the future, but I do not think that immortality is personal. It is inconceivable that any power could be so cruel as to give us an eternity of ourselves.

"I could imagine no harsher sentence than solitary imprisonment of the soul in itself. That opens vistas of hell rather than of heaven. Life cannot expose any of its creatures to such torments. We continue to live, but we change. The World Spirit absorbs us. Only life itself is eternal."

"And what," I queried, "is the purpose of life?"

Hauptmann shrugged his Olympian shoulders.

"I do not know. According to a German proverb, fate sees to it that no tree grows high enough to brush against heaven. I always knew that. I now know that they do not grow very high at all. My philosophy teaches me the wisdom of cheerful resignation. I believe God himself is resigned."

"Why do you continue to strive and to work?"

"I obey an innate urge. I play chess not for reward, but for the sake of the game. In life as well as in art, I work out problems not for the sake of gain, but for the pleasure which I derive from activity. I fancy that some of the great captains of industry continue to work for the same reason, even after they have amassed fantastic fortunes.

"The self-same urge may impel God to go on with creation. In the 'Bhagavadgita,' the King of the Gods says to King Arjune (Song 3, Verse 22): 'There is nothing, O son of Prtha, in the three worlds which I must still accomplish, nothing unattainable that I must still attain, yet I continue to labour.'"

THE WORLD OF ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

It is impossible to understand Arthur Schnitzler, the playwright, without a knowledge of Arthur Schnitzler, the thinker. The fact that he regards himself as the psychic twin of Freud opens new vistas upon his work.

“WHAT would you do if you were God?”

“I don’t know,” replied Arthur Schnitzler with a smile, “but I should try to do better.”

My query, suggested to me by a quatrain from Omar Khayyám and by a poem of Heine, amused the Austrian playwright.

“Would you make the rivers run with champagne like Heine in his dream of omnipotence, or would you shatter the sorry scheme of things entirely to bits, like the Persian poet?”

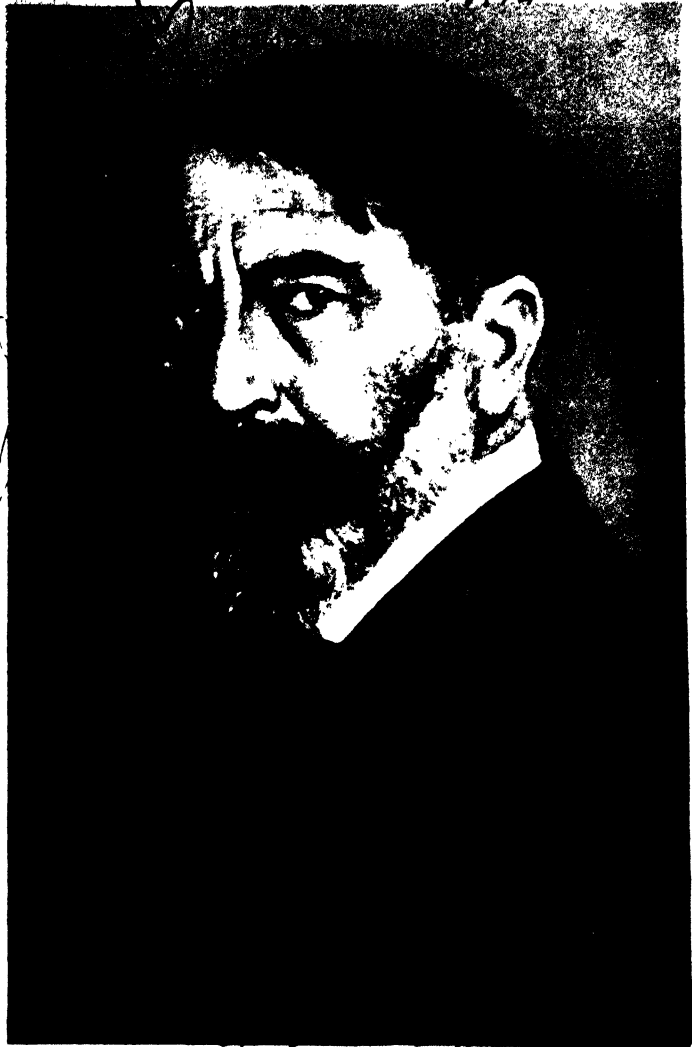
“I would not shatter it to bits,” replied the writer whose fame, more enduring than the Empire of Francis Joseph, has outlived a World War, “and I would not turn the water into champagne, except perhaps in the arid areas of prohibition. I do not need omnipotence. I am on excellent terms with the universe. I am no pessimist. My only grudge against the gods is that they have made life too short.”

Although Schnitzler has advanced several steps over the threshold of his sixth decade, neither his bronzed face nor his eager eyes, eyes that have looked deeply into the heart of woman, betray his age.

It was after dinner. We were seated on the veranda of his house, overlooking his garden in one of the most aristocratic quarters of Vienna. The garden was ablaze with blossoms. Straight over our heads a languorous moon buried its pale head in our wine.

“Life,” the playwright remarked, amplifying his previous statement, “would be too short, even if we were all ‘Steinached’

Wien 21. 9. 63.



zum 25. Geburtstag
20. September 1963

[Franz Lowry.]

ARTHUR SCHNITZER

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or if Shaw's Creative Evolution prolonged our span by several centuries."

"Do you want to live as long as Methuselah?"

"What," Schnitzler exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders, "are a thousand years, compared to eternity?"

"Do you think mankind will be able to correct the error of Providence in making human life so brief? Do you believe that your compatriot, Steinach, is on the road to discover the elixir of youth?"

Schnitzler is not only a practising poet. He also is (or was) a practising physician.

"Steinach," Schnitzler replied, "is moving undoubtedly in the right direction. He is on the threshold of the workshop where the World Spirit weaves the woof of life. The wonder world of our internal secretions holds the key to the riddle of all life.

"In that world, we must be prepared for surprises. Columbus, seeking a new way to the East Indies, discovered America. Steinach, in search of rejuvenation, may have stumbled unexpectedly upon an extraordinary discovery.

"The Steinach operation seems to be a deterrent of cancer. It would be cruel to hold out hopes that may be illusory, until we have before us the authentic records of a thousand cases. Nevertheless, it seems to me that it would be advisable to try the Steinach operation in all hopeless cases where the slight surgical interference involved can do no possible harm.

"I am, as you see, interested in the mysteries of the body. I am even more interested in the mysteries of the soul. Even if we solve all the secrets of our physical functions, the secrets of life will elude us still. We can dissect the optical nerve. We can reproduce the mechanism of the human eye. But this does not explain the miracle of sight.

"Even if we guessed all the riddles of the universe to-day, other riddles would face us to-morrow. Life always creates new wonders. Everything changes. Everything is new. Every hour gives birth to a new world."

"Does not nature plagiarize herself constantly?"

"Nature may use the same patterns again and again," Schnitzler replied, "just as a poet may use again and again the

same types, just as a painter may paint the same model many times in many forms. Nevertheless, every leaf she fashions differs from every other leaf in the forest.

"When nature repeats herself, we recognize her infinite variety. When a poet repeats himself, we say he is growing stale. There is nothing to justify this conclusion. The poet, like nature, seeks perfection by experimenting with the same material.

"Critics do not seem to realize this. Modern criticism, like modern government, works by catchwords and slogans."

"You are," I said, "a philosopher."

"No," Schnitzler answered, stroking his beard, "I am not a philosopher. Fortunately there is not a philosophical system that fits the multiple aspects of the universe. The very variety of life, its refusal to permit any permanent classification, enables me to draw my daily breath joyfully. Age adds zest to my curiosity. As I grow older, I extract more enjoyment from every experience. Every year makes me richer."

"Then," I said, "you are never bored?"

"Boredom is an affectation, when it is not a disease. It reflects a state of mind which I detest. I remember a fellow pupil in school who, on the death of someone, remarked to me, 'I wish I were in his place.' I always hated the boy for this pose. I never even pretended to be blasé. I am sometimes bored by other people. I am never bored when I am alone."

Solitude has no terrors for Schnitzler.

"I should not be bored," Schnitzler continued, "if I were the last man alive in the icy solitude of the North Pole. One can always think. Thinking is the healthiest exercise."

"Is that how you keep yourself young?"

"I always write at least two plays at the same time. When my mind grows a little tired of one, I turn to the other. And as a matter of mental gymnastics, I always read several books simultaneously. I do not mean that I can read more than one book at once, but I dip now into one, now into the other, to keep my brain fresh."

To the world at large Schnitzler is the dramatist of love. His chronicles of amorous dalliance from *Anatol* to *Casanova's Homecoming* proclaim him the most astute interpreter of feminine

psychology in the world of the theatre. With a skill no less amazing he makes a human heart tick for us in his novels.

I expected Schnitzler to lift for me at least a fringe of the veil that shrouds the mystery of human passion. But the word woman was hardly mentioned. Our conversation, which covered every angle of the poet-playwright's philosophy of life, barely skirted the subject of love.

"We," I remarked, "look upon you as the master interpreter of modern eroticism, to whom woman's soul is a stringed instrument on which he plays."

"You flatter me," Schnitzler said with a smile, "and you do me an injustice. I deal with all problems. I cannot ignore love, the mainspring of all human actions. But I am not an erotic author. I am far more interested in social problems and in the problems of the family than in eroticism.

"Most people seem to ignore my unique achievement of writing an entire play without a heroine. I refer to my *Dr. Bernhardi*, which deals primarily with the problem of medical ethics. *Dr. Bernhardi*, by the way, was put on in Vienna on November 1, 1918, when the Revolutionists were seizing the city. In spite of the excitement we produced the play.

"One gets used to living in a burning house," the playwright added. "It is easier to live through great catastrophes than to miss small comforts. I remember how, shortly after the War, I searched Vienna in vain for a cake of chocolate."

"Has your knowledge as a doctor helped you in writing your plays?"

"My medical training helps me to understand the problem of human conduct. I anticipated the Freudian theory of the dream in my plays. Many of my plots came to me in my dreams. This should not seem strange. Every play is produced in the soul of the dramatist before it is staged in a theatre. A play is a conversation of the dramatist with himself. In portraying dramatic conflicts the dramatist wrestles with his soul.

"In some respects I am the double of Professor Freud. Freud himself once called me his psychic twin. I tread in literature the same path which Freud explores with amazing audacity in science.

“Both the poet and the psycho-analyst look through the window of the soul. Leibnitz said the soul has no ‘windows.’ Freud proves him wrong. Psycho-analysis opens windows of the soul. Freud is a genius who has laid the cornerstone of the new science of man. In hailing him as such I am not bound to accept every vagary of his pupils. Somewhere, in the depths, Freud is right. But one must not take him too literally, nor is it safe to generalize from his conclusions.”

“Do you accept the tenets of the Behaviourists who deny completely the freedom of the will?”

“No,” Schnitzler answered. “I am turning away more and more from my earlier mechanistic conceptions. I believe in Free Will. Man is responsible for his actions. I could not live in a world without responsibility.

“I can decide by my own volition if I shall walk toward the right or toward the left. In the moral sphere as well as in the sphere of space, conduct is self-determined. Man is the master of his soul, even if his freedom of choice be limited by circumstance and hampered by heredity.

“Even if our actions in life are, to an extent, pre-determined, in art we are free, in art we can choose. I can develop my characters in accordance with my volition, I can fashion my heroes at will. I am convinced that I am also my own master in life. If I am not, I nevertheless must act *as if* my will were free, or human society would crumble into fantastic ruins.

“If you ask me to prove that the will is free, I must confess my inability. Certain things cannot be argued. One must rely on intuition. One knows that they are so.”

“To what extent do you depend on your intuition?”

“Intuition,” Schnitzler replied, “is an invaluable guide in art, in politics, in business and in love. Even our friendships are largely determined by ‘hunches.’ When I meet people for the first time, I immediately know if I am going to like them.”

“Do you believe that your intuitions are inspired by a divine power?”

“Perhaps,” Schnitzler replied.

“Have you any formal religion?”

“No. I believe in the holy trinity of Spirit, Conscience and Will—Free Will. Spirit inspires, Conscience directs, Will

propels, our action. Genius and strength are an expression of the Spirit. They are also an expression of Will.

“How can anyone doubt the potency of will who has read the story of Napoleon? Napoleon willed to be a ruler. Arduously he prepared himself for his task. He actually engaged a great actor, Talmev, for the purpose of learning the regal manner of walking. He needed no such lesson. Napoleon would have been a ruler even if there had been no French Revolution.

“When Bonaparte lost his empire, and lived in Elba, he still ruled like an emperor, made improvements, held grandes fêtes, drove a carriage with six horses and maintained the ceremonial of a great court. He remained every inch a king even in St. Helena.”

“You are not a monarchist?”

“I am neither a monarchist nor a republican. I am interested in human phenomena. I am interested in Napoleon because he is the most perfect example of the exceptional individual.”

“You are, I take it, an individualist?”

“Exactly. As such I oppose Bolshevism. I oppose Bolshevism, not for political reasons but because Bolshevism denies differentiation.

“Differentiation is a fundamental law of nature. If man were not differentiated he would be a monstrosity standing outside the pale of nature. To negate personality is to repudiate culture. I am disgusted by men of letters who coquette with Bolshevism.”

“It seems to me that it is not necessary to take parlour Bolshevists too seriously.”

“The parlour Bolshevik serves the forces of disruption. To encourage chaos is an unforgivable offence. It is a sin against the Holy Ghost of Creation.”

“It seems to me that a man whose knowledge of the human soul enables him to probe the nethermost layers of consciousness would be inclined to be all-forgiving?”

“Understanding by no means implies forgiveness. ‘*Tous comprendre c’est tous pardonner*’ is a vicious falsehood. To forgive all implies surrender of one’s personality, the forfeiture of one’s judgment.

“I do not forgive all. I have, on the contrary, strong antipathies. My antipathies are stronger than my sympathies.”

"What," I ventured, "are your pet aversions?"

"My pet aversions," came Schnitzler's reply with the promptness of three shots from a machine gun, "are Wilson, Poincaré and Lenin. These men were three great misfortunes, disasters, catastrophes, for the world."

"You do not include Clemenceau?"

"No. Clemenceau was only a minor misfortune. But Lenin stands for the dissolution of civilization. Wilson destroyed idealism. His failure made idealism contemptible. Poincaré represents the unbending legal mind which in all ages has been the bane of humanity."

"Are you not, perhaps, a little too severe on Wilson? His aim was high, even if it failed of its accomplishment."

"Wilson," Schnitzler remarked, getting up excitedly from the table, "was an ignoramus. Ignorance, too, is a sin. In spite of his professions as the arbiter of the world, he had not the most elementary notions of geography. He knew less of European geography and history than any Austrian schoolboy."

"I was given incredible instances of Wilson's ignorance by a member of the American Mission in Vienna. The entire Peace Treaty, especially his treatment of my own country, Austria, is a monument to his ignorance."

"I detest all professional politicians. I cannot understand how anyone can be a professional politician. If he must strut on the stage of politics, he should at least know his part."

"Have you ever," I asked, "as a student of human life, attempted to classify human beings according to their types or professions?"

"I have played with the idea," Schnitzler replied. "I have even written an essay to explain two diagrams in which I attempt to depict the human types. The first diagram illustrates the expression of the Spirit through the medium of words. The second depicts the expression of the Spirit through action."

"Each diagram is composed of two triangles, divided by a line—the line of division between the positive and the negative. At the apex of the positive triangle stands God as the highest human conception. At the apex of the negative triangle I place the Devil."

"I classify men as statesmen, poets, priests, charlatans, politicians, villains, etc. The types of mind indicated on the corresponding sides of the upper and the lower triangle of each group have much in common, except a plus and a minus sign. The type of mind above the line being positive, is prefixed by a plus. The mind below the line is negative or destructive.

The politician, for instance, is a statesman with a minus sign. The discoverer and the adventurer, the hero and the swindler, the builder and the speculator, the historian and the journalist, the leader and the tyrant, the nature student and the charlatan, the poet and the literary man, are positive and negative expressions respectively of the same qualities.

"The statesman may sometimes be compelled to resort to the practices of the politician. The politician may, in a rare moment, achieve the wisdom of the statesman. The literary man may, under the influence of a great personal experience, produce a great poem. Nevertheless, the types remain clearly defined.

"In the long run, no man can escape from being himself. He may conceal certain qualities, he may dissemble his true nature, but eventually he will betray himself, eventually his greatness or his weakness will find him out.

"To the positive types the world owes its progress. They create its eternal values. The negative types are usually a hindrance to mankind. Their work is destructive or ephemeral."

"Does this classification embrace women as well as men?" I asked.

"There is no sex in the world of the Spirit," Schnitzler replied, as he placed before me a little sketch which contained his remarkable classification.

"Don't take this classification too seriously. Nature refuses to be reduced to a set of rules. No one can imprison the World Spirit in a syllogism. My diagram is merely a playful attempt to clarify my own mind, an experiment, not a final conclusion. Nevertheless, you will understand my detestation of Wilson, Poincaré and Lenin, because they typify the triumph of the negative: they are sons of chaos, not sons of God."

"Are your likes as pronounced as your dislikes?" I questioned.

"My sympathies are less pronounced but more widely distributed than my antipathies."

"Do you admire any statesman or politician in Europe?"

"I do not."

"Who are the greatest contemporary authors in Germany and in Austria?"

"I like Thomas and Heinrich Mann. Hofmansthal is a great poet. Wassermann is a great novelist. I attribute Thomas Mann's greatness in part to the patience of his labour in the vineyards of God. He worked more than twelve years on his *Magic Mountain*.

"There are other writers in Germany, in Austria and in other lands whom I admire. It is impossible to catalogue an entire literature in one conversation."

"Is there any poet among the new generation who deserves to be called great?"

Schnitzler shook his head. "It is difficult to tell. I do not read one-twentieth, probably not one-hundredth, of all that is published. It is possible that much that is significant and important escapes me. Experience has made me somewhat suspicious of new discoveries. Formerly people were afraid to recognize genius for fear of hailing the wrong man. To-day, they salute every new author for fear of missing the divinely anointed. This produces a generation of pretenders, false gods of literature and philosophy."

"Many of the new German and Austrian writers have received recognition in America," I remarked.

"I am glad it is so," Schnitzler replied. "I hope she will modify her copyright laws to protect the writers she claims to admire. I personally have suffered much loss because America is not a member of the Geneva Convention which protects authors."

"Every book printed in the United States is protected for a definite number of years. Do you advocate a perpetual copyright?"

"Why not? The man who writes a novel and the man who invents a new process of manufacturing is entitled to the same measure of protection as the man who creates new values in railroads or in stone, or the man who invests the fruit of

his labour in a corporation. With certain safeguards for the public, intellectual property should be perpetual.

"Copyrights should be unnecessary. Intellectual property should be as secure without special legislation as any other property of man. I have repeatedly expressed this idea in conversation with American friends, but somehow their law makers seem to despise inventors and poets, or they would not discriminate against them."

"Would you like to see America?"

"I want to see America. But I don't want America to see me."

"America would like to hear you lecture."

"I should be willing to lecture once or twice, if I were permitted to sink into obscurity after the lecture."

"What authors would you like to meet there?"

"I am not interested in meeting authors, in America or elsewhere. A man is not necessarily interesting because he has written an interesting book."

"How many books have you written?"

"Perhaps thirty-five. The collected edition of my works comprises twelve volumes."

"When did you begin to write?"

"My first book was not published until I was thirty, but I began to write at the age of eleven. I believed that every theme a poet uses exists in him already before he reaches the age of thirty."

"What did you write at eleven?"

"I began to write the story of my life. In other words, a diary. I have made an entry into this diary every day of my life. It is a complete record of all my thoughts, and all my experiences."

"You came to me on one of your visits to Vienna more than six years ago. I can refer to my diary and tell you every word you said. I know that one of the subjects that we discussed then was the question of copyright."

"Do you expect to publish your diary?"

"It will not be published until fifty years after my death."

"Is your diary written with the same candour as the autobiography of Frank Harris?"

“It is not necessary to go beyond the canons of good style, even in the confessional. Unabashed brutality of expression is unjust to oneself and unjust to others. The human mind is so constituted that candour beyond reason and decency burns itself upon the memory so deeply that other more important phases of a book are forgotten.

“My diary traces my own evolution as a playwright and as a man. My first models were French. On a visit to an uncle in London, I discovered that I had exhausted all his German and English books. In sheer desperation I began to read the French dramatists which I found in his library. These dramatists coloured my early imagination. You can easily discover their influence in *Anatol* and in other specimens of my early manner.”

“Do you care for your early work?”

“The last child usually seems the dearest. I think the critics are sometimes disposed to over-estimate some of my earlier works at the expense of my more mature productions. Every talent has a countenance of its own. It took me some time to find myself—to discover my own face so to speak.”

“What prompted you to discard your naturalism?”

“I departed from naturalism but not from nature. Converted to rhythm, I escaped from a disagreeable reality into the holy land of style.”

“Which of your works do you consider your best?”

“I like *Fräulein Else* and *Casanova's Home Coming*, also *The Lonely Path* and *The Far Land*. The last named play was never performed in English on the American stage. The American stage economizes in characters. I must write of life as I see it. If I see it crowded with characters I cannot banish them from my play or from my story.”

“What is your attitude toward *Reigen*, the play that was suppressed so many times?”

“It is among the least important of my efforts. But the trial which followed its suppression, a trial in which censorship itself was on trial, was interesting. The testimony alone occupies six hundred pages.”

“Are you now engaged on a play that will surpass all your other works?”

“It is not always necessary to surpass oneself. All creative work has its ebbs and tides. No tide advances continuously in one direction.”

The maid, coming in on tiptoe, filled our glasses with some delightful Austrian wine. The garden was still bathed in moonlight.

“Do you ever work in the open air?” I asked.

“No,” Schnitzler replied. “Thoughts come to me most easily in my library. I cannot work even under my own trees. Nature has too many curious, almost inaudible voices that distract the attention.”

Somewhere in the neighbourhood a clock struck twelve.

“We have talked for hours,” Schnitzler remarked somewhat sadly, “and yet I do not know if I have really succeeded in expressing myself. When I prepare an article, I sometimes rewrite it twelve times before I am satisfied. Words, especially the spoken word, are treacherous and elusive.”

“Why should it be impossible for a writer to achieve finality of expression, to discover the one inevitable word to carry his message?”

“Because,” Schnitzler replied, “we do not think in words nor in pictures, but in something that we cannot grasp. If we could grasp it, we would have a world language—perhaps the language men spoke before the fall of the Tower of Babel and the confusion of tongues. The musician speaks a universal language. Emotion is universal. Thought is individual and untranslatable.”

THE METAPHYSICS OF HENRY FORD

Henry Ford is the only American in this collection. It is significant that the greatest master of the material world grapples with metaphysics. What is more, his world touches at least the fringes of the philosophy of Bernard Shaw, Gerhart Hauptmann and Thomas Hardy.

I

“MY mother is in my workshops,” Henry Ford said to me. “She is in my workshops to this extent—it is impossible for me to tolerate disorder or uncleanness anywhere.

“I am, as you know, convinced of reincarnation. I believe that our characters are shaped by our experiences in past lives. But we also owe a debt to heredity—to the experience of others. My sense of order is a heritage from my mother.”

Henry Ford was seated at an immaculate desk in one of the immaculate glass cages which constitute the offices of his executives.

Through the window I saw trees planted in orderly procession like soldiers marching. I remembered that the miles of workshops through which I had wandered until my head and my feet grew weary, were meticulously clean.

“I understand your mother was German?”

“My mother,” Ford remarked, “was not German but Dutch. There is not much difference between the two.”

“There was a time,” I interrupted, “when Holland was part of the German Empire.”

We spoke of the Ford Trade Schools.

“What is your main educational principle?”

“I was once asked,” Ford replied, “whether I believed in fifty per cent. theory and fifty per cent. practical application,



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HENRY FORD

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or some other proportion. I replied that I believe in one hundred per cent. theory and one hundred per cent. practice. To get the one completely you must completely get the other also.

"Theory without practical application is futile. Practice, without theory, may be useful, but it is intellectually barren.

"Work done without an intelligent understanding of its underlying principles becomes meaningless. It makes a mere machine of the worker.

"I derive more delight from intelligent workmen than from mere machines.

"I do not believe in charity. Give and take is the law of the universe. To accept anything without paying for it in some form is immoral. It debases him who gives and him who takes. No one can be helped much unless you can put him in the way of helping himself. That is not a platitude. The only doorway through which help can enter into a man is through himself. Everything gets its return.

"When I speak of returns, I am not thinking in terms of value. Gold," the master of two billion dollars added contemptuously, "is the most useless thing in the world."

"Your friends the bankers disagree with you," I interjected.

"I don't know much about bankers and banking," Ford replied. "My business is not to make money but to make transportation. I am not interested in money, but in the real things of which money is merely a symbol.

"Capital, used in creative industry, can do more for labour and receive more in return than professional charity, or hypocrisy disguised as charity.

"We are now experimenting with a new article of food—'equal milk'—which may help to revolutionize the daily diet of the people in America. The present method of producing milk is too laborious. I believe that we can make milk by scientific process, eliminating the cow."

"I did not," I remarked, "think you were much interested in food."

"Perhaps," Mr. Ford replied, "I have inherited my interest in the household from my Dutch mother.

"A large section of the American people is committing suicide

with its teeth. I have reached the conclusion that the secret of all health is in food and the cause of all disease of mind and body can be traced to food deficiency. I have always been in favour of temperance. It is the universal principle—nothing too much.

“I am not referring merely to ‘booze.’ The three most deleterious things of modern life in their present order of importance are : tobacco, alcohol and intemperate eating. But intemperate eating kills more people than tobacco and alcohol, because it is the most widespread fault. All people use food, only some use tobacco and alcohol. If people knew how to eat properly they would retain their youthful resiliency much longer.”

“Do you believe in Steinach and Voronoff ? ”

“I believe that modern science is on the trail of momentous discoveries. But I am convinced that we need not replenish our vitality by artificial means if we feed the machinery of our body with the right kind of fuel.

“I believe that rejuvenation is possible. By that I mean the recovery of normal health by normal means, at whatever age. If we eat properly we need no artificial rejuvenation—we get it daily. We must give our bodies at least the same care which we give our automobiles. Our food should be as suitable as the fuel that goes into a motor.”

“Both alcohol and tobacco are taboo in your works ? ”

Ford nodded vigorously.

“Yet, according to your own theory, everything in the universe has a definite function, and every experience is valuable.”

“Well,” remarked Mr. Ford, “some are getting that kind of experience. Tobacco and alcohol must be necessary or they wouldn’t be here. We have found good use for alcohol, but not as a beverage. As for tobacco—” he hesitated a moment—“maybe tobacco has never found its real use. There is a lot of power in it, but I do not believe that we can get the benefit of that power by smoking it any more than we get all the value of coal merely by burning it up.

“The same is true of alcohol. I do not think that we serve a useful purpose by drinking it.”

“Perhaps,” I suggested, “the German chemists may find new

uses for alcohol and tobacco. They seem to be constantly producing new miracles. They fish nitrogen out of the air, and I hear from my friend Dr. Rumely that they are now on the verge of producing synthetic rubber. Would the production of synthetic rubber influence your own plans for rubber production?"

"Not in the least," Ford replied emphatically. "America must be completely free of all foreign dependence in matters of vital supply. Rubber is one of the necessities of our life. No matter what anyone else may do, I shall continue to plant rubber in South America. Firestone will continue to produce rubber in Africa and Edison will continue his experiments in Florida."

Ford speaks of Edison with reverence. To my question, "Who is your greatest contemporary?" he replied:

"Without doubt, Thomas Edison. He is not only a pioneer scientist but also a pioneer manufacturer. Edison, to a greater extent than has ever been recognized, is the father of American industrial methods."

"What is characteristic of the twentieth century?"

"I would call it the Motor Age, the age which annihilates distance on land and in the air. No doubt this phase is an essential part of human evolution. The world was ready for the Motor Age. Hence the World Brain sent men like Edison, men like Otto to work out its will."

"Who," I asked, "is Otto?"

"Dr. Otto," Ford replied, "invented the gas engine, a four cycle engine patented, I believe, in 1870. That invention marks the beginning of the gas engine and denotes the dawn of the Motor Age."

"I had originally worked with steam but when I saw the Otto engine I immediately accepted the new idea. I chucked everything else, and devoted myself to the development of the gas engine."

He gazed out of the window where the stream of Ford cars passed to and fro, while overhead sounded the whirr of Ford airplanes.

"I picked up my first information on the Otto engine." Ford went on reminiscently, "from a mechanical publication."

I saw that it was a self-contained unit and did not need fire. The first gas engine I can remember was eight feet high and had a capacity of only two horse power. Compare this with the latest motor for automobiles and with the motors for airplanes and you must confess that progress is a reality."

"You are not inclined to agree with the philosophers who say that mankind merely moves in a circle?"

"No. Mankind progresses like a spiral. It goes upward and on. It only seems to move in a circle.

"It seems almost incredible with what clumsy instruments we were compelled to work in the early days. To-day we measure our machinery within four-millionths of an inch.

"If you walk through the engineering hall you will find a man at work, Johanssen, who makes those gauges that measure to the four-millionths of an inch."

"How did you become interested in aviation?"

"The young people got me interested in it," Ford replied. "It is a part of the motor age. I am interested in motors. The development of aviation is dependent on power. The development of power will permit great changes in design. At present airplane design is under the limitations imposed by engine design. That is my chief interest in aviation."

"Do you think that the problem of aerial navigation is solved?"

"No, not yet completely. When I left London on my recent trip I was told, 'You watch the skies after you reach your boat and we will show you the latest thing in aviation.' And sure enough our boat was escorted by a helicopter, a plane without wings and with four blades."

"Do you think," I said, "that America's future lies in the air?"

"At least," Mr. Ford replied, "we shall take the air into our future. In other words, we cannot make any plans for the future without considering the air."

"What will be the airship of the future?"

"I fancy," Mr. Ford replied, "that it will combine the helicopter, the wing and the dirigible. It will have lifting power, buoyancy and driving power. A motor that can be steered, that is, pointed to left or right, is needed.

“We have still much to learn from the birds and from the fishes. A fish can turn its head to one side and propel itself. We must be able to do the same thing in the air. We must invent an airplane that will do at least some things that a bird can do and that a fish can do.”

I was struck, not for the first time, by a certain birdlike quality in Ford himself, in the way in which he holds his head when he is listening, and in the swiftness of his motions.

“How will the aerial phase of the motor age benefit mankind?”

“It will increase the circle of experience of every human being and will draw all mankind closer together.”

At that moment three messengers of the new age, Baron von Huenefeld, Major Fitzmaurice and Captain Koehl were announced. The three flyers, accompanied by Professor Junkers, the man who designed the *Bremen*, were halting in their race through the country to pay their respects to the prophet of the motor age in his temple of transportation.

Suddenly I saw the form of Henry Ford, with his son Edsel, flitting over the Ford flying field. His keen mind was already engaged in extracting some new experience from his conversation with Professor Junkers and the Three Musketeers of the air.

II

“Somewhere there is a Master Mind which sends brain waves or messages to us—the Brain of Mankind, the Brain of the Earth.”

I gazed with astonishment at the speaker—Henry Ford. A grey, unobtrusive figure, the man whose name is a household word on five continents looked at me quizzically with his bluish grey eyes.

“But,” I objected, “the earth is only an insignificant link in the great stellar chain.”

“Maybe,” Henry Ford replied, “the Brain of Mankind is only an insignificant part of a larger unit—the Brain of the Universe.”

“What are we?”

“We, too, may be but a part of the Brain of the Universe.”

Mr. Ford spoke quietly, without emphasis. He discusses the problems that have baffled thinkers and sages for generations with the same dispassionate calm with which he would describe the carburettor of his new car.

He was seated, some distance from me, at a glass-topped desk in one of the offices of his Dearborn plant. I noticed that he always places a certain distance between himself and his visitors. Court etiquette adopts the same device to mark the gulf between a king and a commoner. However, in Ford this habit is quite instinctive, rooted, no doubt, in some defensive mechanism against the intruding world.

"Primitive peoples," Mr. Ford continued, in the same matter-of-fact tone, "had an inkling of the truth. The American Indian, for instance, worshipped a vague divinity which he called the Great Spirit!"

Again I looked at Henry Ford, and fancied that I saw, for a moment, something of the Indian in the immobile cast of his countenance. His emotions, too, seemed to betray a curious kinship with the aboriginal American. He moves quietly, almost stealthily, but also quickly, like the redskins of Fenimore Cooper.

"Your creed," I remarked, "seems to me not unlike that enunciated by Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw. Hardy, in *The Dynasts*, envisages a World Brain, moving and twitching, of which our own intelligence is a part. Shaw calls the power that moves the universe Creative Evolution, a conscious force constantly experimenting with itself and with the world."

Ford listened quietly but intently.

"I admire Shaw immensely. I regret that I missed him in England. I should like to have exchanged ideas with him.

"There is a Great Spirit. Call it Creative Evolution or World Mind. Call it Collective Intelligence or call it God. It is this Spirit which determines our actions and our thoughts."

"Are you not at all times the captain of your soul?"

"No," Ford replied, unconscious of the modesty of his doctrine. "I feel that I have never done anything by my own volition. I was always pushed by invisible forces within and without me."

How different from the sentiment sounded by the conventional self-made man! On the pinnacle of financial and industrial success, this self-made billionaire demands no credit for his achievements.

I had always looked upon the Master of Dearborn as an immense driving force, a veritable human dynamo, a living embodiment of the will-to-power. But the quiet, grey man at the desk claimed to obey the bidding of some invisible force.

He denies that his own will created the empire of matter over which he rules undisputed. Some voice, within or without him, dominates and prompts his every action.

"Great deeds," I said, "have been done by men and women who heard such voices. Joan of Arc obeyed a voice in a tree. Socrates asserted that his actions were inspired by his 'genius' or 'daimon.'"

Ford listened attentively.

"I cannot define the power that prompts men. It may be that we all have our 'genius.' The 'daimon' of Socrates may be an allegory or it may be a name for certain intuitions which man acquires in the course of a long series of incarnations. The soul gathers experience in its long pilgrimage."

Ford confessed his faith in reincarnation on previous occasions. I had not taken this avowal seriously. It seemed to me merely a rich man's toying with an idea that superficially caught his fancy. I had not looked upon it as a vital belief animating his being and dominating his life.

"Life," Ford continued, "is perpetual and continuous. The human mind reaches back across æons. There is such a thing as a native knowledge, a knowledge born with us, which we inherit from a previous existence.

"Faith is only the shrivelled vestige of former knowledge. Our remote ancestors knew. They possessed the knowledge that we have lost. We have only a memory. We say we 'have faith' or we 'believe'; but once we were able to say 'we know'.

"But mankind is on the way back. Science is rediscovering the lost realities."

"Is the gospel of reincarnation a part of the lost knowledge?"

"In it is the essence of all knowledge," Ford replied.

“What induced you to accept the belief in reincarnation?”

“I adopted the theory of reincarnation when I was twenty-six. I got the idea from a book by Orlando Smith. Until I discovered this theory I was unsettled and dissatisfied—without a compass, so to speak. Religion offered nothing to the point—at least, I was unable to discover it. Even work could not give me complete satisfaction. Work is futile if we cannot utilize the experience we collect in one life in the next.

“When I discovered reincarnation it was as if I had found a universal plan. I realized that there was a chance to work out my ideas. Time was no longer my master. I was no longer a slave to the hands of the clock. There was time enough to plan and to create.

“I was forty when I went into business, forty when I began to evolve the Ford plant. But all the time I was getting ready. That is one thing the larger view does for you; it enables you to take time to get ready. Most of my life has been spent in preparation, for I know that the vista before me is endless.

“The discovery of reincarnation put my mind at ease. I was settled. I felt that order and progress were present in the mystery of life. I no longer looked elsewhere for a solution to the riddle of life.

“If you preserve a record of this conversation, write it so that it puts men’s minds at ease. I would like to communicate to others the calmness that the long view of life gives to us.”

“How do you account for reincarnation? Do you accept the theory of Nietzsche?”

“What theory?” Ford asked.

“Matter is limited. Time is infinite. Matter being perpetually in motion, every combination must repeat itself in infinity. The same combinations, the same types, must reoccur again and again.”

“I do not know,” Ford remarked, without replying directly, “where we come from. I do not know where we go. But I know that we continue to accumulate experience and continue to grow. And as far as combinations are concerned, they are never the same and never can be: even if there is nothing else newly created, there is always a new combination.”

It was clear that Ford had not definitely formulated his

creed. He had not developed it into a system. I expressed some thought to this effect.

"What system," Ford replied, "is perfect? There is always some unknown factor in the equation."

"Mr. Ford," I said, "on my way to your headquarters I saw long rows of ships which you bought from the government and which you convert into Fords. Would you call this reincarnation? Does the Ford, in its new form, remember that it was once a ship!"

"No," Ford replied, without a smile, "this is not my idea of reincarnation."

"But," I said, "would you say that the Life Force, the Great Spirit, scraps and reassembles human beings in the same manner in which you turn old ships into Fords?"

"Your analogy," Ford said, "is incorrect. We are not all scrapped. The real thing, character, is not scrapped."

"What is the real thing?"

"The Queen Bee in the complicated hive which constitutes the individual. You may call it the Master Cell, or you may call it the Soul."

"Are you," I said, "referring to the fact that man's inherited characteristics, his race memories and his individual idiosyncrasies are stored in certain reproductive cells which transmit his heritage from generation to generation?"

"It may be," Ford replied, "that individual memories and characteristics are thus preserved. But at best it is little more than a guess. We really know little about these things. When we really know, there is no question about it."

"Unfortunately," I said, "no scientist has been able to isolate the soul. It can be seen through no lens. It can be weighed on no scale."

"The fact that a thing is invisible does not mean that it does not exist."

"All great forces are invisible. The wind is invisible, electricity is invisible, the soul is invisible. They are, nevertheless, real. You cannot see the power which brought you here in an automobile, but you cannot deny its existence."

"But, Mr. Ford, air and electricity are susceptible of being measured."

"Exactly," Ford answered. "Air can be weighed, electricity gauged, and I am sure that some day it will be possible to measure the soul. More than that, I am sure that once it was possible, and that it was somehow done, and that our present assurance or 'faith' is based on some past and lost knowledge."

"My old professor of philosophy used to cite the somewhat hackneyed joke: 'What is matter? Never mind. What is mind? No matter.' Do you," I asked, "accept this duality?"

"No," Ford replied; "a fundamental unity underlies all things. Matter and mind are one. They are different aspects of the same thing. Everything is material. But reduce matter far enough and it appears as the other thing. The spiritual is only another aspect of the material. The material is only another aspect of the spiritual."

"Unfortunately," I replied, "our material body retains no memory of our previous spiritual existence. We remember our previous lives no more than the Ford car remembers that it was once a ship. Without memory there can be no immortality of the soul. There can be only an immortality of the body, based on the indestructibility of matter."

"But you are wrong. The body, by its instincts, the soul, by its intuition, remember and utilize the experience of previous lives."

"Do you remember your previous incarnation?"

"We all retain, however faintly, memories of past lives," Ford replied. "We frequently feel that we have witnessed a scene, or lived through a moment in some previous existence. But that is not essential: it is the essence, the gist, the results of experience that are valuable and remain with us."

"The subconscious mind is charged with many memories that we have apparently forgotten. It takes an arousing experience of some sort to bring scenes from the deeps where they slumber to the surface of consciousness. But they are there, nevertheless. They constitute an essential part of our being."

"I wouldn't give five cents for seeing all the world, because I feel there is nothing in the five continents and on the five seas that I have not somehow seen."

"Have you no desire to revisit the parts of the world where your soul may have roamed in previous existences?"

"No. I am interested in people and in nothing else. People are the latest, newest things on earth. I am interested in the newest thing.

"Life on earth, as scientists recently assured us, is twenty-three thousand million years old. In twenty-three thousand million years the soul goes through many experiences."

"Don't you look upon sex as the motive power of the universe?"

Ford shook his head somewhat impatiently.

"What, in your opinion, is the purpose of life?"

"To gain experience," Ford replied simply. "Man seeks more in life than food or physical comfort. Food and shelter are obtained easily enough. Few men lie down after they have obtained mere creature comforts. Most of us go on. There is an ideal, a purpose beyond it all, that keeps up the human procession.

"We learn by success. We also learn by failure. We learn more by failure than by success. Every experience is worth having. A man learns something even by being hanged!

"The man who remarked on his way to the gallows, 'This sure will be a good lesson for me,' may not be far wrong. Maybe it was a lesson for him in his next incarnation."

"Do you know, Mr. Ford," I remarked, "that I expressed a somewhat similar idea on reincarnation in my poem, 'The Parrot':

*"For as the tiger leaves his spoor
Upon the prairie, firm and sure,
Life writes itself upon the brain,
The soul keeps count of loss and gain——"*

"The soul keeps count of *gain*," Ford repeated softly, "—not loss. In the book-keeping of the soul loss is classified as a gain of experience."

He glanced hastily over a stanza or two of the poem which I wrote out from memory.

"Do you believe, with Saint Francis, that animals, too, are endowed with souls?"

"Assuredly. Why not?"

"Mr. Ford," I inquired, shifting the drift of our conversation, "if you could live your own life over again, would you try to make it different?"

"That," Ford replied, "is an 'if' question, isn't it? I don't deal in 'ifs'. In all likelihood every human range of experience is predestined. We do not plan our own careers. We may foresee them, but we do not foreordain them. Forces beyond our control determine the highway we take through life."

"What is your attitude toward William II? Are you inclined to blame him for the World War?"

"I am inclined to blame no one person for the World War."

"The German people," I remarked, "have suffered as much as their Emperor. Do you think they, too, have benefited from the experience?"

"They are carrying a heavy load. A lot of things, political and financial, have been 'put over' on the German people and impede their progress. However, nations as well as men grow by overcoming great handicaps."

"What gives you most pleasure in life?" I inquired.

Mr. Ford resented this question.

"I do nothing because it gives me pleasure. I do things because they are necessary. I never choose the easiest way, but the most difficult way. We are not doing much good when we are doing what we like to do.

"I get most satisfaction out of doing the hard thing, not the easy thing. Character is moulded by experience and struggle. The important thing is to go on always."

Ford is always going on. He scrupulously avoids the sumptuous room designated as his office in Dearborn. Always on his feet, now here, now there, he circulates continually. He is the blood stream that nurtures his enterprise.

"You have no intention," I remarked, "of retiring?"

For the first time the ghost of a smile lit up Ford's face.

"I am afraid I shall never be able to bear the tribulations of leisure. There is always work to do somewhere. Youth is an asset, but it cannot keep the world going without experience. Civilization would come to a sad pass if men gave up work at forty or fifty, or for that matter, at sixty-five. The world gets its balance and its gait from experienced men. There is not

enough experience under fifty to run the world. If all the men who are over fifty years of age gave up, the business world would stop."

"Did you get much help from literature?" I asked. I knew that Ford was not an assiduous reader. He has not even taken the trouble to read the four or five books written about himself. In that respect, he resembles the German Emperor, who has not read the study devoted to his reign by Emil Ludwig.

"I have had much help," Ford replied, "from scientific books. I have also had help from such books as Trine's *In Tune with the Infinite*. I get much out of Emerson and out of the Bible."

"Do you look upon the Bible as a book of religious revelation?"

"I look upon it as a record of experience. No matter what knocks we receive in life, we find, reading the Bible, that others have received similar knocks. It is a true book of experience."

"Do you think," I said, "that our reincarnate selves migrate to other worlds?"

"Why not?" Ford replied. "It may be that experience is not complete without experience of other planets."

"Do you think," I said, "that a reward for your labours awaits you at the end of the road?"

"I don't know anything about the end of the road—we are a long way from any ending," Ford replied. "But we shall get what we deserve. We all get what we deserve."

He rose. We shook hands. Before I had collected my thoughts sufficiently to express my thanks in a suitable phrase the master of Dearborn was gone.

Quickly, stealthily, like an Indian in the brushwood, Henry Ford vanished in a forest of desks.

WHAT LIFE MEANS TO EINSTEIN

The most interesting thing to me about Einstein is the fact that he refuses to permit his discoveries, which have upset the world, to shape his own philosophy of life. His theory of relativity has given to all those who deny absolute standards and to those who insist upon the transmutability of all values the most potent argument, based upon the universe itself. But Einstein somewhat perversely denies its application to philosophy. In the same manner Columbus may have denied that he discovered a new continent. Nevertheless, the World Spirit speaks through Einstein as it spoke through Columbus.

RELATIVITY!

What word is more symbolic of the age?

We have ceased to be positive of anything. We look upon all things in the light of relativity.

Relativity has become the plaything of the parlour philosopher.

Is there any standard that has not been challenged in this our post-war world? Is there any absolute system of ethics, of economics or of law, whose stability and permanence is not assailed somewhere?

Can there be any permanent value or any absolute truth in a world in which the three angles of the triangle have ceased to be equal to two right angles, in a world in which time itself has lost its meaning, in which infinity becomes finite and the finite is lost in the infinite?

Einstein refuses to sponsor newfangled theories, which draw their justification from his own assault upon the certainties of mathematics. His voice was bell-like and gentle, but his words were decisive when he smashed with one sentence the rash application of the term "relativity" to philosophy and to life.

"The meaning of relativity," he said, "has been widely

misunderstood. Philosophers play with the word, like a child with a doll. Relativity, as I see it, merely denotes that certain physical and mechanical facts, which have been regarded as positive and permanent, are relative with regard to certain other facts in the sphere of physics and mechanics. It does not mean that everything in life is relative and that we have the right to turn the whole world mischievously topsy-turvy."

I now remembered that some years ago, when I first met Einstein in New York, he had emphatically resisted the suggestion that he was a philosopher. "I am," he said, "solely a physicist." In spite of these denials, Einstein stands in a symbolic relation to our age—an age characterized by a revolt against the absolute in every sphere of science and of thought.

Like Napoleon, like Mussolini, Albert Einstein has the distinction of having become an almost legendary figure in his own lifetime. No man since Copernicus, Galileo and Newton has wrought more fundamental changes in our attitude towards the universe. Einstein's universe is finite. Seen through Einstein's eyes, space and time are almost interchangeable terms. Time appears caparisoned as a fourth dimension. Space, once undefinable, has assumed the shape of a sphere. Einstein taught us that light travels in curves. All these facts are deduced from the theory of relativity advanced by Einstein on November 18, 1915, in the Prussian Academy of Science.

With the advent of Einstein, mathematics ceased to be an exact science in the fashion of Euclid. The new mathematics appeared in the midst of the World War. It is not impossible that in the evolution of human thought Einstein's discovery may play a greater part than the Great War. His fame may outlive Foch and Ludendorff, Wilson and Clemenceau.

Einstein, in the words of his favourite colleague Erwin Schroedinger, explains the fundamental laws of mechanics as geometrical proportions of space and time. I shall not attempt to expound this statement. It is said that only ten men understand Einstein's theory. I may proudly claim fellowship in this company. I understood every essential detail perfectly, when Einstein explained it to me with a few simple illustrations in his own living room. But I must confess that overnight I forgot the explanation almost completely! Unless Einstein has

made a new convert, there are now only nine men in the world who understand him.

Einstein's patience is infinite. He likes to explain his theories. A born teacher, Einstein does not resent questions. He loves children. The ten year old son of a friend was convinced that he had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Einstein painstakingly explained to him the flaw in his calculations.

Whenever a question involving a difficult mathematical problem comes up, Einstein immediately takes up his pencil and covers page after page with the most intricate equations. He does not refer to a textbook, he works out such formulæ immediately himself. Often the formula thus obtained is clearer, more comprehensible and more perfect than the equation that is found in books of reference.

Recently someone talked to him about colour photography. Einstein immediately revolved the subject in his mind. He studied the camera, he made various calculations, and before the evening was over he had evolved a new method of colour photography.

It is difficult for him to explain his theories when he writes an article for lay consumption. But when the inquiring layman exposes the abysses of his ignorance face to face with Einstein, the great mathematician usually succeeds in bridging them with an apt illustration. Talking to him, I saw in a flash not only a fourth dimension but numerous others! Glowing with pride in my achievement, I scribbled down a sentence here and there, but when afterwards I tried to disentangle the meaning of my notes, they were as difficult to interpret as the fantastic network of a dream.

"How can I form at least a dim idea of the fourth dimension?"

"Imagine," Einstein replied, slightly inclining his head with the crown of curly white hair, "a scene in two-dimensional space, for instance the painting of a man, reclining on a bench. A tree stands in front of the bench. Then imagine that the man walks from the bench to a rock on the other side of the tree. He cannot reach the rock except by walking either *in front of* or *behind* the tree. This is impossible in two-dimensional space. He can reach the rock only by an excursion into the third dimension.

“Now imagine another man sitting on the bench. How did the other man get there? Since two bodies cannot occupy the same place at the same time, he can have got there only *before* or *after* the first man moved. In other words, he must have moved in time. Time is the fourth dimension.

“In a similar manner it is possible to explain five, six and more dimensions. Many problems of mathematics are simplified by assuming the existence of more dimensions.”

I tried to secure an explanation of the fifth dimension. I regret to say that I do not remember the answer clearly. Einstein said something about a ball being thrown, which could disappear in one of two holes. One of these holes was the fifth, the other the sixth dimension!

I find it easier to understand Einstein's discovery promulgated in 1929, which explains the universe in terms of electromagnetism. But unfortunately Einstein has not yet completely succeeded in convincing himself. He does not look upon the six pages that startled the world, pages immediately transmitted in facsimile across the ether, as a final conclusion.

To reach his conclusion, it was necessary for Einstein to express gravity in terms of electricity. The formula needed for this purpose is so complex that in order to explain its meaning he was compelled to create a new system of advanced mathematics. Einstein's new system reconciles Euclid with Riemann. It restores parallel lines, which Riemann abolished.

According to Riemann, there can be no parallel lines in a curved universe. Einstein rediscovered parallel lines with the aid of the fourth dimension. Don't ask me to explain the process in detail. It is a thing that can be told in a series of intricate equations, which no human being, not even Einstein himself, can visualize.

“No man,” as Einstein said to me, sitting comfortably on the couch of the sitting room of his Berlin home, “can visualize four dimensions, except mathematically. We cannot visualize even three dimensions.”

“But don't you,” I said, “think in four dimensions?”

“I think in four dimensions,” he replied, “but only abstractly. The human mind can picture these dimensions no more than it

can envisage electricity. But they are no less real than the electro-magnetism, the force which controls our universe, within and by which we have our being."

"I am particularly interested in your new theory, which proves that gravity and electricity are one. Surely no six pages ever written by the hand of any scholar have so revolutionized human thought?"

"Unfortunately," Einstein remarked with a smile, which gave a touch of impishness to his face, "my last theory is only a hypothesis which remains to be proved. It is different with my theory of relativity, which has been confirmed by many independent investigators and may now be regarded as definitely established."

Again a smile played about his Levantine face, creeping from his eyes toward his cheeks and disappearing in his moustache, slightly darker in colour than the tangled mass of hair on his head.

Mrs. Einstein, his wife and cousin, as well as his helpmate, filled our glasses with strawberry juice and heaped more fruit salad upon our plates. Einstein never takes alcohol in any form, but he cannot resist the temptation of tobacco. He smokes more cigarettes than are good for him with the relish of a schoolboy. There is a sort of thrill in drinking strawberry juice and eating fruit salad with the man whose name is on every lip and whose thoughts hardly any one understands.

The close relationship between Einstein and his spouse expresses itself in the similarity of their foreheads. Their fathers were brothers and their mothers were sisters. "I am," Mrs. Einstein said quietly, "almost everything to my husband that it is possible to be." Mrs. Einstein resembles a portrait of her sister, Mrs. Gumpertz, painted some years ago by Sir John Lavery, called "The Lady with the Sables."

Einstein grew up with his cousin. They were friends from the very beginning. When fate separated them early in life, Einstein married a brilliant woman mathematician, a native of Serbia. He has two children by his first wife. His childhood companion, the present Mrs. Einstein, too, married and became the mother of a family. Her husband died after a few years of marriage. Then some force, stronger than those which

Professor Einstein imprisons in his dynamic equations, drew the two cousins together. Albert Einstein secured a divorce from his mathematical wife and married his widowed cousin. Perhaps it is a mistake for a physicist to marry a mathematician. There is, James Huneker once remarked to me, no room in one family for two prima donnas.

The storm and stress of this period has graven its mark on Einstein's features and in his heart. Einstein's relations with his former wife are still friendly. He is deeply interested in the children of his first marriage and he has adopted as his own the children sprung from his cousin's first union.

One of his commentators, Alexander Moskowski, calls Einstein a masculine sphinx. When Einstein speaks, his animated face reminds one somewhat of Briand, except that his features are more refined and more intellectual. If Briand espouses Pan-Europe, Einstein's vision embraces the world.

Einstein's struggles with fate have left no bitterness on his tongue. Every line of his face expresses kindness. It also bespeaks indomitable pride. On the occasion of his fiftieth birthday, in March, 1929, the city of Berlin presented Einstein with a beautiful house and a garden. Unfortunately it was subsequently discovered that the city did not own the property. Then they offered the great mathematician a piece of land. But again it seems there was a fly in the ointment, a flaw in the title. When the city fathers in their confusion offered a third piece of land, to which their title was equally dubious, Einstein indignantly refused to take the gift horse into his stable. He determined to build a summer house with his own hard-earned savings. Some friends and admirers offered to atone for the stupidity of the city by a princely gift of land. But Einstein shook his head. "No," he said, "I can accept a gift from a community. I could not accept such a gift from an individual. Every gift we accept is a tie. Sometimes," he added with Talmudic wisdom, "one pays most for the things one gets for nothing."

Professor Einstein seems to be unfortunate in his dealings with cities. When he went to New York, shortly after the war, as the first ambassador of German culture, a resolution was introduced to confer the freedom of the city upon the

distinguished visitor. He was received by the Mayor, but I believe some opposition developed which made it impossible for the Mayor to offer Einstein the keys of the metropolis.

Although the most talked about scientist of the world, Einstein absolutely refuses to capitalize his reputation. He laughed when he was asked to indorse an American cigarette. The money offered for his name would have paid the expense of his summer house. Knowing that fame has set him apart from other men, he feels that he must preserve at all cost the integrity of his soul. He escapes the interviewer by every possible device. His shyness dictates and his wife abets his seclusion. Unable to check the avalanche of offers and requests which overwhelm him, he leaves most letters, even from celebrities, unanswered. But he never ignores even the smallest note from a friend. He turned down princely offers to exploit his theories and his life in a book for popular consumption. "I refuse," he said, again and again, "to make money out of my science. Laurel is not for sale like so many bales of cotton."

It is not generally known that Professor Einstein is not merely an expert in the upper regions of higher mathematics, but that he takes a special delight in the practical solution of technical problems, such as confront the builder of machines and the electrician. His mind, almost instinctively, comes to conclusions which escape the ordinary engineer. He owes his training in this practical work to the fact that he was for several years an adviser to the Swiss Patent office. It is through work of this type that Einstein has built up a modest fortune, which enables him to build a house for himself without relying upon the "munificence" of the city of Berlin.

Einstein solves the mathematical and technical problems which are submitted to him in the solitude of his attic on the top floor of the apartment house in the Haberlandstrasse where he lives. He furnished the little attic exclusively with the rather primitive furniture which he bought many years ago with his first savings.

I expected to see queer utensils and rare tomes in Einstein's secret retreat. I would not have been surprised if his den had resembled the laboratory of a medieval magician. I was doomed to disappointment. Einstein does not emulate Dr. Faust.

There are a few books, also a few pictures : Faraday, Maxwell, Newton. I saw neither circles nor triangles. Einstein's only instrument is the head. He needs no books. His brain is his library.

From his desk, Einstein sees only roofs, an ocean of roofs, and the sky. Here he is alone with his speculations. Here, Pallas-like, leaped from his head the theories which have revolutionized modern science. Here no human interference impedes the flight of his thoughts. Even his wife does not enter this holy of holies without trepidation.

Albert Einstein does not bury himself in his studies uninterruptedly. He is not a molly-coddle physically. He loves aquatic sports. His favourite toy is a sailing boat with all modern technical improvements in which he enjoys himself on the lakes and the rivers near his country place in the village of Caputh. A towel wrapped fantastically around his head, he looks more like a pirate than like a Professor of a great university. Battling with the wind, he forgets relativity and the fourth dimension. When the spray glistens in the silver of his hair and the sun strokes his cherub-like features, his thoughts are far from curved time space !

A speculative thinker, a practical engineer, a sportsman and an artist, Einstein comes close to the Greek ideal of harmonious development. When he does not sail his boat or permits his mind to meander through four-dimensional space, Einstein enjoys himself with his violin. While I waited at the door of his apartment, it seemed to me that I heard strains of elfin music. Perhaps it was Einstein playing? When I entered he was wrapping up his violin for the night like a mother putting her child to bed.

Professor Einstein looks more like a musician than like a mathematician. "If," he confessed to me, with a smile that was half wistful, half apologetic, "I were not a physicist, I would probably be a musician. I often think in music. I live my day dreams in music. I see my life in terms of music."

"Perhaps," I remarked, "if you had chosen to become a musician, you would outshine Richard Strauss and Alfred Schoenberg. Perhaps you would have given us the music of the spheres or a fourth-dimensional music?"

Einstein gazed dreamily—was it into the far corners of the room, or was it into space, that space which his investigations have robbed of infinity?

“I cannot tell,” he replied, “if I should have done any creative work of importance in music, but I do know that I get most joy in life out of my violin.” As a matter of fact, Einstein’s taste in music is severely classical. Even Wagner is to him no unalloyed feast of the ears. He adores Mozart and Bach. He even prefers their work to the architectural music of Beethoven.

President Hindenburg hardly ever appears in public, because he is immediately recognized wherever he goes. For the same reason, Professor Einstein refuses all invitations to the more popular restaurants. Although his world fame compels him to seek isolation, he is a sociable being. He loves quiet chats over his own dinner table with such friends as Gerhart Hauptmann and Professor Schroedinger. He reads only little. Modern fiction does not seduce him. Even in science he limits himself largely to his special field. “Reading after a certain age diverts the mind too much from its creative pursuits. Any man who reads too much and uses his own brain too little falls into lazy habits of thinking, just as the man who spends too much time in the theatre is tempted to be content with living vicariously instead of living his own life.”

In his own field of thought Einstein follows every development with keen interest. He has the gift of reading at a glance a whole page of equations. Einstein can master a whole new system of mathematics in half an hour.

“Who,” I asked him, “are your greatest contemporaries?”

“I cannot reply to this question,” Einstein answered, his eyes twinkling humorously, “without compiling an encyclopædia. I cannot even discuss intelligently the men who labour in my own field without writing a book.

“Our time,” he added, “is Gothic in its spirit. Unlike the Renaissance, it is not dominated by a few outstanding personalities. The twentieth century has established the democracy of the intellect. In the republic of art and science, there are many men who take an equally important part in the intellectual movements of our age. It is the epoch rather than the

individual that is important. There is no one dominant personality like Galileo or Newton. Even in the nineteenth century there were still a few giants who out-topped all others. To-day the general level is much higher than ever before in the history of the world, but there are few men whose stature immediately sets them apart from all others."

"Whom do you consider the most conspicuous worker in your own field?"

"It is not fair," Einstein replied, "to single out individuals. In Germany, I consider Schroedinger and Heisenberg as being of special importance."

"Schroedinger," I said, "what has he done?"

"Schroedinger has discovered the mathematical formula for the fact that all life moves in waves."

"And Heisenberg?"

"Heisenberg is a sovereign mathematician, who has formulated a new definition of mathematical magnitudes. Then there is, of course, Planck, the exponent of the quantum theory."

I did not ask Einstein to explain the quantum theory. I know that it is even more difficult to grasp than relativity.

"Would you say that Eddington is your most brilliant interpreter?"

"Eddington," Einstein replied, "is a great mathematician, but his supreme achievement is his discovery of the physical constitution of the stars."

"Is there," I asked modestly, "any one in America whose importance is commensurable with that of the men you have just discussed?"

"There," Einstein replied quietly, "more than anywhere else, the individual is lost in the achievements of the many. America is beginning to be the world leader in scientific investigation.

"American scholarship is both patient and inspiring. The Americans show an unselfish devotion to science, which is the very opposite of the conventional European view of them. Too many of us look upon them as dollar chasers. This is a cruel libel, even if it is reiterated thoughtlessly by the Americans themselves. It is not true that the dollar is their fetish. The American student is not interested in dollars, nor even

in success as such, but in his task, the object of the search. It is his painstaking application to the study of the infinitely little and the infinitely large which accounts for his success in astronomy."

"What," I asked, "has been the most outstanding accomplishment in your field?"

"America," Einstein replied, "has been especially successful in increasing our knowledge of the fixed stars. But in Holland and elsewhere there are also men who have done remarkable work!

"The Americans," Einstein continued, "are idealists. Wilson, notwithstanding the collapse of his Fourteen Points, was inspired by high ideals. America entered the war for idealistic reasons, in spite of the fact that material interests were exerting the utmost pressure in the same direction.

"We are inclined"—Einstein inclined his head lightly to one side like a bird—"to overemphasize the material influences in history. The Russians especially make this mistake. Intellectual values and ethnic influences, tradition and emotional factors are equally important. If this were not the case, Europe would be to-day a federated state, not a madhouse of nationalism."

Born in Ulm, Germany, in 1879, educated partly there, partly in Italy and partly in Switzerland, a Swiss as well as a German citizen, Einstein regards international jealousies with the serenity with which a wise old teacher looks upon quarrelling schoolboys. In politics he leans to Socialism. He looks upon Pacifism as the ultimate ideal. Poor, a Jew, a Socialist and a Pacifist, Einstein carried four handicaps like millstones around the neck. Einstein conquers all obstacles, including his own shyness, by the sheer force of his cerebration. He does not reject any form of government except absolutism. He is tolerant, but by no means uncritical, in his attitude towards Russia.

"What," I inquired, "is your attitude towards Bolshevism?"

"Bolshevism is an extraordinary experiment. It is not impossible that the drift of social evolution henceforward may be in the direction of Communism. The Bolshevik experiment may be worth trying. But I think that Russia errs badly in the execution of her ideal. The Russians make the

mistake of putting party faith above efficiency. They replace efficient men by politicians. Their teststone of public service is not the accomplishment but devotion to a rigid creed."

"Do you agree with Lenin's statement that liberty is a bourgeois prejudice?"

"Maybe," Einstein remarked, slightly inclining his silver head, "Lenin was right. Complete freedom is incompatible with civilization. If I don't want other men to tread on my toes, I, too, must submit to rules and regulations, which limit my freedom. The more highly populated a country is, the greater are the sacrifices of personal freedom demanded of the individual. These sacrifices are the price we pay for civilization."

"Do you believe in the German Republic?"

"Undoubtedly. The people have the right to rule themselves. Now, at least, our mistakes are our own."

"Do you blame the Kaiser for the downfall of Germany?"

"The Kaiser," Einstein replied, "meant well. He often had the right instincts. His intuitions were frequently more inspired than the laboured reasons of his Foreign Office. Unfortunately the Kaiser was always surrounded by poor advisers."

"It seems to me," I interjected, "that there are two parties in Germany. One blames the Kaiser for the German debacle, the other attempts to saddle the responsibility upon the Jews."

"Both," Einstein remarked, "are largely guiltless. The German debacle was due to the fact that the German people, especially the upper classes, failed to produce men of character strong enough to take hold of the reins of government and to tell the truth to the Kaiser."

"It was partly," Einstein added somewhat hesitatingly, "the fault of Bismarck. Bismarck's philosophy of government was wrong. Besides, there was no one to succeed to the giant. Like many men of genius, he was too jealous to permit any other man to walk in his footsteps. In fact it is doubtful if any other man could have followed the tortuous path of Bismarckian politics."

"In a sense," he added, "we can hold no one responsible. I am a determinist. As such, I do not believe in Free Will. The Jews believe in Free Will. They believe that man shapes

his own life. I reject that doctrine philosophically. In that respect I am not a Jew."

"Don't you believe that man is a free agent at least in a limited sense?"

Einstein smiled ingratiatingly. "I believe with Schopenhauer: We can do what we wish, but we can only wish what we must. Practically, I am, nevertheless, compelled to act—as if freedom of the will existed. If I wish to live in a civilized community, I must act on the assumption that man is a responsible being.

"I know that philosophically a murderer is not responsible for his crime, nevertheless I must protect myself from unpleasant contacts. I may consider him guiltless. But I prefer not to take tea with him."

"Do you mean to say that you did not choose your own career, but that your actions were predetermined by some power outside of yourself?"

"My own career was undoubtedly determined, not by my own will, but by various factors, over which I have no control, primarily those mysterious glands in which nature prepares the very essence of life, our internal secretions."

"It may interest you," I interjected, "that Henry Ford once told me that he, too, did not carve out his own life, but that all his actions were determined by an inner voice."

"Ford," Einstein replied, "may call it his Inner Voice. Socrates referred to it as his Daimon. We moderns prefer to speak of our Glands of Internal Secretion. Each explains in his own way the undeniable fact that the human will is not free."

"Don't you deliberately ignore all psychic factors in human development? What, for instance," I asked, "is your attitude towards the subconscious? According to Freud, psychic events registered indelibly in our nether mind, make and mar our lives."

"Whereas materialistic historians and philosophers neglect psychic realities, Freud is inclined to overstress their importance. I am not a psychologist, but it seems to me fairly evident that physiological factors, especially our endocrines, control our destiny."

"Then you do not believe in psycho-analysis?"

"I am not," Einstein modestly replied, "able to venture a judgment on so important a phase of modern thought. However, it seems to me that psycho-analysis is not always salutary. It may not always be helpful to delve into the subconscious.

"The machinery of our legs is controlled by a hundred different muscles. Do you think it would help us to walk, if we analysed our legs and knew exactly which one of the little muscles must be employed in locomotion and the order in which they work?"

"Perhaps," he added with the whimsical smile that sometimes lights up the sombre pools of his eyes like a will-o'-the-wisp, "you remember the story of the toad and the centipede? The centipede was very proud of having one hundred legs. His neighbour, the toad, was very much depressed because he had only four. One day a diabolic inspiration prompted the toad to write a letter to the centipede as follows:

'Honoured Sir:

'Can you tell me, which one of your hundred legs you move first, when you transfer your distinguished body from one place to another, and in what order you move the other ninety-nine legs?'

"When the centipede received this letter, he began to think. He tried first one leg, then the other. Finally he discovered to his consternation that he was unable to move a single leg. He could no longer walk at all! He was paralysed! It is possible that analysis may paralyse our mental and emotional processes in a similar manner."

"Are you then an opponent of Freud?"

"By no means. I am not prepared to accept all his conclusions, but I consider his work an immensely valuable contribution to the science of human behaviour. I think he is even greater as a writer than as a psychologist. Freud's brilliant style is unsurpassed by anyone since Schopenhauer."

"Professor Einstein, have you read Freud's book on religion, in which he applies psycho-analysis to religion?"

"I have read the book. But I do not agree with Freud."

"Do you believe in personal immortality?"

“No. I realize that every individual is the product of the conjunction of two other individuals. I do not see where and at what moment the new being is endowed with a soul. I look upon mankind as a tree with many sprouts. It does not seem to me that every shoot and every branch possesses an individual soul.

“Life is a great tapestry. The individual is only an insignificant thread in an immense and miraculous pattern.”

“Do you wish for personal immortality?”

“No. Life, one life, is sufficient for me.”

“I once asked my friend, Professor Muensterberg, if he believed in the survival of personality after death. He replied: ‘I cannot conceive of personality in terms of life.’ It always seemed to me that it was merely evading my question.”

“I do not think so,” Einstein replied, brushing his curly hair back with one hand. “It was the only possible answer.”

“Are we not,” I asked, “immortal by virtue of the fact that an image, once made, continues for ever? A person looking at our world from a distant star may see at this moment the birth of Christ or his crucifixion. For him Pilate and Mary Magdalene and all those who participated in the tragedy of Calvary *live!* If the star were even more distant, he would see Moses and his people crossing the Red Sea. For mundane eyes the image has vanished. But it continues to travel for ever in space. In distant worlds Christ is crucified daily and Moses and his people still cross the Red Sea.”

“It seems to me,” Einstein replied, “that this is sophistry. Life comes to a definite end, even if hypothetically its image is carried on through innumerable light-years to far constellations. Death,” he continued, “is a reality.”

“How would you define death?”

“Life ends definitely when the subject, by his actions, no longer affects his environment.”

“His thoughts may still live,” I remarked.

“Yes, but he can no longer add an iota to the sum total of his experience, he cannot detract from it nor modify it in any sense whatever.”

“Your reply,” I said, “smacks somewhat of Omar Khayyám :

*'The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on : nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.'*"

Einstein nodded approval, but made no comment.

There was a pause, filled by more fruit salad and strawberry juice.

"Is there," I resumed the conversation, "such a thing as progress in the story of human effort?"

"The only progress I can see is progress in organization."

"Some writers have criticized me because the hero of my autobiography of the Wandering Jew (written with Paul Eldridge) does not evolve into a Superman in the two thousand years of his existence."

"Two thousand years is too short a time for the growth of a Superman. Your hero, Isaac Laquedem, though limited by the physical mechanism he received at birth, can only grow within the limits of his original endowment. He can, however, profit from his experience within these limits.

"The ordinary human being does not live long enough to draw any substantial benefit from his own experience. And no one, it seems, can benefit by the experiences of others. Being both a father and teacher, I know we can teach our children nothing. We can transmit to them neither our knowledge of life nor of mathematics. Each must learn its lesson anew."

"But," I interjected, "nature crystallizes our experiences. The experiences of one generation are the instincts of the next."

"Ah," Einstein remarked, "that is true. But it takes nature ten thousand or ten million of years to transmit inherited experiences or characteristics. It must have taken the bees and the ants æons before they learned to adapt themselves so marvellously to their environments. Human beings, alas, seem to learn more slowly than insects."

"Do you think that mankind will eventually evolve the superman?"

"If so," Einstein replied, "it will be a matter of millions of years."

"You don't agree with Nietzsche's sister that Mussolini is the Superman prophesied by her brother?"

Again a smile illuminated Einstein's features, but it was not so jovial as before. A pacifist and internationalist, Einstein is the very antithesis of the Dictator. Although he denies the freedom of the will philosophically, Einstein resents any attempt to circumscribe still further the limited sphere within which the human will may exert itself with the illusion of freedom.

"If we owe so little to the experience of others, how do you account for sudden leaps forward in the sphere of science? Do you ascribe your own discoveries to intuition or inspiration?"

"I believe in intuitions and inspirations. I sometimes *feel* that I am right. I do not *know* that I am. When two expeditions of scientists, financed by the Royal Academy, went forth to test my theory of relativity, I was convinced that their conclusions would tally with my hypothesis. I was not surprised when the eclipse of May 29, 1919, confirmed my intuitions. I would have been surprised if I had been wrong."

"Then you trust more to your imagination than to your knowledge?"

"I am enough of the artist to draw freely upon my imagination. Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world."

"Do you believe in God, the God of Spinoza?"

"I presume your question is inspired by my message in reply to an American friend, informing me that I had been attacked as an atheist by a distinguished ecclesiastic. My reply was not intended for publication. No one," he smiled amusedly to himself—"except an American—could think of sending a man a telegram asking him: 'Do you believe in God?'"

I laughed guiltily.

"I am afraid, Professor, my own method is at times equally high-handed. I put a pistol up to a man's breast and ask him, not for his watch, but for his philosophy of life. My victims squirm, but my system works nine times out of ten. Every man has a philosophy of life. But he is not, as a rule, equipped to express it succinctly. My question compels him to think and to clarify his convictions."

"Your question," Einstein replied, "is the most difficult in the world. It is not a question I can answer simply with yes or no. I am not an Atheist. I do not know if I can define myself

as a Pantheist. The problem involved is too vast for our limited minds.

"May I not," he added after a pause, "reply with a parable? The human mind, no matter how highly trained, cannot grasp the universe. We are in the position of a little child, entering a huge library, whose walls are covered to the ceiling with books in many different tongues. The child knows that someone must have written those books. It does not know who or how. It does not understand the languages in which they are written.

"The child notes a definite plan in the arrangement of the books, a mysterious order, which it does not comprehend, but only dimly suspects. That, it seems to me, is the attitude of the human mind, even the greatest and most cultured, toward God.

"We see a universe marvellously arranged, obeying certain laws, but we understand the laws only dimly. Our limited minds cannot grasp the mysterious force that sways the constellations.

"I am fascinated by Spinoza's Pantheism. I admire even more," Einstein continued, "his contributions to modern thought. Spinoza is the greatest of modern philosophers, because he is the first philosopher who deals with the soul and the body as one, not as two separate things."

"Has Spinoza precursors in India?"

"Most philosophers, my dear Mr. Vireck, are indebted to the Hindus. Spinoza's contribution springs from his own brain. The Hindus ignore the body in their philosophy. They could not, therefore, conceive of the essential unity between body and soul."

"To what extent are you influenced by Christianity?"

"As a child I received instruction both in the Bible and in the Talmud. I am a Jew, but I am enthralled by the luminous figure of the Nazarene."

"Have you read Emil Ludwig's book on Jesus?"

"Emil Ludwig's *Jesus*," Einstein replied, "is shallow. Jesus is too colossal for the pen of phrasemongers, however artful. No man can dispose of Christianity with a *bon mot*."

"You accept the historical existence of Jesus?"

"Unquestionably. No one can read the gospels without

feeling the actual presence of Jesus. His personality pulsates in every word. No myth is filled with such life.

"How different, for instance, is the impression which we receive from an account of legendary heroes of antiquity like Theseus. Theseus and other heroes of his type lack the authentic vitality of Jesus."

"Ludwig Lewisohn, in one of his recent books, claims that many of the sayings of Jesus paraphrase the sayings of other prophets."

"No man," Einstein replied, "can deny the fact that Jesus existed, nor, that His sayings are beautiful. Even if some of them have been said before, no one has expressed them so divinely as He."

"Gilbert Chesterton told me that, according to a Catholic writer in a Dublin Review, your theory of relativity merely confirms the cosmology of Thomas Aquinas."

"I have not," Einstein replied, "read all the works of Thomas Aquinas, but I am delighted if I have reached the same conclusions as the comprehensive mind of that great Catholic scholar."

"Do you look upon yourself as a German or as a Jew?"

"It is quite possible," Einstein replied, "to be both. I look upon myself as a man. Nationalism is an infantile disease. It is the measles of mankind."

"How then," I said, "do you justify Jewish nationalism?"

"I support Zionism," Einstein replied, "in spite of the fact that it is a national experiment, because it gives us Jews a common interest. This nationalism is no menace to other peoples. Zion is too small to develop imperialistic designs."

"You do not believe in assimilation?"

"We Jews," Einstein replied, "have been too adaptable. We have been too eager to sacrifice our idiosyncrasies for the sake of social conformity."

"Perhaps assimilation makes for greater happiness?"

"I do not think so," Einstein replied. "Even in modern civilization, the Jew is most happy if he remains a Jew."

"Do you believe in race as a substitute for nationalism?"

"Race, at least, constitutes a larger unit. Nevertheless, I do not believe in race as such. Race is a fraud. All modern people

are the conglomeration of so many ethnic mixtures, that no pure race remains."

"Do you," I remarked, "look upon religion as the tie which holds the children of Israel together?"

"I do not think," Einstein replied thoughtfully, "that religion is the most important element. We are held together rather by a body of tradition, handed down from father to son, which the child imbibes with his mother's milk. The atmosphere of our infancy predetermines our idiosyncrasies and predilections. When I met you, I knew I could talk to you freely without the inhibitions which make the contact with others so difficult. I looked upon you not as a German nor as an American, but as a Jew."

"I have written the autobiography of the Wandering Jew with Paul Eldridge. Nevertheless it so happens that I am not a Jew. My parents and my progenitors are Nordics from Protestant Germany."

"It is impossible," Professor Einstein observed, "for any individual to trace every drop of blood in his constitution. Ancestors multiply like the famous seed of corn on the chess-board, which embarrassed the Sultan. After we go back a few generations, our ancestors increase so prodigiously that it is practically impossible to determine exactly the various elements which constitute our being."

"So far as I know," I replied, "we are Northerners. The Viereck family emigrated into Germany from Scandinavia during the Thirty Years War. There are Ingeborgs and Gretas on the remote branches of my family tree."

"Nevertheless," Einstein replied, "you have the psychic adaptability of the Jew. There is something in your psychology which makes it possible for me to talk to you without barrier."

"Why should quickness of mind be only a Jewish characteristic? Is it not also possessed by the Irish and to a large extent by the Americans?"

"Americans undoubtedly owe much to the Melting Pot. It is possible that this mixture of races makes their nationalism less objectionable than the nationalism of Europe. Nationalism in the United States does not assume such disagreeable forms as in Europe.

"This may be due partly to the fact that the country is so immense, that its people do not think in terms of narrow borders. It may be due to the fact that they do not suffer from the heritage of hatred or fear, which poisons the relations of the nations of Europe.

"But to return to the Jewish question. Other groups and nations cultivate their individual traditions. There is no reason why we should sacrifice ours.

"Standardization robs life of its spice. To deprive every ethnic group of its special traditions is to convert the world into a huge Ford plant. I believe in standardizing automobiles. I do not believe in standardizing human beings. Standardization is a great peril which threatens American culture."

"Do you consider Ford, then, a menace?"

"Ford is undoubtedly a man of genius. No man can create what Ford has created, unless the Life Force has provided him with conspicuous gifts.

"Nevertheless, I am sometimes sorry for men like Ford. Everybody who comes to them wants something from them. Such men do not always realize that the adoration which they receive is not a tribute to their personality but to their power or their pocket-book. Great captains of industry and great kings fall into the same error. An invisible wall impedes their vision.

"I am happy because I want nothing from anyone. I do not care for money. Decorations, titles or distinctions mean nothing to me. I do not crave praise. The only thing that gives me pleasure apart from my work, my violin and my boat, is the appreciation of my fellow workers."

"Your modesty," I remarked, "does you credit?"

"No," Einstein replied with a shrug of his shoulders, "I claim credit for nothing. Everything is determined, the beginning as well as the end, by forces over which we have no control. It is determined for the insect as well as for the star. Human beings, vegetables or cosmic dust, we all dance to a mysterious tune, intoned in the distance by an invisible player."

THE COURAGE OF HAVELOCK ELLIS

Havelock Ellis, not content with systematizing man's knowledge of sex, seeks in "The Dance of Life" the measure of the World Spirit. He surely deserves a place of honour in a book interpreting the soul of humanity. I have had many conversations with him, yet for some strange reason I have never been able to record my impressions adequately. There is something peculiarly elusive in Ellis, which somehow always escapes me. He himself is conscious of this quality. I am delighted, therefore, to include in this book a little sketch of Ellis done by my wife, Margaret Viereck, who somehow seems to be more attuned to this sensitive spirit.

BY MARGARET VIERECK

“OUR best kings were queens!” Havelock Ellis enunciated the statement in his staccato manner.

“Then maybe the baby Elizabeth of the House of York—” I began.

“Yes, she may pull England out of the muddle,” he optimistically smiled.

Ellis came to this conclusion after we both agreed that good leadership is the infinite capacity of caring for details.

“This quality,” I remarked, “is best exemplified in a ship's captain. On my trip from America the captain of our vessel permitted me to accompany him on his daily tour of inspection. I was astounded by his housewifely zeal. Not content with various technical tests, the faithful mariner examined every nook and every bed and closet of his crew.”

“A captain must have the tireless energy of a mother. Such

a man," Havelock Ellis remarked, his eyes gleaming, "was my father. I learned from him how important it is for any ruler on bridge or throne to understand and to criticize and to be interested in the most picayune of details. This ability to take an interest in such details is the quality which explains the reason why women are eminent monarchs. It is essentially a feminine quality. Nevertheless, among men, ships' captains must acquire it to succeed."

"Then women ought to make good admirals and captains. But what if the strange fate that links them to the moon compelled them to leave the firing-line in the midst of a battle—and what if they got babies?" I exclaimed.

"Only tradition and habit have kept women from showing how they can shine as admirals and captains. Consider the Amazons. As for your other question—Nature subjects women to certain biological handicaps, but I have shown that men are subject to a certain periodicity. And childbirth—look at the hard-working peasant women! They lose hardly a day from their field work. Æons of custom and deeply engraved prejudices raise more barriers than physiology against feminine participation in certain masculine pursuits."

"But why are there not in the creative arts women who can stand with Rembrandt and with Pheidias? There, too, men still outstrip us. Despite Rosa Bonheur, Sappho, George Sand, George Eliot and their ilk, and the strenuous moderns, we still lag behind."

"Ah," the student dreamer assured me, "there you have a fundamental reason. Nature has so constituted woman that her creative power and yearning centre primarily on the forming of a child. The women you have just mentioned are, after all, the exceptions. And so long as woman is woman, it must remain so."

Ellis then related the story of his early seafaring days at the age of six. He confided to me: "I made a trip round the world on a sailing vessel with only my father, the captain, and burly men to take care of me."

One instinctively talks of the sea with Havelock Ellis. In that peculiar mystic sea-green-blue of his eyes one hears the breaking of the waves and smells the sea tang.

Living as he does on an offshoot of the main road from London, in Brixton, one discovers his dingy flat with difficulty. After climbing several flights of steep stairs I found him waiting in his doorway, much too low for him, with a friendly smile and handclasp. The radiations of his personality carried me back from this plain twentieth century house to the abode of some Athenian philosopher and dreamer.

When the door closed behind us I found myself in a veritable "ship-shape" flat. He left me alone a moment to put the flowers I had brought into water. The room looked out with a bay-window on a commonplace, cobbly street with poorly dressed children leaping about and tired looking women passing.

The window was simply framed in blue hangings, the blue of a twilit Italian sky. I recalled the dauntless pioneer's tie was blue. I saw much blue in vases and other details of the study. I wished I had on my dress of that blue. That would have pleased him, I felt.

One wall was all books. At the window his writing desk with many manuscripts and books, and at one corner of it a single huge candle with a special reflector attached. There was no other facility for lighting the room. No gas, no electric fixture.

On the mantel over a tiny fire-place various pictures and other mementoes. Among them a medallion of Professor Sigmund Freud with an inscription commemorative of his seventieth birthday.

Pictures of Havelock Ellis' wife, the late Edith Ellis, all about, particularly many facing the chair at the desk. She, "der gute Kamerad," is still marching at his side.

Havelock Ellis came back with the vase of flowers and placed them on his bookcase. He stretched his long, elegant, sinuous figure in smooth grey in a wicker chair and I sat opposite him on a couch. His lean, kindly face is framed by a snowy mass of hair and beard. A cliff of noble forehead arises above the sea of hypnotic blue eyes. He has a definite, sensitive nose and a broad, ready-to-smile mouth, which shows fine formidable, beautiful teeth.

That leonine head and the shining teeth and his graceful

quiet manner recalled to me the arguments for the superiority of a feline civilization of Clarence Day in *This Simian World*. Havelock Ellis embodies the characteristics we would all have if, as Mr. Day points out, we could trace our descent from a leonine line instead of from Simian progenitors. Instead of the Banderlog chatter and futility we would have the purposeful, serious dignity of the felines and their tragic melodiousness.

Ellis emanates great sensitivity and boyishness—and yet has strength and courage. One feels that he has suffered much. But his resolution is unimpaired. From his bridge—his desk—Captain Havelock Ellis steers the vessels of our souls to the port of æsthetic yearnings. At this desk he has fought the raging seas that almost threatened to devour his books for sex freedom. Here he battles to discover new havens for woman-kind.

The suite of Havelock Ellis is arranged with meticulous neatness and cared for by himself. Suddenly excusing himself, Ellis disappeared in the kitchen to prepare tea, and returned with a tray. No hostess could surpass him in daintiness combined with practical forethought. He reseated himself, his long slender legs stretched before him and his hands mostly clasped, his fingers—very much those of a musician—interlaced. Then he spoke again in his melodious, gentle voice. He speaks beautifully—when he speaks (for he has also this characteristic of seafarers—he is chary of words) his thoughts seem to be on distant horizons.

Ted Shawn's new book on the dance, appropriately bound in blue, leaped at me from a nearby book-filled table. Picking it up to show me, Havelock Ellis told me how delighted he was when Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis visited him a short time ago.

“I am more and more interested in the dance, and follow it through all ages and climes. Life is a dance. Everything is rhythm. These two high priests of Terpsichore from America, with their travel experiences, were very fascinating. They feel with me the relationship of the beautiful body with the rhythm and imagery of dancing. Their art helps to make the body truly beautiful and awakens the desire to emulate the grace of the ancients in us all.

“The dance teaches us to appreciate beauty. What is more delightful than to dance and to bathe in the sun! We are developing sun-bathing, both as an aid to health and as an æsthetic delight. Young men and women swaying naked in the sunshine revive the pagan spirit of the days when the body was revered as the temple of the soul. Whole schools are forming in England and Germany to further this movement.

“I am surprised that this hygienic cult lags behind in the United States. But then perhaps we are so intense about it because we have so little sun!”

Ellis smiled his languorous smile.

“Birth Control is another thing concerning which Americans show little of their customary intelligence. I cannot understand it. They welcomed me and sold and bought my books when I was taboo in England. Yet we are much more sensible and practical in the matter of Birth Control. I admire Margaret Sanger’s brave fight against antiquated laws lagging behind the progress of human thought.”

We conversed of his mighty share in the education of youth to sanity and beauty and aspiration in many paths.

“What,” I queried, “do you prescribe for the education of children?”

“The education of children is a matter of individual needs,” Ellis answered. “In the United States they overindividualize education. But they will learn by their mistakes. It is better to make mistakes in the right direction than to foster old-fashioned suppressions and inhibitions.”

Havelock Ellis has disciples in every part of the world. Other great pathfinders look to him with admiration. Freud sent a greeting to my host through my husband and me which pleased him immensely. Germany considers Ellis one of the great figures of our age.

The hour was growing late. I looked at my watch. It seemed to hear “ship’s-bells.” “All’s well” came thereafter.

“All’s well” with humanity while such men as Havelock Ellis sacrifice themselves to chart the ways for us timid, bewildered seekers of our souls.

As we walked out through the narrow hall I had a peep into

a tidy kitchen. In the hall hung an old barometer from Havelock Ellis' grandfather's ship. With this he has inherited the tradition of the seaman to stick to the ship, come what may. In rough and in sunny weather, Captain Havelock Ellis sticks to the ship of humanity.

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